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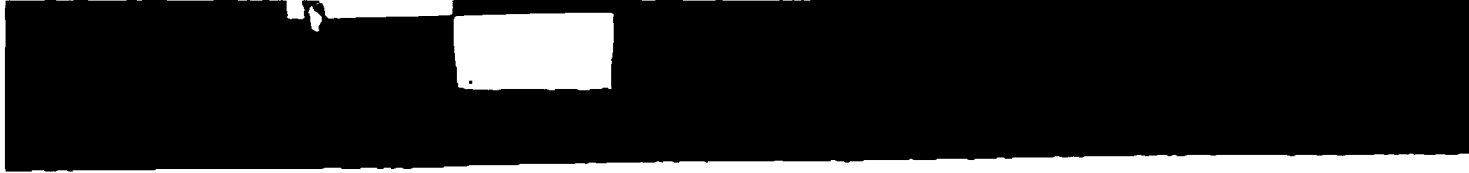
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OF THE

THE
LAST OF THE O'MAHONYS.

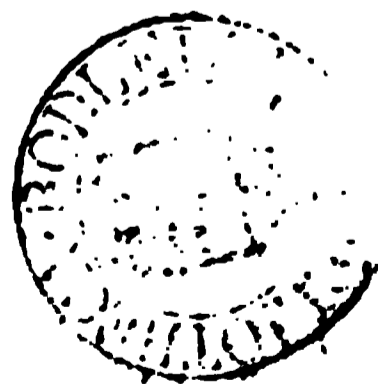
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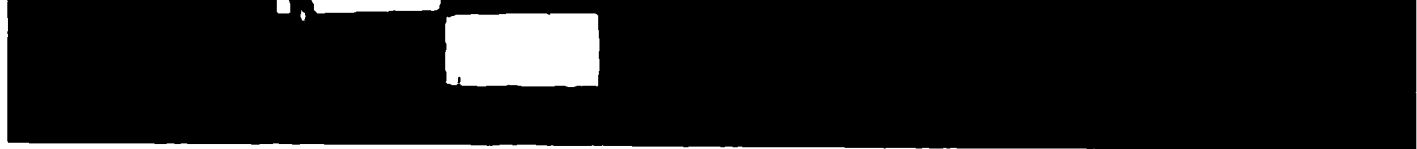
THE
LAST OF THE O'MAHONYS,
AND OTHER
HISTORICAL TALES
OF
THE ENGLISH SETTLERS
IN MUNSTER.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



LONDON:
RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET,
1843.



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TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE
THE EARL OF SHANNON,
THESE TALES
ARE, WITH HIS LORDSHIP'S PERMISSION,
MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
BY THE AUTHOR.



1





THE LAST OF THE O'MAHONYS.

CHAPTER I.

ONE morning, in the commencement of the summer 1611, in the district about sixteen miles south-east of the city of Cork, and nine south-west of Kinsale, a busy and interesting scene was presented to the view of two persons, who, seated on an adjoining eminence, within the shade of a cluster of trees, seemed to contemplate the objects before them with a deep and peculiar interest. The one was a young man apparently about twenty-five years of age, tall and well proportioned, and whose eyes roamed from one object to another without any steady or continuous gaze. There was a wild restlessness about him, which caused his limbs to obey involuntarily the impulse of an un-



round the loins by a girdle of leather ; a loose garment with a large hood of different colours, and fringed with a rough border, was clasped on his breast with a large golden broach, and reached as far as the thigh. Spread on the ground, where he reclined, was a large mantle with a silken fringe, and of a purple colour. He was armed with a heavy sword, and a pair of pistols richly mounted with silver were in his belt, and on his head was a kind of conical cap, encircled with a chain of gold, and clasped beneath his chin with a band of the same metal. (A) His companion's dress was somewhat similar in form, but much inferior in the quality and colour of the materials, which were mostly of a darkish hue ; and he had not the cap or mantle, but, instead of the former, the hood of his coat was thrown over his head. Both wore their hair long, but the attendant's was much more flowing, so as to descend to the middle of his back : each had the martial appendages of large moustaches.

The scene on which they looked might well have attracted the attention of even the most indifferent spectator : it was one teeming with life, activity and motion,



of centuries' growth was mingled with other noble forest trees. The land on the southern side presented a level surface of some extent along its banks, guarded by a succession of low hills or rising grounds in some parts of considerable elevation. On the northern side the ground, for the most part, sloped gradually from the river for some space, and then rose very precipitously towards the north and west, whilst on the east, it sunk again abruptly into a gully, where flowed a narrow but rapid stream. A space, on each side of the river, containing something more than thirty acres, had been cleared from wood and other impediments for the site of the intended town, which was strangely chosen for a place of strength, as it was commanded by the rising grounds on every side. A strong stone-bridge of six arches was already erected over the river, and the walls and fortifications were rapidly progressing, but in style they were irregular and zigzag with projecting angles, bastions and towers. One gate with its towers and outworks opened towards the north, another was placed close to the river, a third looked towards the west, and

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and the beech flourished there indigenously, unindebted to art or culture. On a spot somewhat more elevated stood the now dilapidated remains of a strong castle whose massive walls had been rent and shattered by violence and war, and now lay scattered in huge fragments around, whilst a portion still stood, erect and stretching in rugged and broken outline above the tall forest trees seemed looking in melancholy loneliness on the waste and desolation around.

The two persons conversed together at such intervals as the more dignified of the two seemed to choose for venting his feelings, and in their native dialect which we shall take the liberty of interpreting, so as to give our reader an idea of the kind of interest they took in the new fortification.

“You see,” said he of the purple mantle, “how those Sassenach churls are proceeding with their work. Not more than a year has passed since the evil one brought them to this part, and yet their town is almost fortified and their houses are being built, and in another year they may mock in safety the lawful owners of the soil, and trample them to the earth. Where is the spirit of my countrymen, and where are the thousands whose aid you promised me?”

Turlough would rise at the bidding of the last heir of the O'Mahonys to drive the Sassenach robbers from his father's lands?"

"Conagher O'Mahony," said the other, "you are dear to me, your foster-brother, as my heart's blood, and I am not the only one you are dear to, but we must wait our time, for our people are scattered and know not yet that you are come to head them; but, when they are sure that 'tis yourself, you will find enough to destroy that handful of men and their feeble walls."

"Call them not feeble, I know them better; and talk not of waiting till doubts and fears are removed: it is now too late even for vengeance and an honourable death, the invader will retain his prize, and I shall die without one glorious struggle to recover my birthright. Would that I had remained where, if dependence were my portion, I should not be tortured by the blasting sight of others revelling on my domains!"

"Curses on the grasping ambition of him who, for his own selfish purposes, dragged your grandfather into his mad schemes, and ruined with himself the noblest of our land, who, if properly

united, might have defied the power of England ! But now they are dead and gone, and hardly any but faint-hearted cowards and cold-blooded traitors are left us in our distress ! Still I think there is enough of pure Irish blood amongst us to recover some portion of our rights if we are but united."

" Ay, there's the difficulty, Turlough : there never will be union among our nobles, their own dissensions and treachery brought the strangers amongst us, and keep them here. Why, then, should I expect to accomplish what greater men have failed in. Unite them ? Yes, you may as well think to unite the sand into a firm rope. Unite them—never ! That shattered ruin behind us, our diminished numbers, our impoverished condition, our distrust of each other—all, every thing tells me that unity will never be ours."

" I am sorry to hear the O'Mahony talk in this way ; many a time my father told me it did not belong to the family to fear or despair, and that there was never one of them known to give up a point while he had life."

" Dare you speak of fear ! ha, it is well

you are my foster-brother, or the word should never pass your lips again ! And, as to my yielding up the cause, by St. Patrick, I will pursue it while a drop of blood runs in my veins ! But 'tis the cowardice of others I dread, and their reluctance to join in the quarrel against our oppressors."

As this sentence was ended, the young man strained his eyes towards the opposite hill, and keeping them steadily fixed for a minute, started from his recumbent posture and then looked more intensely. His companion's eyes were directed to the same quarter with equal curiosity, till the former, having apparently satisfied himself, exclaimed with passionate tone and gesture, "By heaven ! it is a new tribe of those Sassenach robbers coming to plunder us : look, there are the horsemen proudly prancing in front, and the train of waggons with their household gear surrounded by armed foot ! Come, Turlough, my eyes cannot bear the sight, for it seals our doom and blasts our hopes ! Come," said he again, "why stand you there ? Let us to our miserable hiding places ; where at least we shall not see our detested foes." He then

moved towards the ruins, followed in silence by his dependant. It is necessary to describe the sight thus abruptly presented. On the summit of the hill leading from Cork and immediately over the embryo town, in a passage recently formed by clearing away the wood and surface earth, which bore the name of road, but scarcely deserved the appellation, slowly moved a train of considerable extent. In front rode a band of horsemen, about twelve in number, equipped with steel head-pieces, buff coats, and plates of steel on the body, arms, and thighs. They were armed with large swords and pistols ; over the left shoulder hung the bandoleer containing ammunition, whilst a small bag of bullets and a powder flask were attached to the girdle. Some also had a scarlet mantle hung over all, but their equipments varied ; as the mode seemed to be left in good measure to their own taste, and they were manifestly of that class of men who, taking advantage of the confiscations in Ireland, engaged to render a certain military service to the crown in return for the grant of considerable farms.

Behind the horsemen who rode in front

followed a company of higher pretensions, as was manifest from their dress and appearance. One in particular, who occupied the centre seemed the presiding genius of the scene. He was a man past middle age, of noble bearing and thoughtful aspect, his stature was above the middle height, and the first approach of age had already silvered his beard and hair with grey. There was a dignity and command in his countenance which, at a glance, enabled an observer to distinguish him from his companions. He was dressed in a rich doublet of velvet, dark velvet breeches, and trunk hose, a short Spanish cloak covered the upper part of his person, and a hat with conical crown, encircled with a band of twisted silk, and decorated in front with a diamond star, covered his head. He wore a long Spanish rapier, and a pair of richly mounted pistols were attached to his girdle; with him rode three other gallants dressed somewhat similarly to himself, but shewing more of a military equipment. The centre of the cavalcade consisted of several waggon-bearers bearing not only the household stuff, utensils, and goods of the new settlers, but also their wives and children, guarded on

either side by the humbler class of colonists well armed, and the rear was closed by a body of cavalry.

The person whom we have introduced as the leader was the celebrated Richard Boyle, afterwards Earl of Cork, one of the most remarkable men of his own or any other age. He had commenced life as a student in the Temple, but finding his means inadequate for the study of the law, and anxious to push his fortune in Ireland, which then held out so many temptations to an ambitious spirit, he arrived in Dublin towards the end of the sixteenth century in his twenty-second year, and, according to his own account, the amount of his resources was as follows:—
“Twenty-seven pounds three shillings in cash, and two tokens which his mother had formerly given him ; a diamond ring worth £10, and a bracelet of gold worth £10, a taffety doublet cut with and upon taffety, a pair of black velvet breeches laced, a new Milan fustian suit, laced and cut upon taffety, two cloaks, competent linen and necessaries, with his rapier and dagger.”
A few years after he married Mrs. Joan Apsley, one of the daughters and co-heiresses of William Apsley of Limerick,

by whom he got £500 a year, which was the beginning and foundation of his fortune.

The death of the last Earl of Desmond, in 1583, had given to the crown his immense possessions in Limerick, Cork, and Waterford, amounting to more than half a million of acres, and except a few remote branches of that once princely family, with some dependants, who had either retained their allegiance or submitted in time, all the former possessors were driven out to make way for the English settlers, and a plan for the colonisation of Munster with English was adopted by the Queen's government, which, if duly followed up, would have been most beneficial for the civilization and improvement of the country; but, unhappily, the indolence of the new settlers, the restless character of the natives, and various other circumstances combined to frustrate so desirable an object. (C) The system proposed was a division of the forfeited lands on certain conditions. Notwithstanding it was ordered that no person should have more than one seigniory of twelve thousand acres, such was the favour in which Sir Walter Raleigh stood, that he obtained a warrant of privy seal, granting him three seigniories

and a half, in the counties of Cork, and Waterford ; but, in the devious and unsteady career of that extraordinary character, he found it necessary to part with the entire of those grants, which were then purchased by others, and amongst these, Sir Richard Boyle became the purchaser of the county Cork portion, and also bought a considerable part of Fane Bucher's grants. It is a part of this district which we have described as the site on which the new town was in process of erection, under the auspices of its new owner. One of those who had faithfully adhered to the fortunes of Desmond, and had been with him involved in utter ruin was Conagher O'Mahony, of Castle Mahon, grandfather to the young man whom we have already introduced to the notice of the reader. After struggling for some time with poverty, he died, leaving one son, who vainly strove to recover a portion of his father's estate, but at last retired to France with his wife and his son then growing up to manhood. Here he was supported by the liberality of some of his countrymen, but was carried off by disease in the prime of life, without leaving any provision for his family. His son had

been induced, partly by the persuasions of the faithful adherent who accompanied him, and partly by the promises of some of the remaining Irish chiefs, to make a struggle for recovering his grandfather's estates; and for this purpose he had returned, assumed the Irish dress, and was endeavouring to collect adherents amongst his grandfather's followers. These were mostly dispersed or killed, and amongst the few who remained there was but little spirit for such a daring enterprise that not only implied the destruction of the new fortress but rebellion against a Sovereign who seemed to have overcome all opposition. The few chiefs who had encouraged his attempt now stood aloof, or received him coldly, and it was no wonder that, although daring and ambitious as he was, the magnitude of the enterprise, when presented in all its difficulty, caused him to regret his departure from the French dominions, where he might have taken honourable service in the army. Still, pride and shame urged him to do something which would signalise his name, and give him vengeance on the occupiers of his father's domains.

Influenced by such feelings, he waited

and watched an opportunity to surprise the settlers, and set fire to their dwellings, but they were too much on the alert at all hours to be taken unprepared, and their walls and towers were drawing fast towards a completion, which would enable them to laugh at such attempts as he could make.

Such was the posture of ~~affairs~~ affairs, when Sir Richard Boyle arrived to view the progress of the works, and add a reinforcement both to the garrison and the settlers. The success and safety of his settlements in other parts of the county induced many adventurous spirits to flock to him from England, to whom he assigned, in accordance with the nature of his tenure, tracts of land of 400 acres or more, on such terms as rendered it desirable to settle there ; many mechanics and tradesmen, also, and amongst the rest, woollen and worsted weavers came to try their fortune in the new colony. It was this cavalcade which now approached, every man of whom bore arms, knowing well that much depended on the bold front exhibited to the natives. One of the party accompanying Sir Richard Boyle, and to whom he had assigned a considerable interest in the new settlement as well as an

extensive tract of land, was Sir William Nuce, an Englishman of birth and parts, who was to preside over the infant colony. He was a bold and daring man, of stern and unbending disposition, entertaining such a hatred of the Irish as peculiarly suited him to the times. Near him rode, on a beautiful grey pony, his only daughter, a girl about sixteen years of age, dressed in a riding suit of plain velvet, without embroidery fitting close to the body ; on her neck, she wore a collar of point lace hanging over the shoulders, and held by a cord and tassel at the neck. Her hair was gracefully curled, and escaped from beneath a small velvet cap which covered her head, and she managed the spirited animal on which she rode with the skill of a practised equestrian.

Isabel Nuce was a girl of high spirit, and possessed a degree of fearlessness not often found in the sex, combined with so much softness and gentleness of manner, that it was only when danger or necessity called it forth, that her strength of mind became apparent ; her dark eyes beamed with intelligence as they glanced on all sides at the strange and wild objects which met her

view. When her eye first caught sight of the rising town, she gazed for a moment, and touching her pony with the whip, she was quickly at her father's side—

“ Sir William,” said she, “ is that the town we are journeying to? Methinks it seems but small in compass, and badly situated to resist the attacks of Irish rebels.”

“ You are rather young, my pretty Isabel, to judge of such matters ; see you not the strong walls and towers which the Irish kern will scarcely dare to attempt, and observe you not the fertile vale and noble wood, and that winding river? It would not be easy to find so eligible a site in this wild country.”

“ Good, my father ; but this country likes me not, everything is so wild and savage ; how different from our own fair and merry England ! And then to be in danger of doing battle for our lives every hour ! I think I shall e'en elope, and return to our peaceful land ; but no, better take the buff coat and broadsword, and win renown, though, I fear me, those limbs of mine would but ill second a martial spirit.”

"I doubt not, Isabel, that, if needs were, thou wouldst cast off the woman and fight ; but fear not, wench, there are stout hearts and hands enough to stand against all the rebels in Munster, without endangering thy little person."

"But shall we sleep and live in tents till this mansion you spoke of is finished, and can we be sure that the Irish will not come on us by night?"

"Be not apprehensive on this score, the house will be ready ere summer flies, and meantime you must content yourself in a canvass tent, and be satisfied with such accommodation as can be procured."

"My dear father," answered the maiden, "I did but jest. Be not troubled on my account, I can be happy wherever you are, and bear everything that you think necessary, and it will not be my fault if your home is not as pleasant as it was wont to be when—but I must not recall sad remembrances."

They had advanced now within a few hundred yards of the wall, whilst the great projector of the work continued silently pondering, but suddenly turning round, he observed Isabel near, and said—

“What, my little queen, I had nearly forgotten your presence, in my reverie ; blame me not, however, pretty Isabel, for many and weighty cares press on my mind, which make me sometimes more absent than I was wont to be of yore in fair lady’s presence. Come, tell me what think you of our town?”

“Truth, my Lord, if it reach completion, it may be called a town : but, at present, it scarcely deserves the name ; a straggling half finished wall, with a few scattered houses, with an encampment in the midst ; so help me, but it looks the picture of fear and starvation.”

“What, my little censor, you then think us wrong in settling here, and deem the place unworthy your regard ; but be not too hasty, there are wise heads and brave hands within, and there lacks not abundance for all in this rich and fertile country. You will yet bless the day that brought you hither.”

“Alas, my Lord, it matters not whither poor Isabel goes, she has none that cares for her, save her father, and come weal, come woe, she abides with him ; deem me not pert, then, for offering a word : it only expressed a passing thought, and that, per-

haps, a silly one, but I rely on the judgment of those who have brought me hither to a home. Yes, home it is, though barbarous the country, and poor the reception, for you, my Lord, and my kind father have selected it."

"You are not in your wonted good spirits, my little friend ; the air, perhaps, of this country has affected your head ; but you will soon recover your former good humour, when we show you how little we regard these Irish rebels."

As they spoke thus, the cavalcade approached the gate, where a sentinel was stationed, who having demanded, and received a satisfactory answer, transmitted it to the garrison within, who forthwith turned out with military parade to receive their great leader, and the escort under his care. He entered amidst shouts and acclamations in which all joined, and proceeded to the tent of the captain in command, there to refresh himself after his journey. With him, also went Sir William Nuce, his daughter, and some of the chief leaders.

CHAPTER II.

AFTER sufficient time had elapsed to afford repose and refreshment to the travellers, Sir Richard with his immediate friends hastened to inspect minutely every part of the works, giving directions as he proceeded how every defect should be remedied and the whole made good in all its departments. Meantime Isabel had procured the attendance of her woman, and having a small tent near her father's appropriated to her use, she endeavoured to be as cheerful as possible, and found occupation for a time in unpacking and assorting her stock of clothes and other gear ; but soon finding this wearisome she sat down in a listless mood waiting till her father should come back that she might bid him good night and retire to repose. Darkness had nearly set before he returned with his friend and patron ; but his first thought was for his lonely Isabel, the image of her departed mother. He

sought and found her in the tent anxiously expecting his return. Seeing that she was wearied and required repose he embraced her tenderly and retired, as he had much business to transact with his friend ere his departure on the morrow.

It was needful that the leading men should assemble to receive important communications regarding their conduct and the safety of the colony, and therefore, about twenty of them met in the tent occupied by Sir Richard, which was pitched within the entrenchment, but rather apart from the others; and a select party took up their position round his quarters.

We return now to the persons first introduced, and reminding the reader that Conagher O'Mahony and his followers had retired in disgust at the sight of the new accession of force to the infant colony, we present him in the retreat which he had found in his distress. This was the under apartment or vault of the castle of his ancestors. Heaps of mason-work and huge fragments of stone lay scattered around, and weeds and brushwood had already covered a considerable portion, and amongst other parts the entrance to this vault, which

extended under the entire building. Damp and cold as this was, the last of the O'Mahonys was glad to find a shelter here. Every thing about it was bleak and desolate, save a kind of hearth on which burned a huge fire of wood, the smoke of which partly dispersed itself through the vault and partly made its way through the ruins above and was lost amidst the trees. There were a few rude stools made of wicker work with a large chair of the same kind, a plank resting on wooden props fastened in the ground, and at the extreme end was a kind of recess formed by branches of trees, and containing a quantity of dry straw for the repose of the inmate.

In this gloomy den sat the young O'Mahony, whilst before and around him were several of the lower order of Kerns, but not one of the more influential class. This number was constantly increasing, till there might be about one hundred and fifty present ; during an hour or more, the chief kept silence, meditating within himself, whilst the others spoke only in under tones : when his attendant had informed him of something in a whisper, he arose and addressed the men in their native language, and if one

might judge from their gesticulations and the shouts which resounded on every side there never was a more ardent or zealous band. Badly however were they prepared for any deed of daring, many were half naked, some had only a skin, some a sword, and others merely such blunt weapons as chance had thrown in their way; a few were well armed with sword and pistols.

After the address was concluded, the attendant hastened to produce some large jars of whiskey, which even then had become the darling beverage of the native Irish. There was a large drinking vessel set before the chief: it was the only remnant of former state, a silver cup of fantastic shape, which held about a quart. This he raised to his lips, and more for unavoidable form than inclination; after wishing health to all, he drank a small portion of the liquor. The cup then passed to those who were nearest, whilst other vessels of a meaner description, of wood or horn, were filled and in quick succession handed round to the assembled throng.

Thus employed we leave them for the present to return to the town, in which rejoicings were going forward on account of

the arrival of the great founder, and where amongst all classes the cup circulated freely. Sir Richard Boyle, after he had sufficiently explained his objects and views to the principal men, pleaded fatigue, and retired with Sir William Nuce to communicate to him his more secret and important injunctions, leaving the party in his tent to enjoy, to a later hour, the pleasures of the table. It was late ere they separated, and then they were more fitted for sleep than watching, but the two principal actors remained long after engaged in deep and earnest discussion.

Living as Sir Richard Boyle had been for many years in an unsettled country, he was ever watchful, and therefore proposed that they should inspect the line of sentries and see that they were on the alert. In this inspection they did not find matters as satisfactory as they wished, for it had been in a great measure a night of revel to all. Having, however, supplied so far as seemed necessary the defects, they returned towards their own quarters. In this progress they imagined, more than once, that some unusual sounds were borne on the breeze, but after listening

attentively they could not ascertain that any one approached; scarcely however were they again seated, when the discharge of a musket and the call of the sentinels to arms aroused them from their seats, and almost at the same moment arose a tremendous yell of discordant voices around.

It needed little to arouse the sleepers, who came forth from their tents prepared to repel the assailants, but in a disordered and irregular body. The attack was made in different parts, though principally on the quarters of Sir Richard Boyle, where about fifty of the assailants pressed on. He and his companion were quickly reinforced by their immediate followers, who attacking the assailants in flank and rear turned their attention from their leader; still there were a few who seemed to have only one object, and that, the capture or death of the great man on whom they pressed; and amongst these was one distinguished as well by his dress as his courage and daring. He only parried or avoided the blows of others, aiming continually at the one object, and it was not long ere they measured swords: both were consummate masters of the art and both possessed of equal courage. While they were thus engaged, the

hands of Sir William Nuce were occupied by another of the party. The half naked and badly armed assailants did not long stand before their well appointed foes, and they began to turn their backs in all directions followed by their victorious enemies. Still the body of men engaged at Sir Richard's tent kept their ground, and were even gaining on their opponents, till the increasing numbers of the latter compelled them to look to retreat; but standing at bay they received into their body their leader, who was gradually driven back by the superior skill of his adversary, and then surrounding him and presenting two fronts, they retreated from the ground towards the river, which was not far off, into which they plunged, pursued to the verge by the English, who here stopped, not deeming it safe to follow farther, lest a larger force might be in ambuscade and cut them off. Others of the party had already retreated in the same direction leaving several of their number on the field of action.

It was a fearful moment for poor Isabel, who, awaked by the din and apprehensive of the result, sat with her terrified attendant, awaiting her fate; yet she was calm and collected, her anxiety being rather for

her father's safety than her own: and when, at length, he hastened to assure her of victory, and in person to cheer her spirits, she cast herself into his arms, and wept with joy. In the morning, it was discovered that ten of the enemy lay dead in and about the camp, whilst two of their own party were killed, and several severely wounded. The heads of the slain were cut off and fixed on poles in various quarters round the walls, to deter the enemy from future attacks; but the unfortunate O'Mahony retreated to his hiding-place, to brood over the ill success of his project, and see the desertion of almost all his followers. His object had been, if possible, to seize the founder of the town, knowing that, if he were once in his hands, the English would be paralysed, and probably abandon their undertaking; and with the failure of this would be given up the colonization of Munster, or at least that he would be enabled to make such terms as would put him in possession of a portion of his hereditary domains. Disappointed in his hopes, but not dispirited, he threw himself on his humble couch, to brood over his wrongs, and devise some plan of future operations; but wearied out by fatigue and anxiety, he sunk to

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sleep, while his faithful foster-brother watched by his side. Sir Richard being obliged to return to Cork next day, and thinking the late rencontre sufficient to deter the Irish from any further attempt for some time, after having given every necessary direction and deputed the government of the colony to Sir William Nuce, left with a few attendants, promising to send a further accession to their numbers, and with them a supply of provisions, arms, and ammunition.

The object most strenuously impressed on the colony, was the completion of their walls and fortifications ; and for this purpose, all the men were withdrawn from the other works, and employed every hour in completing the defences. Parties of horse were occasionally sent out to scour the country, and look after the disaffected, thus to prevent any large number of men assembling for the purpose of attack or pillage ; but they ascertained nothing which would lead them to suppose the enemy were on the alert, or meditating any new assault. Summer passed on in this manner, and autumn came, while the confidence of the colony daily increased, as their works drew near an end, and their number was enlarged.

Many now ventured to stroll round the environs of the town, and take recreation in the noble wood along the river's bank on either side. Isabel, who had become nearly reconciled to her lot, and whose disposition was to seek happiness under any circumstances, prevailed on her father occasionally to ride out with her, attended by a few friends. In one of these excursions, as they rode along under the majestic oaks, and looked upon the river peacefully flowing through the valley, Isabel had advanced a little in front of the party, when a wolf darted across her path, and her pony started, reared, and dashed off with her at full speed. (D) Her friends' attention was not directed to her till she was some distance off, and then they galloped quickly to overtake her, dividing on either side so as, if possible, to come in front of the affrighted animal; but in this intention they were disappointed by the nature of the ground, which was broken and entangled by brushwood. After much delay, two of the party succeeded in extricating themselves, and advanced with all speed; but they saw immediately in front of the hapless girl a precipitous and rugged descent of at least

twenty feet, broken indeed by branches of trees and shrubs, and towards which her horse was rushing with unabated violence. They looked on, almost in despair of her safety, when a man, clothed in the Irish garb, darted forward, with the left hand seized the bridle, and with the right firmly grasped the young lady's arm. The sudden and violent check threw the animal back on his haunches, whilst the stranger firmly held Isabel, whom the next moment he extricated from the saddle, and gently placed on the ground. She had not lost her presence of mind, nor did she now ; but looking up to see who had rescued her, she at first sight started at the strange attire and wild look which met her gaze ; but another glance showed her a noble face, and eyes turned on her with kindness and pity. He was the first to break silence by saying—

“ I feel happy, lady, that chance has led me to this spot, and that I have been instrumental in rescuing you from danger. I trust you will not suffer from the excitement of the accident ; and though we may never meet again, allow me to express a wish for your future happiness, which is

not the less sincere, that it comes from an unhappy man, and an outcast."

Surprised at such an address, she could only falter out her thanks, when her father and some of her friends approached. They looked first at her and then at the stranger, who stood up before them unmoved and scornful.

"Who art thou that intrudest on these domains in that rebel garb?" said Sir William Nuce.

"I am the O'Mahony, the rightful owner of these lands, which the Saxon plunderer has seized but shall not long hold."

"Hah!" said the other, "you are then the midnight assailant of our camp; by heaven! thou shalt suffer, if thou hadst been a thousand times the deliverer of my daughter! Seize him—seize the rebel!"

"So much for Saxon gratitude," said O'Mahony with a steady look; "but the man who attempts it shall die!" so saying he held out a pistol, but one of the party not deterred by this, rushed forward to lay hands on him, when the trigger was drawn and the man fell shot through the head. In the confusion O'Mahony sprung into the thicket and disappeared.

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Shocked by so dreadful an event, Isabel's courage was quite overcome, and she sunk fainting into the arms of her father. When she was sufficiently recovered to mount her pony, the party returned slowly and disconsolately, bringing with them the dead body of their friend ; and, by the account of this untoward event, excited amongst their countrymen an ardent desire to trace out the slayer, and hunt him to the death as a wild beast. Poor Isabel retired to her own apartment to think over the occurrences of the day ; she had then seen the hereditary claimant of that land which was now occupied by others ; she had seen him a fugitive, and lurking in the domains of his ancestors afraid to show his face. Yes, he, even he, her father's enemy, and the enemy of her father's race, had rescued her from certain death. The Irish, then, were not so barbarous nor so cruel as they had been represented : they could do a noble and generous deed even to an enemy ; and then his look and manner were in his favour : he was undoubtedly noble, and he had addressed her in the language of polished life ; but, he had slain her countryman ; still it was an act of self-defence, and who could blame

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him? All this and more passed through her mind, and the more she thought the more she pitied his hard fate ; and then she wished to meet him but once again, if it were only to see whether she had properly estimated his appearance, and to thank him for her deliverance. But her father, ah ! he would pursue him to death, and she knew his mood, his determination, his feelings towards the natives, and she dared not remonstrate. Such were her thoughts till she was summoned to her evening meal and met her parent, who, though he tenderly inquired after her health, uttered not one word which could lead her to think that her deliverer would be spared should he fall into his hands. Nay, so far from it, that she shuddered to hear him tell of the measures he had devised for apprehending the fugitive ; and sick at heart, overwhelmed with strange and contending emotions, she retired under pretence of weariness, to think over the events of the day.

On the other hand, this day was an era in O'Mahony's existence, his lurking in the neighbourhood was now known to his bitter and implacable enemies, who would not fail to use every art for discovering his retreat.

He had been the instrument of saving Isabel, it is true, but the stern father's effort to seize him showed what he had to expect at his hands. He had seen one whose beauty could not be easily erased from his memory ; he had seen nothing even in the sunny land of France to compare with the glance of her eye, the softness of her look ; but then she was the child of his enemy, destined, perhaps, to inherit his own domains. The thought was maddening, still she was not to blame, and came only to this land because she could not avoid it. He would wish once again to look upon that beauteous face, once more to hold in his arms that lovely form but—it could not be. As well may fire and water unite as he mingle with the race of the Saxon. Thus pondering, he arrived at his retreat, and after looking carefully around, plunged into the copsewood which hid its entrance and disappeared.

The next day, several scouring parties were sent out through the wood to search for him, but in vain ; they returned to the town disappointed, and the search was renewed for several successive days. During this time O'Mahony had kept close, his

watchful foster-brother having observed the parties searching the wood and guessed their object ; but, as he returned one evening to the castle, and hastened to his lonely patron, he did not observe the keen eyes of a lurking spy, who lay concealed amongst the thickets adjoining to the castle, and watched his motions till he saw him, after carefully looking round, enter the recess.

That night, all the garrison were under arms, but a select band of twenty men, partly cavalry, with Sir William Nuce at their head, marched out without the least noise, and took the road to O'Mahony's Castle. On arriving there, part were disposed around the ruins, whilst some of the most resolute prepared to enter ; but, in doing so, they awoke the inmates, who started to their feet, and ere the party could enter had possessed themselves of their weapons. A desperate but brief struggle now took place ; shots were exchanged, but in less than a minute's space the two were made prisoners, the servant was severely wounded, but the master only slightly.

Seeing his fate inevitable O'Mahony submitted to be bound without uttering a word, ~~disdaining~~ to hold converse with his cap-

tors, and both prisoners were then brought to the town, and placed under the care of a strong guard, with the intention of holding a court-martial for their trial on the ensuing day.

The news of their capture quickly spread, and scarcely had Isabel arisen when the tidings reached her. She well knew the fate which awaited them, and shuddered to think that her father should thus follow to his ruin the preserver of her life. Heavy and dispirited she met him at breakfast. He saluted her, indeed, in his usual kind tone ; but immediately after was silent, and assumed an air and look of dark resolution, which seemed to say that he was prepared to repel any intercession on behalf of the prisoners. Awed by his demeanour, Isabel ventured not to address him, and their meal passed in silence and gloomy determination on the one side, and in trembling apprehension on the other.

The persons were summoned who should sit in judgment on the prisoners, and preparations were made for their trial. The result, indeed, could not be doubtful, for whatever service O'Mahony had rendered to Sir William Nuce as a private individual, it could

not outweigh his being in actual rebellion, and causing the loss of so many lives by his nocturnal attack on the camp, besides the death of a valued partisan. He was, moreover, too bold and determined a character to be allowed to go at large, and the stern necessity of the times compelled men to adopt measures which, on other occasions, would be accounted cruel and severe.

The court assembled, and were not long in coming to a decision, condemning both prisoners to death, but giving them, till the next day, to prepare for their awful destiny. A Roman Catholic priest was sought for in the neighbourhood, and brought to see them.

Sir William returned home soon after the sentence was passed, and seated himself in silence, without asking, as he was wont, to see his daughter, who had remained during his absence distracted by contending emotions. At length, having formed her resolution, she came forth for the purpose of carrying it into execution.

She approached her father, and sought for his usual look of fondness ; but it was not there ; no encouraging smile lightened the darkness of his overclouded brow ; and

she hesitated a moment in her purpose: but, then, recollecting her errand of gratitude, she cast herself at her father's feet, looking up to him imploringly. He could not spurn her from him, though he guessed her purpose; and much need had he to steel his heart against the pleading of that loved child.

"Father," she said, "my loved and honoured father, your child, your only child, lies at your knees to entreat mercy for one who saved her life, and gave back to your arms a child to cheer and comfort you in the decline of life, when the dark shadows of the grave approach you. Deny me not this one boon, and God will reward you."

"Isabel," said he, quietly, but firmly, "you know not what you ask; my duty to my King demands his death; the safety of this town demands it; the blood he has shed, and would yet shed, demands it: forbear to urge me then: my mind is resolved, and no power on earth can shake my resolution."

"Alas! my father, you know not the struggle it has cost me thus to plead with you, for a rebel, and one whose hand is red

with the blood of my countrymen ; but there is a feeling within prompting me ; gratitude for a life preserved tells me, that if he falls by your sentence, I shall never know a day's peace. Oh ! spare him, my father, for your daughter's sake."

"Urge me not, girl ; did I let him go, it would be only to kindle the flames of discord and civil war ; you know not his daring and indomitable spirit : and how should I answer for such an act to my friend and patron, Sir Richard Boyle, who left me express directions by all means to apprehend and punish this rebel."

"He had not, then, dear father, saved my life ; you used to love my departed mother, and you often said her image was preserved in me. Oh ! by her memory, do grant my request, and let me announce the tidings that you have relented."

"Your mother," said he, sternly, "knew her place and duty better than to plead for a rebel and a murderer : she could perceive what her daughter will not, that private obligation ought not to interfere with public duty. But can it be?—death and furies, is it possible that child of mine should take a fancy for an Irish outlaw ?

Could I think it, girl, I would cast thee from me as a reptile."

Overwhelmed by this burst of passion, and shocked by the suspicions which now entered her father's mind, Isabel remained for an instant silent, and then rose, saying ;

"My father, you wrong me ; your fair name shall never be stained by me. I have done, and shall leave him to his fate ; I could have borne your refusal, but your unkind suspicions have inflicted a wound which will not soon be healed."

Thus saying, she retired to indulge in private her feelings of disappointment and sorrow ; but whilst she felt indignant at the thought of entertaining a passion for an Irish rebel, the poor girl was left a stranger to the workings of her own heart to know that something more than gratitude urged her solicitude on his behalf, and that he was the first man who had ever excited such feelings in her breast as those by which she was then swayed.

She met not her father again that evening ; for the first time in her life, she had retired without his blessing, and for the first time she felt his commands to be

harsh, and such as she was not inclined to obey.

Sir William, reflecting at leisure on all the circumstances of the case, deemed it the safer plan to communicate with his principal, and get his advice with regard to executing the sentence ; he would thereby free himself from any odium which might be the result, and throw the responsibility on others. He, therefore, despatched a messenger to Cork, with a written account of the matter, and the sentence of the court, but without mentioning the rescue of Isabel, lest he might be supposed to manifest an inclination for impeding the course of justice by the intervention of private feelings.

When Sir Richard Boyle received this communication, he hastened with it to the Lord deputy, and after consulting with him, wrote to have the execution carried into effect. This matter occupied some days ; and the prisoners were kept closely guarded in one of the recently erected houses. Meantime, Isabel and her father met, but not with their former cheerfulness and affection ; there was a repellant coldness on his part, which kept her aloof, and an unusual apprehension on hers, which pre-

vented her breaking through the barrier of reserve which his harsh language and unkind suspicions had thrown up before her hitherto open bosom. Continually dwelling on the subject, she began at length to think that neither she nor her father could possibly escape the guilt and punishment of gross ingratitude, if O'Mahony were put to death ; and when once she had decided on this point, the transition was easy to deem it a meritorious act to set him free : but then she started at the thought of disobedience to parental authority, and trembled to think she might involve her father in difficulties, by aiding the prisoner's escape. For this, however, there was a salvo—the excellence of the act, and that it should be so managed as not to implicate her parent. But the means, the risk to herself and her father, the violation of maidenly reserve ; again she cast the thought from her, and again recalled it : thus, hesitating and undecided, she at length fell into a troubled sleep. It was a perilous situation for one so young and inexperienced to be placed in ; she had very little knowledge of men and the world ; her feelings were ardent and generous, but hitherto she had no one in whom

she could confide ; for though her father had been kind and affectionate, yet he was of too stern a character to feel sympathy in her girlish thoughts and fancies, and she was now cast on her own resources to decide amidst contending duties, whilst filial obedience urged her one way, and gratitude—it might be more—another.

On the morning of the day on which the despatch from Sir Richard arrived, the prisoners were not to be found ; an excavation had been made under the wall of the chamber, just sufficient to admit a man's body ; and as the earth was soft and easily moved, there was not great expense of time and labour required to make the aperture. The wonder was, how the prisoners had got rid of their bonds ; they had been bound to the opposite walls of the chamber by strong cords round the waist ; their feet, also, and hands were firmly tied, so as to require the aid of some third person to set them free. Moreover, there was not found any implement by which the excavation could have been made ; and when the sentries were examined, they stoutly denied all knowledge of the matter. They had been

changed every two hours during the night, so that all seemed involved in the guilt if there were any. This consideration prevented punishment being inflicted on one; and after much inquiry, the matter remained in darkness as to the author and the agents.

Things proceeded prosperously with the town for some months, and without any alarm from the Irish. Another summer was nearly passed, the defences were complete, and the habitations within, increasing in number; the population was continually augmented by the influx of industrious families, and now, that a great portion of the watching and military duty was unnecessary, the people applied themselves to advance their own private objects. The country, for some miles round, began to be occupied by the freehold tenants, who erected substantial dwellings in the vicinity of the town, and even ventured to trust themselves and their families outside the fortifications: but, one dark night, in the beginning of autumn, the district round the town was illuminated by fires in every direction blazing up at once. The towns-

men were attracted to the walls, and looked with wonder and curiosity on the sight, not knowing whence it proceeded.

When they had looked for some time, the mystery was solved by the clamours of several of the freeholders at the gates, who declared that their houses had been set on fire by an armed banditti, who permitted the inhabitants to retire to the town, with the destruction of their property only, sparing the lives of themselves and families. This degree of humanity in an Irish incendiary party seemed strange, and led them to think there was something more to come. However, they could not refuse admission to the suppliants, and therefore, the gate, at which they presented themselves first, was opened to admit them; but ere they had entered, a large number of Irish, who had lain ensconced behind the buttresses and around the gate, burst in with them, struck down the guards, seized the towers, and admitted a vast body of their adherents well armed.

A similar result happened at another gate, by which the assailants were now in possession of the principal keys of the town. It was not, however, long before the inhabi-

tants were aroused to a sense of their danger ; and the governor rallied round him all that could bear arms : these he divided into two bodies, which were to surround and confine the invading parties to the space which they occupied within the gates, without allowing them to penetrate into the town, lest they should set it on fire. His dispositions were promptly made, while the enemy seemed waiting for reinforcements, or were prevented by the darkness of the night and their ignorance of the locality, from venturing any further. This delay gave time to the townsmen to recover from their first panic and make adequate preparations for the day, against which time they had thrown up a small breastwork, and stationed good marksmen in the houses nearest the two gates. They waited not for the Irish to commence, but opened a galling fire on them from their breastwork and the houses, which was returned from the towers and flankers in which the principal force of the rebels was placed. The attack at both gates commenced simultaneously, and at both was equally warm. Sir William, in person, directed the one, and Captain Adderly the other. The Irish

finding the superiority of their enemies from the advantage which they possessed in the greater number and better quality of fire arms, sallied forth from the towers, headed by one whose mien and figure could not be easily mistaken. It was O'Mahony himself. The English allowed them to form and advance some distance, and then poured in a well directed volley, which thinned their numbers and checked their progress: but O'Mahony calling to them in their own language, and advancing to the front, cheered them on. His opponent Sir William Nuce, with equal ardour, encouraged his men, but just as the Irish reached the breastwork, he received a ball in the shoulder, and was carried to the rear. This rather inflamed the courage of his party, who now rushed forward with impetuous fury on the assailants, drove them back, notwithstanding all the efforts of their leader to rally them, and even he, hurried along by the crowd of fugitives, was forced outside the gate, which was then closed by the victors, whilst with unrelenting fury, they butchered the few Irish who remained within.

The combat at the other gate was not quite so successful, and it was only when a

reinforcement from the victorious party was sent to them, that they were enabled to drive out the Irish and close their gate.

The number of slain was found to be considerable on both sides, but the loss was much greater on the part of the Irish, who had suffered dreadfully in the repulse and retreat ; and it was ascertained that these consisted principally of the M'Carthy clan, from Muskerry, who had been allowed by their chief to join the adventurous young man, who had planned, and so nearly succeeded in this daring enterprise.

On examining the wound of Sir William, it was found not to be dangerous ; and the fact, that the enemy had suffered so complete a defeat, tended to make him more patient under the unavoidable confinement resulting from it. Isabel had heard of the assault on the preceding night, immediately after it occurred, and it was with the most painful and anxious feelings she looked forward to the day. Sleep visited her not, and she rose from her bed pale and unrefreshed. Since the day of O'Mahony's escape, a change had come over her manner and demeanour. Her cheerful elasticity of spirits seemed gone ; her step had no longer

the sylph-like lightness it was wont to have. Her voice sounded not in those gay and happy tones, which once distinguished it, and her whole conduct wore an air of gravity and thoughtfulness. Her father marked the change, and attributing it to his stern conduct towards her, and his ungenerous suspicions of her motions in pleading with him as she did, endeavoured, when the cause of their difference was removed by the escape of O'Mahony, to restore her to her former happy frame of mind. He was even more kind and attentive than formerly, and softened down the asperity of his nature to soothe her depressed spirits. But all would not do ; she returned indeed his fondness and caresses with affectionate regard, but her love wanted that warmth and feeling, which formerly made it so fascinating to a father. He knew not what to think, and though sometimes grieved, if not displeased at her coldness, he ventured not to chide or reproach, lest he might drive her altogether from him.

She sat waiting intelligence from the combat, and starting as the shouts of the different parties, or the rattle of fire arms rung in her ears, till her father was brought

in wounded. Then with trembling steps hastening to his side, she inquired, with faltering accents, if the wounds were dangerous, and on being assured to the contrary, she burst into a flood of tears and threw herself on his bosom.

He could not, and he never did doubt the continued affection of his child; but there was something he knew preying at his heart, which was not communicated to him and this reservation grieved him deeply. But alas! he knew not the thoughts which racked that bosom, and the arrow which lay rankling there. He received her now with all the kind endearments of the fondest parental love, feeling as all men do, that the hour of suffering is that in which the attentions of woman are most appreciated for none other can supply their place. Independently then, of his unabated affection for his child, her unwearied care, her indefatigable exertions, her anticipation of his slightest wishes, and her constant watchfulness, were sufficient to bind him to her with the strongest bonds of kindly attachment.

Not many weeks elapsed, ere Sir William was convalescent and able to move about

His fond nurse seemed also to have recovered some portion of her former elasticity of spirits ; but during the period of his illness, it was needful that he should hold communication occasionally with the leading persons of the town, particularly with one, to whom his authority was partially delegated, whilst he was incapable of active exertion outside. This was Captain Adderly, a young man of good family and connexions, but having little to depend on, save his courage and prudence, and who had come amongst the adventurous spirits who had sought renown and fortune in the distracted soil of Ireland. Having attached himself to the fortunes of Sir William Nuce, he was admitted by him to participate in many important advantages connected with the colonization of the district, with the prospect also of obtaining a large grant of land there. As his abilities and prudence were generally acknowledged amongst the settlers, there was little hesitation in yielding to him the degree of superiority to which all allowed him to be entitled.

Isabel had become known to him when he joined the colonists, who had arrived from England with her father. This was,

however, nothing more than such an acquaintance as would necessarily result amongst persons situated as they were in a place and society where opportunities of intercourse were few ; besides Isabel's father seemed rather to discourage any intimacy, as he seldom asked him to his abode, except on business. Whatever slight degree of intimacy existed between him and Isabel before, it was now likely to be lessened, for in his frequent calls, during Sir William's illness, whenever Isabel was present, there was a strange perturbation visible in her manner, while at the same time Captain Adderly seemed to be influenced by a degree of hesitation much greater than the occasion warranted. They met each other as if there was something of which both were conscious, and which they feared the very air might breathe. The appearance on Isabel's side was that of apprehension and alarm ; that of Captain Adderly was a kind of reluctance to look in her face, as if he might meet there some intimation that he was lowered in her esteem. These strange appearances could not escape the notice of her father ; but he interpreted them in a particular way, and without closely scanning the behaviour of both, he

came to the conclusion that a mutual passion existed, and as he entertained other views of a more ambitious kind for Isabel, he was resolved to check it in the commencement, and for this purpose, as soon as possible, he provided himself with an apartment for the transacting of public business, separate from his own dwelling, and which therefore allowed him to have as much or as little intercourse with strangers as he chose.

He deemed it better not to notice to his daughter his suspicions of her partiality to Captain Adderly, nor to show him that he supposed any attachment towards Isabel to exist in his mind.

Had either enterprise of O'Mahony against the town succeeded, the conduct of the Irish chiefs would have been soon changed considerably in his favour, and the probable result would have been a junction with him for the destruction of the English settlement in that quarter ; they dared not, however, so soon after the ruin of the great Desmond, and the unsparing confiscations, deaths, and banishment consequent thereon, openly to undertake any enterprise against the government ; and the few who were left in possession of their hereditary

domains, were too much divided, and too timid to run so terrible a risk, the direful consequences of which were so fully exemplified in the ruin of the most ancient families.

It was not for want of inclination that they stood aloof, for the hatred of the natives to their conquerors was of that permanent and indelible description that nothing but death could terminate it. Some of them, therefore, not only connived at O'Mahony's attempt, but secretly supplied him with friends, and encouraged their followers to join him. Yet the result was so infelicitous, that they began to fear some kind of retaliation on themselves.

Several who had hitherto sulkily kept apart from the incipient town, now began to send messages of friendship to its governor, and offer their aid towards any work he might undertake ; amongst these, was M'Carthy Reagh, of Kilbritton, the most powerful of the M'Carthy sect, and whose ancestors had been lords of the whole country. This family, up to the present period, had never been stained by any open act of rebellion against the government ; it was therefore needful to treat them with all due respect and attention, lest

neglect might drive them into opposition. When, therefore, M'Carthy Reagh sent a friendly message to Sir William Nuce, congratulating him on his recovery, and the successful defence made by him against O'Mahony, he felt himself called on to return an answer equally friendly, and thus a kind of intercourse commenced between them which was gradually improved, so far that M'Carthy intimated his desire to visit the town, with a small retinue, and in person pay his respects to the governor. A refusal might have driven him into hostility, yet permission might be detrimental to the interest of the town in giving the Irish an opportunity of making themselves acquainted with its weak points, and the best mode of conducting another attack. Still, it would look like fear or cowardice not to admit them, and therefore Sir William came to the resolution of receiving his offer of an amicable visit, and for this purpose every suitable preparation was made; the military portion of the inhabitants had their arms and equipments in the best order, the towers and walls were well manned, the streets were cleared, and everything wore the appearance of security and strength.

M'Carthy came attended only by a few

of his immediate friends, with some Galo-glass on horseback, being desirous of showing the great confidence which he reposed in the good faith of the English.

He and his followers were dressed in a garb as nearly resembling the English as they could adopt, without utterly losing sight of their ancient customs and costumes. They approached the eastern gate, and sent a messenger before to announce their arrival. Sir William, who had been waiting for them, issued forth, attended by a few of the leading men ; and after mutual greetings, they advanced together towards the town, and were honoured by a discharge of cannon and small arms from the towers. On entering the gate, there was a well-armed body of infantry on either side, and beyond them a troop of cavalry drawn up in line, who saluted the chief with military honours, and then falling into order behind the strangers escorted them to the place prepared for their reception.

The garrison was then reviewed, and put through some evolutions by Sir William, after which they were dismissed to their different quarters, whilst the governor and his guest proceeded to inspect the town and its fortifications. M'Carthy returned, ap-

parently too well satisfied of its strength, for he spoke little and seemed to muse deeply on what he had seen.

In the afternoon, an entertainment was provided in a temporary pavilion erected for the purpose, to which all the heads of the colony were invited, and M'Carthy with his followers obtained all due honour, he occupying the chief place on the right of the host, and his friends being ranged immediately next, opposite the English leaders. With some reluctance, Isabel was induced to attend the banquet, and place herself on the left of her father; but as he considered it necessary that she should be present, in order to satisfy the Irish chief of his friendly disposition, and desire to show him every respect, she refused not to come. Never did she look more lovely: the excitement of the scene had recalled to her face the rich glow of health which had appeared for awhile to have passed away; and, when once she had taken her place, the remarkable character of her beauty, the taste and elegance of her dress, the ease and grace of her manner, attracted all eyes, but especially those of M'Carthy and his followers, whose prejudices in favour of their own countrywomen could scarcely stand out

against the brilliancy and beauty of the fair creature before them. She conversed during the meal with the Irish chief and her father, and such was the fascination of her manner, that not only was her father delighted to find her recovering her wonted tone of cheerfulness, but even M'Carthy was obliged to do homage to her powers of pleasing, and after repeated efforts succeeded in exacting a promise from Sir William, that he would come with his daughter and visit him in his castle of Kilbritton.

Isabel complied, saying, that whither her father chose to go, she was ready to accompany him ; but she retired soon after, leaving the parties to enjoy the pleasures of the table.

Conversation now became general, and the Irish gradually yielding to the influence of wine, grew rather more noisy and clamorous than suited the place and time. As often as their leader observed their tones rising high, he stilled them, by calling in an authoritative tone for silence ; but again the clamour arose, and the Irish seemed determined to assert their dignity by the uproar which they caused. But the English were not likely long to brook their turbu-

lence ; it was therefore agreed between the two chiefs to break up the entertainment, which they did by M'Carthy rising and proposing a grace cup to the health of their host, after which both retired, and were imitated by the rest of the party. Some few, however, of the Irish, accompanied their entertainers in strolling about the town ; and, as the evening closed in, Sir William was returning with M'Carthy to his quarters, when their attention was attracted by the clash of weapons, and turning to the quarter whence the sound issued, they observed two persons engaged in single combat with swords, whilst others stood by watching the issue. On a nearer view, the belligerents were recognised as Captain Adderly, and a near relative of M'Carthy. Sir William called to the former to put up his weapon, and the Irish chief struck his relative's sword from his hand.

"I am surprised and grieved," said the governor, "to find Captain Adderly, whose judgment and coolness are so much spoken of, engaged in a brawl with one of my guests ; and I can scarcely excuse it on the score of the greatest provocation."

"The provocation was, in my mind," said Adderly proudly, "more than could

be borne; and I only regret, that your authority has interfered to prevent me from chastising the insolence of this foul mouth-ed barbarian."

"Captain Adderly," said the other, "you add to your fault by unbecoming language, it is not to be tolerated that you should insult a stranger thus. Retire, Sir, and learn to be more temperate in your language and more rational in your quarrels."

"This to me, Sir William," said the other, as his anger rose; "know that I am not here to be lectured by you. Better blood flows in my veins than you can boast of, and I am quite sufficient to guide my own conduct without your advice."

"Know you not," said Sir William, "that I can punish you for this insolence, and that, whilst you serve in your present capacity, you are subject to martial law. But I scorn to notice impertinence to myself, and, therefore, would only advise you to return home and reflect."

"Punish me," said the other with a sneer, "you dare not. I renounce the service. I will not serve another day under you. I surrender my commission, and now do your worst."

"This must not pass so;" replied the governor, "consider yourself as under arrest. Guard Captain Adderly to his quarters," said he to two of his men, who were present, "but stop, first tell me, if you know aught of the origin of this quarrel?"

The person addressed seemed reluctant to reply, when one of the Irish stepped forward and informed him that a conversation had arisen on the relative merits of the Irish and English beauties, in which his own daughter's name had been introduced, and some reflections made which appeared to Captain Adderly offensive; high words arose, and the result was the drawing of swords on both sides. Sir William started, and looked displeased, when this explanation was given, and turning to Captain Adderly, said:

"However, I may have reason to be obliged to Captain Adderly for his good intentions towards my family, I cannot think much of the prudence, which would make my daughter's name the subject of such a conversation and herself the object of a drunken brawl; she has her father to vindicate her dignity, and he will never

suffer any one to usurp that sacred office."

"You do well to insult me," said the other firmly; "and were it not for the name which is mixed up with your taunts I would answer that insolence as it deserves."

During this dialogue, M'Carthy stood listening with unperturbed look; but now that Captain Adderly was moving away and Sir William turned round to him, he endeavoured to act the mediator and entreated both to be reconciled; the former deigned not to listen a moment, and the latter requested him to be silent on the subject, as he had a duty to perform, which he was determined to do, with all due regard to the station which he held and the interests of the town.

Both then returned, and soon after separated for the night whilst Captain Adderly was kept in charge of the guard to whom he had been committed.

Reflecting at leisure on the events of the evening, Sir William felt by no means satisfied with his own conduct, though he considered that Captain Adderly had acted

in such a manner towards him, as to derogate from his rank and authority in the eyes of the natives, and consequently to give them an idea, that there was little unity or subordination in the garrison, thereby encouraging them, if an opportunity offered, to attack and perhaps destroy the colony. On the other hand, he was satisfied of the delicacy and honour with which this young man had ever conducted himself, and that he could not have been the person to introduce his daughter's name before the rude Irish, but must have been greatly provoked, ere he undertook to support her superiority with his sword. But, then he had reason to think that Isabel was the object of his passion, and this did not consort with his views ; again the inhabitants generally were much attached to the gallant youth, and would certainly resent any injury done him ; besides he was not without friends in England who would certainly require an account of any severity exercised towards him, and finally he would find it very difficult to supply his place with one of equal courage and ability. Harassed by these and other contending

thoughts, he slept but little, that night and rising early, he dispatched a mutual friend to the prisoner to enter into some explanations and sound his feelings towards a reconciliation. The friend was at first received with a cold and stern refusal, and an expressed determination to return to England after he should have laid the matter before Sir Richard Boyle and the Lord President of Munster; and after much conversation and pleading, he was obliged to return unsuccessful. Again he came back with fresh instructions from Sir William and in the mean time, reflection had done more with the haughty young man than any pleading could effect. The idea of rebellion had passed through his mind with its wonted power, and the thought that he was about to abandon her for ever and give up all hope of gaining the object of his desires was rather startling to a man which had been for some months accustomed to look on her as the most faulty of human beings. True, she had never given him any encouragement, but what may time effect; again her father had rather prevented any intercourse between the

but his present overtures wore a more favourable aspect. There was still something more, and on that he scarcely dared to think—it could not be—she would not disgrace her name and lineage—it was only gratitude ; were it more, some friend should interpose to rescue her from degradation, and who but himself could so safely and delicately discharge this office ? Having arrived at this conclusion, he was the more ready to receive Sir William's advances, and after a short conference with their mutual friend, explanations and apologies on both sides were given and received, the governor in person came to free him from arrest, and they both walked in perfect amity through the town, thereby quieting the murmurs, which had begun to arise, and without the necessity of entering into any explanations, satisfying all, that the difference was fully reconciled.

M'Carthy seemed surprised on meeting both at the morning meal ; but his host, without entering into particulars, briefly told him that mutual explanations had taken place, and that both had found themselves wrong and conceded a little to each other. Another day passed previous to

the departure of the guests, during which every thing went on amicably, and on the third day M'Carthy with his followers returned home to make preparations for the reception of Sir William and his party at Kilbritton Castle.

CHAPTER III.

THE appointed time came, and Isabel attended by her maid servant, both on horseback, got ready to accompany her father, who had selected about a dozen of the principal men to go with him, not wishing to bring a larger number, lest he should appear to show less confidence in the Irish chief than he had manifested towards him. Their road lay through a country scarcely at all cultivated except in patches, and principally devoted to the pasturage of sheep and oxen. The habitations were few, of the poorest sort, and the general appearance was desolate. The country had been thickly wooded but little of the woods now remained, having been cut down since Desmond's rebellion. The road, which scarcely deserved the title, was of the rudest and most impassable kind, cut up by wintry floods and impeded by loose stones,

so as to render travelling exceedingly difficult to any but those experienced in such an uneven passage. On reaching a spot about five miles from the town, which was considerably more elevated than the surrounding part, the seat of M'Carthy Reagh was descried. They stopped for a moment to contemplate it.

The castle stood on the most elevated of a series of small hills, and rose in a dark outline with its towers and pinnacles, amidst extensive woods. The ground about it was beautifully diversified, and a small but rapid river rushed towards the sea not far from the castle ; descending this hill, they soon came within the precincts of the domain, and proceeding about a mile further they found themselves at the foot of the eminence on which the stronghold stood. (E)

There was a space of nearly two acres enclosed and defended by a strong and high wall having towers at intervals all round ; this was called a bawn, and served not merely as an external defence to the castle, but also as a place of strength to keep cattle in at night, and to preserve the plunder, which was taken from weaker

hands, whenever it pleased the proprietor to "drive off a prey" from his neighbours.

In the centre stood the castle which was an irregular building not very extensive, but of great height and of a most massive structure. It was surrounded by a moat which was crossed by a drawbridge, and the whole was designed manifestly rather for defence than comfort.

When the travellers had approached near the outer defences, a trumpet was sounded by the warder, and answered from the castle. On which the proprietor came forth in state, attended by his principal retainers on horseback, and greeting the strangers led them into the Bawn, where they saw assembled round the walls a large body of kerns, wild and savage in their dress and appearance and so badly equipped as to make it apparent, that they were only assembled for the occasion. On the battlements and within the moat appeared the more regular force of the chief drawn up in an orderly manner.

The party dismounting proceeded to the draw-bridge which was quickly let down and drawn up again after their entrance.

When they reached the great gate and were ushered into the hall, the wife of M'Carthy came forth attended by her damsels to greet the stranger. Isabel was agreeably surprised to find this lady very different from what she expected; her dress and appearance, except in the richness of the materials and the abundance of ornament, differed little from the English, and her manners had evidently been formed amongst the higher ranks of society.

This was not in reality strange, inasmuch as this branch of the M'Carthys had formed matrimonial alliances with the first families in the land; and such were their dignity and extensive possessions, that few amongst even the haughty barons of English descent would refuse to be connected with them. On conversing with this lady, Isabel found her agreeable and well informed, and felt quite delighted to meet with such a companion where she expected only rudeness and barbarity.

When they had taken a slight repast and reposed themselves a little after their journey, the strangers were invited to ascend to the battlements of the castle, whence they were informed there was an extensive view

of the surrounding country. The ascent, as in all such edifices in Ireland, was steep and tiresome, made in the solid wall and requiring you to rest more than once ere you could reach the top ; but when there, you were well repaid for the trouble by the noble prospect presented to the eye. The tide flowed up to within a few hundred yards of the castle and in a channel gradually widening from the land, till it opened into a spacious bay. On the opposite side was a headland of a bold and marked character, which became more and more rugged as it extended into the sea, against which the tide dashed with great violence, sending up clouds of spray. A noble wood rose above this, extending into the land and following the windings of the channel, until both were lost in the distance, as the tide joined the little silver stream which wound round the noble and picturesque ruins of Timoleague Abbey. Immediately on the left, as you looked towards the channel, stretched a promontory of varying shape and outline, projecting in bold and craggy points, indented with creeks and extending like a mighty wall far into the channel and, at its extremity, rising many feet above the ocean, which dashing against

its eastern barrier swelled into a sheet of foam and in a feathery arch fell again to mingle in its native flood at the nearer side. Round this promontory the flood rushed violently, and rolled onwards with rapidity towards the sheltered bay, within whose bosom vessels might indeed anchor with safety ; but woe be to that ship, which, in a storm was driven to its entrance, where hidden rocks and breakers presented death on either side, and where one ridge in particular about a mile from the southern shore, in fine weather, a seat for the various tribes of sea-birds, but in a high tide or storm, covered by the waves, proved destruction to many a weather-beaten and labouring bark.

Behind them rose the turrets of Kilgobban Castle, and in front frowning over the flood the Castle of Coolmain, both belonging to the M'Carthy Reagh, whilst the woods of Garretstown and Rathelarin extended on the right and left. It was with much pride and satisfaction that M'Carthy pointed out this view to his visitors, but it needed not an index to shew its sublimity and beauty. The sight was one in itself bold and attractive, and Isabel gazed on it in silent admiration.

Her companions, including her father, were moving off without her perceiving it, so much was she wrapped up in the glorious prospect, when her hostess, who had stood silent by her side for some minutes, gently intimated that the company were going. Starting from her reverie the delighted girl gave her hand to the lady of the mansion, and descended with her the narrow and precipitous stairs.

The evening was approaching, and extensive preparations had been in progress for entertaining the guests, and displaying, in all due pomp, the abundance of an Irish chief's hospitality.

The apartment, in which the entertainment was given, constituted the central part of the ground floor of the castle ; it was arched with solid mason work, as were all the principal rooms of the building, and though extensive and lofty, was rude in its exterior and furniture ; the walls were coarsely plastered, and the ceiling was so discoloured by smoke that it was almost black. Round the walls were hung the horns of deer and the heads of wolves, with swords, head-pieces, spears, bows, and other implements of war ; many of which were now disused,

the departure of the guests, during which every thing went on amicably, and on the third day M'Carthy with his followers returned home to make preparations for the reception of Sir William and his party at Kilbritton Castle.

light, was morose from the season and heaviness of the atmosphere, which seemed to be preparing for a storm ; it was, therefore, lighted up with a number of candles composed of an immense quantity of rushes twisted together and dipped in fat, which, when set on fire, blazed with great brilliancy. Whilst the entertainment went on, attendants were continually going round and replenishing the cups of the guests, which were of various materials and forms. The company at the head table were furnished with cups of silver, or horn mounted with silver, whilst those of inferior degree were served with earthen or wooden vessels of the rudest shape and texture. Wine appeared in abundance, and was supplied plentifully to all.

Early that evening an itinerant harper had applied for admission at the gate and had been received ; the art of music having been always held in the highest estimation by the Irish, but for many years past and during the reign of Elizabeth, it had been not only discouraged, but depressed by the strong arm of the law, as tending to excite rebellion and encouraging licentiousness ;

therefore, the race of bards, once endowed with extensive privileges and even large domains, were now dwindled down to a few skulking performers, who were either sheltered by some friendly chief or wandered about from place to place procuring a precarious subsistence by the amusement which they afforded for the time being. M'Carthy was one of the few who retained the custom of his ancestors in this and some other points, and as his family had hitherto continued obedient to the crown, it was less noticed in his case. His own bard and crotaric or harper (for he combined both capacities) played during the entertainment a variety of airs which he accompanied with his own voice, singing in a wild and exciting strain the deeds of days gone by and relating the glories of his patron's family as Kings of Munster. (F.) The Irish language being particularly adapted for such compositions, and flowing on with a melody and sweetness of versification which can only be appreciated by those who understand it, produced a powerful effect on the minds of the auditors except the visitors, who listened indeed, with pleasure to the melody of the

musician's performances, but could not discover why the eyes of the rest of the assembly were directed to them.

M'Carthy, fearful of the result, ordered the bard to change his theme, and play in a more kindly strain. He refused, and became silent, much to the annoyance of his patron, who vowed to punish him for his disobedience. At this moment some one suggested to the chief the idea of calling on the itinerant harper, who had hitherto sat a silent listener near the hearth, and had scarcely even tasted refreshment. M'Carthy called, and pledged him in a cup of wine, directing an attendant to supply the harper with a full tankard. He acknowledged the pledge, standing and bowing with a grace far superior to what his profession was supposed to imply, as the race were generally wayward and sulky. He rested his harp on the stool on which he had been seated, and leaning over it in an attitude remarkable for ease and dignity, he swept the strings, and commenced a strain at once captivating and delicious. He sung of war and battle, of the exploits of the heroes of old, and their glorious deeds; he rapidly traced the rise and fall of national honour,

till the traitor sold his country to the stranger ; but here he turned artfully to the praise of the stranger's prowess in war and arms, casting all the odium on those who betrayed ; he followed up the leading facts of history, picturing the misery and distress of a divided country, and showing the advantages of concord and harmony. If at any time he appeared to lean heavily on the English, he immediately blended with his censure either praise for their prowess, or condemnation of the divisions and pusillanimity of the natives ; and the whole was so artfully managed, that neither party could well find fault, though he was as severe on the cowardice of the one as on the grasping ambition of the other, and painted with a master's hand the blessings of freedom and independence, whilst he urged his countrymen to uphold the glory of their ancestors. It may be supposed that in this effusion he relied in good measure on the English being ignorant of his native language, though he appeared to guard against any immediate outbreak of passion which might result from their acquaintance with it, should such prove to be the fact in the person of any one present. The strain ceased, and even

Isabel, though she understood it not, kept her eyes fixed on the performer, whose sweet yet manly tones entranced her very soul. She looked, and looked again, she thought that the voice was not new to her, that the figure had met her eyes before, yet she could not be sure; there was nothing in the dress and appearance to help her memory; the garb was coarse, and rather worn, the face was turned mostly from her, and even when she caught a glimpse of it, was so concealed by long flowing hair, that she could not positively identify it with any particular person.

It was well that her father did not understand the meaning and language of either bard, or he would not have felt flattered by his reception, or at ease amongst such hosts; however, he was pleased with the music, and joined in applauding the performers.

The itinerant harper commenced again in another strain, and comparing other lands with Ireland, gave the preference to the latter; he spoke of his travels and the sights he had seen, the damsels of foreign climes, their accomplishments and charms, but assigned the palm to his own native maids. Yet the daughters of England were also

surpassing fair and charming ; and v
 they all such as she who then graced
 hall, discord and strife would fly from t
 presence, peace and harmony would d
 in the land. He would humbly reques
 her permission to sing for her amusen
 a song, composed by a poor wanderer
 himself, to his lady love, in the land wh
 he had last come, and which refused no
 the bard a shelter and a welcome ; and
 hoped she would receive it favourably.
 then sung stanzas which, when transla
 were to the following effect :—

The lake is bright with darkling light,
 Where the stars above it shine ;
 But brighter far than the evening star
 Are thy blue eyes, lady mine !

It joys me well in the deep Swiss vale,
 Or the plains of Italie,
 To watch the sun when his course is run,
 Sinking 'neath mount or sea !

But my joy hath been much more, I ween,
 On this castle tower to be—
 With the pale moonbeam on wood and stream,
 As I strike my harp to thee !

Tho' my father's lands by hostile bands
 Are wrested from our race ;
 Tho' there remains of their wide domains
 For me no resting place !

Tho' I command no warrior band
Of mail-clad Galloglass,
And one crumbling tower on the fosse doth lower,
Where my ancient castle was.

On these mountains drear I may chase no deer
With a gallant company,
Or watch the bound of the dun sleuth hound,
As he tracks my enemy.

Yet when the light of thy beauty bright
In the banquet hall doth shine,
I think no more that I tread that floor,
The last of all my line.

Then lady fair, to my lay give ear,
Nor turn in scorn away,
For tho' that sword be all mine hoard,
My love can ne'er decay.

This song tended in some measure to diminish the perplexity of Isabel, and yet it was only conjecture—it could scarcely be he, and yet what other man could answer the characteristics which he had that night exhibited. He was no rude Irish Crotaric, but a man of education and manner superior to the generation amongst whom he lived. M'Carthy had his own conjectures relative to the individual who had thus attracted so much attention; but, after a moment's thought, he seemed to make light

of the subject, and turning to Sir William, entered into a conversation, in which he stated that, since the musical art had been discouraged in this kingdom, its professors often wandered into foreign climes, and sometimes returned again, bringing with them some of the airs and refinements of the lands in which they had roamed. Soon after this Isabel retired with her hostess ; but the rest of the party did not separate till a late hour. Her apartment was one of those small chambers which were made in the solid wall, and was only large enough to accommodate the tenant with a bed of moderate dimensions, and a few necessary articles of furniture. It was hung with rich tapestry, and had a small window opening on the side of the castle towards the sea ; yet small as it was, she insisted on her attendant staying with her, for she liked not the wildness of the place or people, and her servant was accordingly accommodated with a pallet beside her mistress's bed.

It was long ere Isabel slept : the wind rose and howled loudly through the surrounding woods, the sea dashed violently on the neighbouring rocks, and the wild sea birds' shrieks rung through the

air ; but it was the perturbation of mind, the strange and undefinable emotions which pervaded her breast, and which she scarcely dared to believe existed there ; the ties of father, kindred, and country, all these struggled in her breast, and kept her thoughtful for some hours, till at length exhausted nature gave way and she sunk to sleep. It was still early when she awoke, and feeling no desire for longer repose, she got up : and, with the assistance of her attendant, was soon prepared to go forth and inhale the refreshing breeze of morn.

The view from the battlements of the castle had impressed her mind much, on the previous day, and she now resolved to look on it alone, and indulge her romantic fancy to the full.

Finding, then, the inmates of the castle still buried in slumber, and scarcely any one stirring save herself, she ascended the stairs and reached the summit, hastening to the side which looked towards the sea. All was now still, the wind was hushed, and nature seemed to be enjoying a tranquil sleep ; the sea rolled onwards with a slight murmur, and scarcely did a rippling wave

break against the beach. The glassy smoothness of the spacious bay seemed to reflect the tranquillity of the skies, whilst the projecting rocks and promontories were just becoming defined as the shades of night passed away, and the mists ascended from the ocean.

Isabel leaned in pensive thought over the battlements, gazing for some minutes on the tranquil scene before her, and then withdrawing her eyes looked directly beneath. The height at which she stood rendered her dizzy, and she would have fallen were it not that the breast-work was high, but she turned back to look for some seat on which she might rest, and in turning saw to her surprise the harper of yesterday, leaning with his arm on the opposite battlement. She was confused and hesitated, but he relieved her embarrassment by bowing gracefully and low, and wishing her, in respectful language, a good day. Recovering her presence of mind, she spoke to him of the beautiful and interesting scene on which she had been gazing, and said she was satisfied that a soul like his, filled with poetic thoughts, must delight in the grand and

imposing beauties of nature. Seeming to be encouraged by her friendly tone, he stood upright and said ;

“Yes, lady, nature gave me a heart to feel, and I would fain think, a mind to appreciate her beauties and the sublimity of her works. Yet amidst all the grandeur and glory of creation, I cannot avoid seeing much that appears strange, fantastic, and disorderly, and whilst I contemplate the former with admiration, my thoughts are perplexed with the strange discord of the latter.” This sentiment appeared to Isabel, who had been carefully and religiously trained, as bordering on irreligion, and she, therefore, promptly and unhesitatingly replied :

“It becomes not us poor worms to penetrate the counsels of God, or doubt his wisdom and goodness in the variety of his works, when we are assured that a time will come in which we shall see more clearly the justice of all his dealings.”

“True, lady, and far be it from me to doubt his wisdom and goodness ; but there are some things in the moral world which lead the mind into perplexity and fear, when we see the strong oppress the weak,

the feeble trampled down, and the powerful revelling in the land on the spoils of the rightful owners."

"I know not, Sir, whither your discourse would lead," said Isabel, drawing herself up and turning away; "if my conjecture of your meaning is right, it is both unhand-some and unmanly, to introduce such a subject to me; bear your accusations to those who can reply to them in that style which they deserve, and who are ready and willing to justify their conduct."

"Pardon me, lady," said the minstrel, falling on one knee. "I was wrong, and am justly reprov'd; but oh! condemn not too severely a man who has felt the bitterness of poverty and dependance, when he should have been master of a wide and noble domain, one who is an outcast and a wanderer in the land of his fathers."

"I should grieve," said Isabel gently, "to wound the feelings of such a man; but this is a subject into which neither my duty to my sovereign, the love and obedience I owe my father, nor my own principles will permit me to enter with you. I, therefore, pray you to leave me: I would be alone."

"Yet, hear me, lady, and your ears shall not be again offended with my wrongs and sufferings ; for how should you feel any interest in such a theme ? I am not what I seem. We have met before, lady, and I am satisfied that to your kindness, I owe my life. The last of the O'Mahonys is in your presence, to thank you for an existence tolerable only because you have deigned to preserve it."

Isabel looked on him again, her conjecture was then right. She trembled violently but recovering her self-possession said :

"Forget, I pray you, the past ; you owe nothing to me, though my gratitude towards you would not rest in words, had I the power to serve. But, wherefore rush again into danger ? Why come into my father's presence ? Once again in his power you will not escape."

"He knows me not in this disguise, and even did he recognise me, he dares not violate the hospitality of this roof. I am here, lady, because of your presence, to tell you of my admiration of your noble qualities, my devotion to your service, my——"

"I beg, Sir," said Isabel, "you would spare me this detail. You have taken an

ungenerous advantage of the place and time, and I must command you to leave me."

"Yes," said he, sorrowfully, "I shall leave you, but my regret is, that I have been deceived. I am poor and, therefore, despised. I am an outlaw and, therefore, scorned. The blood of the haughty Saxon could not stoop to a landless and banished man."

"This is cruel and unjust, Sir," said Isabel; "but I will not bandy words with one who chooses to mistake my motives; and again, I say leave me, or I must retire."

"It needs not, lady, that you quit this spot. I go to fulfil my unhappy destiny; the light which for a moment shone on my gloomy path is again quenched in darkness. Farewell, and may you be happy!"

Thus saying he hurried towards the stair and was soon out of sight. Isabel leaned in thought upon the parapet wall for a minute, but was aroused by her father's voice, who inquired in rather a harsh tone, why she exposed herself to the chill air at that early hour. She made a hesitating reply that spoke of the beauty of the scene before

her, which had enticed her forth, as she could not sleep. Her father fixed his eyes on her and said,

"Isabel, I have been to you a kind and indulgent parent: your every wish has been gratified, and since I lost my boy, I looked to you as the comfort of my age. I fear, you have not repaid me as you ought, and that while I imagined you were all dutifulness and love, you have been regardless of my honour and your own."

"I know not, my dear father, to what you would allude," said the poor girl, now for the first time really feeling what it was to meet a father's frown.

"Know you that harper? answer me, without prevarication."

"Spare me, dear father, and do not press this question; my heart will break if I lose your love."

"Better far it should break, girl, than that my name and lineage be disgraced by one who forgets her birth and honour to enter into soft dalliance with a midnight assassin, and a traitor—nay, you dare not deny it, did I not even now meet him coming hence? Does not your look betray the base and dishonouring secret? Away, girl! You

are no longer daughter of mine. Away and herd with Irish kerns, or call me no again father, till you regain the sentiments and feelings which become the name."

As he spoke thus, he retired leaving the unhappy girl in a state of anguish almost intolerable; yet after some time her native strength of mind overcame, in some measure, the poignancy of her feelings so far that she was enabled to assume some degree of calmness in her outward demeanour and present herself before her hostess who kindly inquired after her health, regretting her pale and exhausted looks, as though the air and accommodations of the Castle had not agreed with her. Sir William was very silent during their morning's meal, and soon withdrew with M'Carthy, to whom he put the question directly whether he harboured O'Mahony in his Castle, and if so, he said that he should look upon it as an insult to himself and the government and should forthwith leave the place and consider their friendship at an end. M'Carthy was not unprepared for this question and he assured his guest that he knew nothing of the name or quality of the harper, further than conjecture, that he had not seen him till

the preceding evening, and had been just informed that he had already departed from the castle. Sir William did not think proper to pursue the matter further after this assurance, and he felt his mind more at ease when he heard of O'Mahony's departure. He therefore resumed his usual tone towards M'Carthy and conversed with him for some time.

CHAPTER IV.

It had been intended, for the amusement of the guests, to trace out and hunt a wolf which had been lurking somewhere in the neighbourhood, and had recently committed ravages amongst the cattle ; but the weather became very unfavourable, lowering clouds gathered over head which presently burst into violent and continued rain. The party were therefore confined to the castle, and amused themselves as they best could during the day ; towards evening the rain ceased but the wind arose to a tremendous pitch, so as to blow a perfect storm.

Not deterred by the weather, the inmates of the castle ascended to the battlements to view the ocean in all its grandeur, and continued for a while, wrapt up in contemplating the glorious and terrible scene.

Far off to the east a dense mist hid the firmament. The sea dashed with terrific

fury against the old Head of Kinsale rising above it and completely enveloping its extremity in a sheet of white foam, and rolling onwards into the bay of Garretstown; again checked by the rocks, it seemed to rush towards the opposite headland which presented a ragged line of breakers dashing the spray far into the land, whilst the centre rose and heaved in mighty billows swelling and foaming towards the land and filling every creek with its furious tide. Whilst they gazed on this awful scene, a speck was observed far away in the offing, now seen and again sinking from the view; it became more distinct and gradually presented to the view a noble vessel drifting onward with the fury of the tempest like a helpless log on the bosom of the deep. Every shred of canvass seemed carried away, and her shattered masts and cordage showed the havoc of the storm. But now another terrible enemy was about to grasp her, for a dense fog, dark as midnight, came rolling onward from the deep, like a monster rushing after its prey and soon enveloped her in its gloomy folds. Meantime the peasantry had hastened on both sides to the beach but with no kind or friendly design,

as the barbarity of the times taught them to consider a wreck as a providential good to themselves ; they hastened to bring materials for kindling fires to lure the prey to destruction, but the miserable crew enveloped by the dense fog discharged a gun as a signal for any friendly aid to direct them to a haven. The bright flash shone through the deepening gloom, parting it for a moment, while the rocks echoed to the sound but again the darkness closed around her another and another shot followed, but now the deceitful fires blazed on every height and decided the fate of the shattered vessel which was soon stranded on the beach of Garretstown.

The party in the Castle were summoned from this melancholy prospect to their evening's entertainment, where most of them forgot, in the pleasures of the table, the miserable fate of the hapless mariners. The entertainment was prolonged till a late hour and passed off harmoniously ; but Sir William had received a dispatch that evening from the town, which caused him to notify to his host an intention of departing early on the morrow. M'Carthy did not press his stay, and for this he had a sufficient

reason, as the absence of his guest would leave him at greater liberty to assert his claims to the wreck of the unfortunate vessel, were it cast on his domain.

Nothing remarkable occurred that night, and early on the morrow the visitors prepared to depart. Isabel, sad and lonely, came forth from her chamber and bidding her hostess a kind adieu, mounted her horse with a heavy foreboding of unhappiness and the loss of her parent's esteem. He had scarcely spoken to her since the conversation on the tower, and seemed now to look on her movements with coldness and apathy. Alas what a difference had a few months made in her state and feelings! When she first came to this country, she was free from care, light and buoyant in spirit, seeking enjoyment in every new object, happy in her father's love, having no anticipation, but what was pleasing; but oh! how was the case changed! She almost cursed, in the bitterness of her heart, the day she set foot on the Irish shore; for now she was depressed, anxious, fearful; a blight had come over her joyousness, and the sunshine of her days was clouded. She

had fallen into a predicament from which she knew not how to extricate herself, and the toils were gradually becoming closer around her. Yet, how was she to blame? Ah! here was the question which she scarcely dared answer; she had violated confidence; she had—but, no, she never allowed herself to think of wedding an outlaw—it could not be. Such was the tenor of Isabel's reflections, as she returned homewards and entered her own apartment, fatigued not in body but in mind, and casting herself upon her bed found relief in her overcharged feelings by a flood of tears.

Captain Adderly had taken charge of the town during Sir William's absence, and was able to give to his principal a satisfactory report of the tranquillity which prevailed within and without; he was received with more cordiality by the governor than he had ever before manifested towards him, and was invited to dine and spend that evening at his house. It may well be supposed that this was no unpleasing change to him, for his love to Isabel was daily gaining strength, so that he was resolved to take an early

opportunity of unfolding to her his views, that, if they were favourably received, he might try whether it were not possible to gain her father's consent to their union. He was shocked, however, on meeting her, to see her look so pale and languid, and to find a deep shade of melancholy darkening the cheerfulness of her temper. Her father seemed not to notice the change, but conversed with his guest on public topics, in which it was not supposed that she would take a part; and though Captain Adderly made several attempts to draw her into conversation, he was answered very briefly, or in monosyllables, till she withdrew and left the party.

It was manifest that some change had taken place in the feelings of parent and child towards each other. Yet he was left to conjecture what might be the cause, as neither seemed disposed to intimate any thing on the subject. Still he retired satisfied with his host's cordiality, though anxious on account of Isabel's altered appearance.

The opportunities which he thenceforward enjoyed of meeting her were sufficiently frequent, but they passed without any pro-

gress in the object of his suit. Isabel continued in the same frame of mind, seeming to be settling into an abstraction and melancholy from which no efforts of his had the least effect in arousing her. Disappointed and grieved, he began to reflect on the cause of this change, but could discover none of any force sufficient to produce it: one thought, indeed, crossed his mind, and he started at the supposition connected with it; but forthwith dismissed it, as unworthy of the name and character of Isabel Nuce. The only resolution he could form was to seek an interview with her, and plead his cause in person; and this he was warranted in doing from the encouragement latterly given by her father, who had intimated a permission to him to address Isabel. It was, therefore, not long before he found the desired opportunity, and approached her not without some trepidation and apprehensions for the result of the interview. There was, on her part, a calmness and indifference which cast a damp on his ardour, and chilled his feelings. Isabel saw that Captain Adderly's visit was not of a commonplace character, and he felt more than ordinary embarrassment in commencing the

conversation, yet he did try to assume courage for the occasion, and, after a few ordinary remarks, said—

“It is not without deep regret that I have seen the shade of trouble cast over a countenance that was once beaming with joy and gladness ; would it were in my power to remove the cause of this sadness in one whom I have long since learned to admire and regard beyond the rest of her sex !”

“Alas, Sir,” replied Isabel, “I have learned how brief and fleeting are human joys ; how soon are dispersed the gay imaginings of youth, and how unstable are our dearest pleasures. Permit me to thank you for the interest you express in my welfare, and to hope that no intrusive motive dictates the implied compliment.”

“Did the fair Isabel know my thoughts, she would feel assured of my disinterested anxiety for her happiness ; and had she formed a just estimate of my character, she would not allow herself to think that I could intrude on her private feelings.”

“Nay, Sir,” said Isabel quickly, “I have highly esteemed your superior qualities since we first met, and I am satisfied of your generous feelings ; but there are thoughts

which must be our own, and wayward fancies in which we will indulge, though, mayhap, they bring unto us pain and not pleasure."

"But why," said the young man, eagerly, "why should aught cross the path of happiness which seems marked out for one so fair and lovely? Who can have intruded on her joys, or why not confide her sorrows to a father, to one who would right her at the risk of life and limb?"

"My father," said she, but checking herself—"no, he has been kind, too kind to me, and I know no other who could take his place, or regard with interest one so unworthy. You are induced, perhaps, to speak the words of gallantry; but pray spare me, such language, even in my days of folly, scarcely passed current, and I should not expect one whom I have looked on as a friend to trifle with my time or my feelings."

"Believe me, dearest Isabel," said he, assuming more boldness, "I would not distress you by any, even the slightest word which could displease; but I cannot longer conceal the interest you have created in my mind, and which overpowers every other feeling. Pray hear me, I am no practiced

lover, no eloquent pleader, but I must declare to you, the sincerity of my passion, and the influence of your many virtues."

"Do not, I beseech you," said she, "almost choking with the fulness of her feelings, "do not distress me thus; it may not be; there is an insurmountable bar between us. I never can feel towards you as you would wish, and you are too noble, too high-minded to accept a divided—a broken heart."

"Oh, speak not thus, let not your present sensitiveness overcome your calmer thoughts, but listen to my suit, and give me hope; without you my life will be a burden, a blank. I have cherished the expectation, till my soul is entranced with it, and my thoughts are filled with your image, both sleeping and waking."

"You distress me beyond measure," said Isabel, trembling, "and have almost completed the measure of my sorrows, but I must speak once and for all: let such solicitations, then, cease; I do not deserve your esteem, I never can be yours, my fate is a wayward one, and my mind presages a speedy termination to the unhappy circumstances which have clouded the morning of

my life, and marked me out as the child of sorrow."

"Oh, speak not so positively, time will heal the wound which some unkindly hand has made, and happiness will yet be yours. Bid me hope, fair Isabel, bid me hope and my soul shall bless you."

"It is vain, Captain Adderly, to contend against my settled determination. Never can Isabel Nuce be the wife of man leave her, and be happy with one who cannot return your love; leave her to the miserable fate which entangled her, ere she was aware in a labyrinth of woe, deprived her of parent's love, plunged her into disobedience and—but my heart is bursting with the thought. Urge me not further, you already know too much of my unhappy situation—you too, I have involved in my error; but answer me not. I am maddened by the thought; leave me, in mercy leave me. I will not, I dare not listen to a reply. I am lost to myself, and that should suffice one who has a heart to feel for the woes of others."

There was an energy, a vehemence, and a decision in her words, wild as they seemed, which showed her lover that

delicacy required his absence ; he, therefore, rose and bowing low retired with a heavy heart, almost despairing of making any impression upon her, when he recollected the allusion which she had made to himself as instrumental in the cause of her distress. He would fain have removed her apprehensions on this score, but he knew not what chord he might awake in her mind, or how far he dared to touch on a subject which manifestly gave her so much pain.

The cause of Sir William's encouragement of Captain Adderly was simply this, he had come to the conclusion that his daughter entertained a passion for O'Mahony, and detesting the idea of such a connection, fearing that it might take place, apprehending ruin to his name and family, from an union with an Irish outlaw, he deemed it more prudent, as he had formed no definite plan for her, to countenance the addresses of a young man of family and honour, who was likely to rise in the world, than run the risk of such a dishonourable connection, not thinking it likely that her prepossessions would last when encountered by the addresses of one her equal, her countryman, highly esteemed, and possessing all

those attractions which were calculated to engage her regard.

It was with pain, therefore, that he saw her look with increasing coldness on his young friend, and that every day seemed to increase rather than diminish her disinclination to meet him. This only strengthened his persuasion on his mind, whether right or wrong, and did not tend to remove the stern reserve with which he had recently treated her. Yet on her part she was kind, gentle, forbearing, and attentive to his every want, so that the father's heart used sometimes to yearn towards his orphan child, and long again to embrace her; but his cherished hatred towards the natives, the sense of duty and loyalty, the pride of rank and the ambition of an aspiring man, intervened and shut the avenues of affection.

Thus they lived for some weeks in distant and reserved coldness on his part, and impatient and gentle attention on hers, till Sir William was called away to attend, on some affairs of importance in the city of Cork, his friend Sir Richard Boyle, and the President of Munster.

The charge of the town was left as before to Captain Adderly, to whom Isabel also

was entrusted, with an anxious entreaty, on the part of her father, that he should watch over her at all hours.

It needed not that he should receive such an injunction, for although he almost despaired of succeeding in his suit ; yet his passion was in no degree lessened, and he felt the importance of the trust committed to his hands. He did not venture to intrude on her at this period, and contented himself with carefully watching everything connected with her external comforts, and anticipating her slightest wish.

CHAPTER V.

SOME days elapsed in this way, and matters were going on with perfect quietness, when the dull current of affairs was disturbed by the arrival of an extraordinary courier with a letter from her father, which he would not deliver into any hands but her own. He was a man who had been for some years about her father's person, and was much trusted by him, though there were those who doubted his fidelity and honesty.

The letter was of an alarming character, stating briefly and abruptly that her father had been taken dangerously ill, and was most anxious to see her ; that he entreated her to come with his trusty servant, who would guide her safely, and concluded with the most affectionate expressions of parental regard. She read this letter, and looked at

the writing which she concluded to be her father's, though written with an unsteady hand: the signature was surely his, and, therefore, she did not hesitate, but sending for Captain Adderly, told him her determination to set out forthwith. He was surprised and overpowered by the tidings, and entreated to see the letter, which she showed him; he had now his doubts for he could not recognise the signature. He examined the messenger, and found his tale consistent, and when he expressed his willingness to remain behind, and have another escort sent with the young lady, it appeared a confirmation of his fidelity.

This, however, Isabel would not permit, knowing the regard entertained for him by her father; and it was resolved that he should be her guide. Captain Adderly still hesitated, and approaching the young lady, said—

“Will you, dear Isabel, permit a devoted friend to make one suggestion; the country is wild, the times are unsettled, and many casualties may occur. I would not that the daughter of my friend should travel without a sufficient escort, without one arm, at least, that will shield her, and one

watchful eye to guard against danger : permit me to see you in your father's care, and I shall be content."

" Oh, no, no," said Isabel, with vehemence, " better that I perish, if danger really threaten, than withdraw you from your duty ; once, once is enough, far more than enough for me to have involved another in my fault. Do not think of it for a moment ; it would make me miserable to reflect that your important trust was abandoned for the sake of one so worthless."

" But there is no danger here," said he, " and there are others to take my place ; ay, and to fill it with superior ability ; and should anything befall you, how shall I account to your father—how shall I account to my own heart for the result ?"

" Had my father supposed there was danger, he would have taken precautions against it ; and your duty is plain, whilst mine is not doubtful. My father, my kind and noble father requires my care, and I must not delay."

Seeing her resolved, the young man entreated that she would at least allow an escort to go with her besides the courier, to

which, with some difficulty, she consented. And, accordingly, four horsemen were soon ready to proceed with the young lady on her message of filial duty.

She set out, and as she passed the gate, bowed gracefully and low to the young man, who saw in her departure the anticipated ruin of his hopes, and returned her salute with profound respect, whilst his heart beat with painful throbbings for which he could not account.

On the ensuing day, towards evening, they were surprised by the appearance of the governor and his attendants at the gate. Full of terrible apprehension his deputy hastened to receive him, and with faltering accents asked if he had not been ill; being answered in the negative, he ventured to ask if he had not written for his daughter, and was answered abruptly and sharply—

“No!” at the same moment that he asked “where, what of her, is she not well?”

“Sir William,” said Captain Adderly, “you must be patient, and hear me out. I will bear aught that you can say to me, but hear my statement, and suspend your judg-

ment till that is done ; but we must be alone."

The governor, with his usual self-command, desired his companions to retire to their several homes, and walked, attended by his friend, to his own dwelling. He heard the narrative of Isabel's departure in silence ; but when it was ended, he said—

" It is, then, too true, and she has eloped with the intended assassin of her father and countrymen. Why let her go she is no longer daughter of mine. The dishonoured traitress, let her perish in her disobedience ! But — and may confusion seize me if I fail—many an Irish wife and daughter shall mourn for this. I blame you not, my friend, you have done all that prudence could do in the case ; and now, farewell for awhile, I must be alone."

Seeing the propriety of complying with his command, Captain Adderly retired in a state of mind not more enviable than that of the bereaved father, differing, however, in this, that he could not bring himself to think anything of Isabel, but what was pure and noble, attributing it to some deep laid scheme on the part of O'Mahony or his adherents, whom he was

determined to pursue unrelentingly, while he adopted every means to trace out those whom he supposed to be her betrayers.

It was in vain that the father endeavoured to steel his heart and banish his affection for the lost one. It was in vain that he recalled the instances of her folly or imaginary guilt, that he tried to shut her out from his thoughts and discard her from his affections. The parent was still there, and the fond parent too ; all the proofs of her love and duty to him, in former times, came rushing back upon his bereaved heart. All her playful sallies, her buoyant spirits, her gentle blandishments were before him. He thought, indeed, that she had proved ungrateful, mean, and unworthy of his love. Still she was his child : she was young, inexperienced, and an orphan, and how knew he but she was deceived, entrapped, and hurried to her ruin. Yes, it must be so, for even in his late ungentle treatment of her she had been submissive, obedient, and attentive. And was she not his child, his only child, and he now a bereaved and broken-hearted man, alone in the world—but where was she ?

He could endure the reflection no longer,

but bursting into tears, felt some relief in the indulgence of his more kindly feelings.

Captain Adderly was not summoned till the next day, when his mind was to some extent calmed, and he repeated again to the father the circumstance of Isabel's departure, and learned from him that the pretended courier had left his service, the day of his arrival in Cork, to go he knew not where. He had pretended to take offence at some trivial circumstance, Sir William had not particularly noticed the matter as he had other important objects to attend to, and the fact of the forged letter was sufficiently accounted for by the man having been frequently employed as amanuensis for his master, and having abundant opportunities of copying his writing. Still it was a mystery what interest he could have in enticing Isabel away, or what had become of her escort ; and they could only conclude that he was employed as the secret agent of O'Mahony or some other Irish chief, and had betrayed his charge to him. Then Isabel's reluctance to receive a guard showed either innocence of the plot on her part, or else artful concurrence in it. The former was the conclusion to which the young man arrived

though her father hesitated between the two conjectures.

Part of their doubts were removed that day, for a man, in a most miserable plight, with his clothes torn and bloody, his head desperately wounded and covered with clotted blood, while his whole appearance was pitiable in the extreme, dragged himself to the gate and demanded admittance. He was recognized as one of Isabel's escort, and immediately conveyed to the governor.

His account was simply this : they had proceeded in safety about three miles, when from the thickets on either side of the road, rushed forth a large body of men, with wild shouts and gestures. The little band drew up around their mistress and prepared to defend her ; but it was in vain, for though they fought well, in a few minutes they were overpowered, struck down, and butchered by the Irish. He saw not the guide from the commencement of the fray, nor did he know what became of his young mistress ; he had been left for dead by the assailants, and it was some hours after he recovered sufficiently to see three of his companions lying stiff beside him, and to find himself so weakened by loss of blood as to be scarcely

able to move. He managed, however, to crawl to a peasant's hut, at a short distance, and with some difficulty obtained their shelter for the night and some assistance in binding up his wounds, and then had succeeded next morning in making his way to the town. It appeared by his account, that their treacherous guide had led them from the direct road under pretext of greater expedition, and that Isabel had assented to this proceeding.

After reviewing all the circumstances, Sir William and his young friend came to the conclusion that the outrage had been committed by O'Mahony, as there was no other who had showed any hostility to the new settlement and its governor. Nor could there be any reason for carrying off the young lady, except that, by which they supposed him to be influenced.

Having arrived at this conclusion, they resolved to try every means in their power for tracing out the haunt of O'Mahony, and rescuing Isabel from his hands. This resolution was adopted on the supposition that she was an unwilling participator in this outrage; for could they have believed the contrary, neither would have attempted

to bring her back, for it would be only an additional source of grief and shame to father and lover, to find her, perhaps, the wife of the mortal enemy of their name and nation. For this purpose, letters were written to all the Irish chiefs who professed allegiance to the crown, calling on them to aid in punishing the outrage and restoring the young lady to her father ; and active agents were employed in every direction to trace the fugitive. O'Mahony's old haunt was closely watched, but he made not his appearance there, and their search seemed to be quite fruitless, nor could they obtain the least information of his movements on any side.

Captain Adderly sometimes scoured the country, attended by a few tried friends, and sometimes wandered alone through the surrounding woods, pondering over all the circumstances of the case, and endeavouring to find some clue by which to unravel this mysterious event.

As he one day strolled pensively through the wood, a rustling noise occurred near him, and as he turned to ascertain the cause. O'Mahony sprung from the thicket, and stood before him at a few paces distance. They gazed

on each other for a moment and without speaking, when O'Mahony turned to the other part; but the other drawing his sword, called to him, and said, "Turn, traitor, and answer me, we part not thus. I have sought you night and day, and now my labour is repaid. Turn, and answer to me for your base and ignoble conduct."

O'Mahony turned and laid his hand upon his sword, looking contemptuously at the other; he replied, "I can bear this language from you, Sir, plunderer though you be, and slave of a false-hearted tyrant, for there is truth between us which tells me not to imbrue my hands in the blood of one who aided to prolong my life for revenge upon my enemies."

Captain Adderly seemed stunned, but soon recovering himself, said, "Well have you repaid the service, by your base design against her, whose gratitude induced me to act; think not to escape me thus. I will not comply with her request in conniving at your escape; deeply have I repented of that act in letting a wolf's cub loose again, to blast the peace of a family and fill the country with desolation."

"Hah! say you so, boaster, I would

chastise this insolence ; but for her sake it must not be ; a guardian spirit protects you, Saxon, and restrains my hand. Go, and thank the generous mind which saves your worthless life."

"Ruffian and coward, you shall not depart thus," said the other advancing upon him and making a pass with his sword.

O'Mahony retreated a step and said, "If it must be, thank thy own rashness, madman; the shades of my ancestors tell me to be avenged for this insolence, and now guard thyself." He put himself in a posture of defence and met his adversary with a skill and judgment which baffled his attack. They fought, and Captain Adderly received a slight wound which only increased his impetuous attack, which he pursued with such violence as soon to exhaust himself while the other continued calm and collected, and eventually pressing him on, forced him back, till his feet coming in contact with the stump of a tree, he fell on his back, and the next moment felt the point of his enemy's sword at his throat, whilst his foot pressed upon his chest. Mortified, disgraced, and vanquished, he just uttered, "Finish your victory, rebel, and let me not

live to bear the shame of being defeated by an Irish outlaw. Chance has given you this advantage, use it and satiate your blood-thirsty desire to the full."

O'Mahony looked at him with disdain, but removed his foot and his weapon, saying, "Learn foolish boaster, that a rebel and outlaw, as you call me, can be generous, and that the name of the O'Mahony must not be stained by the death of a prostrate foe."

Deeply chagrined, and scarcely grateful for the boon of life, he arose, not raising his eyes from the ground ; but while the other was about to move away, said : "I owe you a life, but when we meet again, we part not till one or both fall."

"We are then once again on equal terms," said the other, "and when fate shall bring us together in mortal conflict, the debt which I owe to my family and country, shall be partially paid in your death ; but I would not thus part without one word more. You have alluded to one whose noble character is sufficient to outweigh much of the evil deeds of her countrymen. Nay, hear me, proud Saxon, I speak of her as one who can be nothing to me except from the profound admiration I entertain for her beauty and vir-

tues. What said you of her ; why accuse me of breaking the peace of families ?”

“What !” said Captain Adderly indignantly, “can the high-minded O’Mahony practice duplicity ? Do you deny that she has been seduced by you from her father’s roof under false pretences, that you have murdered her countrymen and detain her in your retreat ? But I cannot enter into the disgraceful tale.”

During these words, O’Mahony’s eyes flashed with fury ; he laboured under a storm of passion, but said, “Young man, were it not for the terms on which we stand, you had not finished this calumny. Know that my respect for that lady far surpasses yours ; know that I would guard her, with my body, from insult or outrage ; know, that could I find the man who, by word or act, offended her, he should answer to me with his life. Know this, and dare not again to insult me by such calumny.”

“It becomes you well to threaten and bluster thus,” said Captain Adderly. “Isabel Nuce needs not your championship ; but account, if you can, for the fact that she has been forcibly carried off and detained, I know not by whom, but there is no other

Irish chief in these parts except yourself likely to commit such an outrage."

"By heavens it is false; but I can pass over the insult of your charge for the sake of her who is connected with it. I have her now but if she be within the limits of this coast, will ere long find her, and woe to the man who has laid hands on one so pure! Return Sir, to your fortress, and tell your friend that O'Mahony pledges himself to restore his daughter. My route lies differently on my return, we hold no further parley, there is that on my mind which I cannot speak."

Thus saying, he walked quickly away leaving Captain Adderly surprised, puzzled and overwhelmed with strange and contending emotions. And, as he walked back to the town debating what course he should adopt in his untoward circumstances, he at length came to the determination of laying the whole matter of his rencontre and defeat before Sir William, with the assertions of O'Mahony relative to his ignorance of Isabel's situation.

There was, however, one circumstance he dared not mention, and which had that day been drawn forth in O'Mahony's language the part he had taken in the escape of the person, in compliance with Isabel's request

He feared that, if this were acknowledged to her father, he would not only condemn him for the violation of duty, but lay on him the blame of all their subsequent misfortunes. This fault had, ever since its commission, lain heavily at his heart ; he felt that it was inexcusable on any plea, and that he had disgraced himself in the act ; and in excuse he could only plead a request made by one too young and inexperienced to judge of a soldier's duty ; yet for this he had sacrificed his honour. It was, therefore, with down-cast looks and hesitating step he approached his friend, burdened not only with a sense of shame but the smart of his recent defeat. Still there was no alternative, and, therefore, he stated all, except that part of the conversation which regarded his own fault, to the astonished governor, who could scarcely give credence to a tale so strange ; and when he reviewed it on every side, he became more and more distressed.

"I could," said he with strong emotion, "have endured the thought that my poor Isabel was in the hand of O'Mahony, galling though it were ; but the savage Castellains who surround us know no law but force, and regard no tie but their own base passions. He has been amongst those of

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fore he pleaded business as an excuse to retire; and returning in about an hour, found that Sir William had in some degree overcome his feelings, and was able to speak rationally of the plans they should adopt for their immediate operations. An act of so daring a character, and which involved not merely the life and happiness of individuals but the safety of the colony, and compromised the dignity of the government of Munster, seemed to require a communication with the Lord President, which was immediately done through Sir Richard Boyle, who soon returned an answer, with authority to his friend to use whatever force his judgment would direct in the recovery of his daughter, even to the attacking with military array any castle where he might suspect she was confined. Meantime, every exertion had been used to discover the place of her concealment, but without effect.

When O'Mahony left the place of his meeting with Captain Adderly, he had hurried on in a tumult of passion, caring little what course he took, and meditating vengeance on whomsoever he found to have perpetrated the outrage on Isabel. His foster-brother overtook him in this frame of

mind, and with difficulty prevailed on him to return to his place of refuge, which was some miles thence, in the hut of an humble retainer of his family. Here he reflected on what course he ought to adopt ; and could devise no better than to assume, as he had done before, the habit of a Crotaric, and in this guise make inquiry at every castle till he could discover her. This was a tedious process for one of his ardent temper, and would occupy many days, and perhaps be in the end unsuccessful ; he therefore despatched his foster-brother to commence a search in one direction, whilst he proceeded in another, appointing a place where they should meet.

Leaving them to pursue their inquiries, we shall introduce to our readers the place of Isabel's confinement, and the character of her captor.

Barry Oge was one of the dependents or feudatories of M'Carthy Reagh, and a man of violent and sordid passions, never hesitating to gratify himself in anything which he desired, no matter what the risk or expense might be. He had been at his chief's castle when the entertainment was given to Sir William Nuce and his friends ; there, too, he had seen Isabel, and conceived a

violent passion for her, which he resolved to gratify by carrying her off; but after debating various schemes for this purpose, he was obliged to abandon them as not feasible, till he succeeded in procuring an agent in Sir William's family, the confidential servant whom we have mentioned. On him he had prevailed, by a considerable bribe, to assist in his plans, and between them they had concocted the letter, which induced Isabel to leave home. Having watched the party on their route to Cork, Barry Oge had carried off the young lady, as we have before seen, and was endeavouring by threats and persuasions to induce her to marry him, but all in vain. She met him with firmness and decision; and though she trembled in secret and wept over her unhappy fate, yet whenever he ventured to approach her, her eye kindled, and her spirit was aroused to meet his coarse and brutal addresses.

She had been now nearly a fortnight in his castle, without any prospect of release, and with no female companion except one old withered crone, who, though she hated the Saxon race, seemed to relent a little in Isabel's favour and had consented to stay

with her at night and during as much of the day as she could. In return for this, the poor girl had to endure the continued abuse of her nation and race, and the direst imprecations upon them. Yet this was far more tolerable than being left to the company of her tormentor, who was becoming more insolent as time wore on. The winter had set in with great severity, and the rain poured in torrents, whilst a high wind howled loudly around the castle. Barry Oge ascended to Isabel's apartment, with the intention of letting her know his final resolve; the evening was just closing in, as she sat pensively at a narrow window, looking out at the bleak country. His entrance roused her, and she stood prepared to meet the savage.

"Daughter of the Saxon," said he, "I have waited patiently for your consent, and will not tarry much longer. You must be mine, I swear, by my father's grave, and that ere three days pass."

"I am in the hands of God," replied she, calmly; "he will protect me from your brutal designs, though he is punishing me for my disobedience. But yours I never will be, monster, except in death."

"It is well, proud minion," said he, more

fiercely; "but how will you escape from me? Barry Oge was never yet baffled in any object he set his mind on. I give you, however, two days, and then a holy priest will be here to calm your scruples and unite us: and if you consent not, then—"

"Spare yourself further explanation, and leave me; ere that, a deliverance will be wrought for me, and if not"—she shuddered, but went on—"my father and my countrymen live to avenge my sufferings; they will blot out your name and lineage from the earth. Beware then, tyrant, how you offer me further insult; for you may rest assured, that in doing so, you seal your own doom."

"I laugh at your threats, girl," he replied, "and I despise your father's vengeance; who will know what your fate is, when you lie mouldering in the vaults of this castle, after you shall have given me sweet revenge for your obstinacy?"

She turned away in disgust, refusing to reply; and he left her, uttering threats, and warning her that two days only should be given ere her fate was decided.

When he was gone, Isabel's overcharged heart gave way, and she sunk exhausted

with the effort she had made ; tears came to her relief, and she wept for some time ; but becoming calmer, she recommended herself to the protection of God in humble supplication, and found that relief and comfort which she sought. Barry Oge descended to a lower apartment, and met the old hag, who waited on Isabel ; she beckoned him aside, and he followed her to a remote corner, where they were not likely to be overheard.

“ Barry Oge,” said the hag, “ the dark-eyed daughter of the stranger is in your halls ; send her away before evil comes upon you.”

“ Never,” said he, sternly ; “ it was not for that I risked my life and land to yield her up to your bidding, Norah ; she is mine, and Saxon or devil shall not take her from me.”

“ Beware, rash man ; the strangers bring a curse wherever they come ; and think you that her kindred will not seek revenge for this cowardly theft ?”

“ You are bold and audacious, beldame, but dare not again to speak to me thus ; if you were my nurse a thousand times, I would crush you for daring to interfere with my designs. I tell you, and my mind is

fixed, she shall never again see her father's threshold, except as the wife of Barry Oge."

"Yon threaten me, fool ; you know not how little I care for life : do pierce the bosom on which you lay in infancy ; do tear asunder the breast which nurtured you ; but, mark me, your doom is sealed. Ay, scorn and sneer, but it alters not the case ; the visions of night came upon me, and I saw the wolf surprise the kennel of the hound, and carry off the cub from its straw ; the returning beast howled for its lost young and sought in vain ; the young wolf roamed the forest without shelter, and came upon the tracks of the ravisher ; he saw and pitied the captive hound, and he fiercely growled on her enemy ; they fought and tore each other's flesh ; but the young wolf prevailed, and his adversary perished, while the hunters and their bandogs howled his death-knell. Now go, if you dare, Barry Oge, go on to your ruin ; for your own species, almost your own blood, will league against this hateful alliance."

"Besotted fool," said he, tauntingly, "your dotage has warped your faculties. Think you, that Barry Oge is to be turned

from his purpose by the dreams of a dotard begone, and vex me not."

Whilst he was uttering these last words, a low, plaintive voice was heard coming apparently from a distance, and increasing in shrill and wailing sounds, till it fell full upon the ear in a piteous scream, as of one in dire agony. It seemed to go slowly round the castle, in a continuous cry, and stopping for a moment outside the window, near which they stood, became more wild, and then the clapping of hands accompanied it, which sounded almost at their very ears.

The old woman sunk upon her knees in an agony of terror, and even the brutal chief started and looked pale. When it ceased, Norah said to him solemnly ;

"It is the Banshee, tempt not your fate; it may yet pass away if you yield up the stranger maiden."

"Never," replied he, with an oath; "never: let it come, I care not; but I laugh at your superstitious fancies, and spurn this foolery of ignorance. Begone, urge me no more; if hell stand me in the face, I would effect my purpose."

Thus saying, he strode forth from the

chamber, and left his nurse to mourn over what she now considered his approaching fate.

In the hall, he found many of his retainers assembled: some were preparing the evening meal, whilst others sat around the fire, listening to the strains of a harper, who played for them some of their national airs. The harper seemed a man wretched in every respect; his tattered garments hung about him in rags, and he stooped as if with age; one eye was concealed by a patch, and his shaggy beard yet dropped with the rain which had poured on him in his journey thither, whilst his wet garments sent up a cloud of steam before the blazing fire. The chief looked on him suspiciously; but observing so wretched an object, he turned aside, and merely gave directions, in a whisper, to one of his attendants, that the minstrel should not depart on the morrow till he had spoken to him. The supper was soon afterwards served up, and all hastened to partake of it. The chief spoke little, for he was occupied with deep and engrossing thoughts; the superstitions of his country and childhood struggled in his breast against the dominant tide of unruly passion; but

they failed to triumph, for he had been long swayed by his lusts to bend before even that powerful influence. He drank copiously ; and in the intoxication of the hour forgot the terrors which had pressed upon his mind. It was not long, therefore, before he became insensible to everything around, and was conveyed by his attendants to bed in a state of stupid inebriety. The harper continued for some time to amuse his audience ; but they gradually became fewer, till he was left almost alone ; and then he entered into a conversation with one or two who were more sober than the rest, and without allowing them to see his design wormed out a good deal relative to the state of affairs with their chief and the inmates of the place. Sleep soon overcame all, even the minstrel, and deep silence pervaded the whole castle, except the sentinel who stood at the entrance of the drawbridge and before the gate.

It was late the next morning when Baron Oge awoke, and the first question he asked was for the minstrel ; his attendant went to seek him, but he was not to be found. Instead of him his harp remained, and the sentinel who had been placed at the gate

was discovered dead in the moat without any appearance of violence. This circumstance roused the tyrant, and he began to suspect that all was not right, that the Cro-taric was a spy who had taken advantage of the intoxication of his followers, had suddenly overpowered the sentinel and escaped to bear what intelligence he had gleaned to his employer.

Instead, however, of being deterred from his base object by this event, he seemed more determined to persevere, and immediately commenced to make preparations for defence ; sent to summon additional men ; drove in cattle, and prepared all available or useful weapons of warfare. Every one was busy, and before evening it was deemed that they were in a state to stand a siege against any force likely to be brought against them.

They had not long to wait ; ere night closed, a considerable body of men was descried advancing towards the castle, on the side leading from the town. But we must describe the ground, in order to explain the events which followed.

Strange as it may appear, the Castle of Barry Oge, where poor Isabel was captive,

was within three miles from the town, and perhaps, its proximity prevented any suspicion, though the character of its proprietor was not unknown. The river wound through a valley, on one side of which was a ridge of low hills, and on the other, a corresponding ridge, but considerably more elevated, and of a more rugged and precipitous appearance. The castle of Dundaneere, as it was called, stood on the northern bank, close to the river, so that one of its sides was washed by it. A small and rapid stream flowed from the north, supplying the moat, and discharging itself into the greater river. The ground, on the northern side, immediately near the castle was almost a plain, but, on the southern, it rose precipitately from the river in a steep and craggy hill crowned with majestic oaks interspersed with holly and other evergreens, and commanding the turrets of the castle. The whole scene was one of an impressive character, for the country around was almost as nature had left it, and the plough had scarcely touched a sod within a mile from the place.

A body of men was seen, as we have said, approaching the castle on one side, and in a few minutes another was descried on the

opposite side. The latter came from the northern direction and were apparently destined to make an assault on the fortress, whilst the former seemed to be appointed to protect the assailants.

Barry Oge was not unobservant of these events and seemed to be in his proper element in making preparations for defence. He soon saw that the assailants were mere Irish, and he could not help recollecting the dream of his nurse: be it real or imaginary, however, he soon shut it from his mind and occupied himself with the details of the coming struggle.

Ere any assault was made, a man advanced from the attacking party and made signal for a parley; he was met on the other side by one of Barry Oge's men who received his message to this effect:

"That Conagher O'Mahony demanded that the daughter of Sir William Nuce, then imprisoned in his castle, should be delivered up to him or to some one agreed on by both parties, who would restore her to the hands of her father."

This demand was communicated to the chief, and at the name of O'Mahony he

trembled a little, but soon recovering self said,

“Tell the renegade from his faithless country that I defy him, and let him do his worst.”

In this boast he was in a great measure warranted, for scarcely could a half mob such as O'Mahony brought with him entertain any expectation of prevailing against a well provisioned and strong garrison. However, he had to deal with no ordinary character and soon after the message was delivered, preparations were made for attack. Barry Oge had collected a great number of the summit of the castle a variety of missiles with men to wield them in case the day came to close quarters. There were pikes and spears, large stones with levers to throw and precipitate them on the heads of the besiegers, smaller stones to be thrown by the hand and slates to be let fall on those who should stand beneath. The windows of the castle were exceedingly small; if they were, in general, little more than holes through which weapons might be discharged, and, therefore, the fire-arms of the besiegers could take little effect.

The principal point to be protected was the draw-bridge, and, therefore, a select body was appointed to that station. O'Mahony commenced the attack by a volley against those who stood within the entrenchment, but to little purpose, for they were ensconced behind the ditch and returned his attack with interest, whilst the men on the battlements fired coolly and together amongst his adherents and thinned their numbers a good deal ; but at this moment a terrific volley came from the wood on the other side of the river and laid several of the defenders on the summit of the castle prostrate ; a second followed, whilst they were in a panic, and did much mischief, so that they crouched under the parapet to avoid the fire.

At this instant, O'Mahony and his friends rushed forward to the moat but were met by a regular discharge from the besieged and staggered back in confusion. The night was drawing on, and two more unsuccessful attempts were made by the besiegers, who seemed to be growing disheartened by their defeat, notwithstanding their leader's efforts to rally them, till he withdrew them to some distance, and de-

bated what plan was best to be adopted to give some chance of success, as he saw, when almost too late, the arduous nature of the enterprise which he had undertaken. Yet in no way deterred, he set about throwing up a breastwork in front of the moat, labouring with his own hands during the ensuing night, and had the besieged in a measure hemmed in before the morning. Still this was only a temporary expedient, as his people had neither tents nor any other means of defending themselves from the weather, and it was only their labour during the night, which kept them from feeling severely the cold and dreariness of the season. One night more would be sufficient to cool the ardour of their courage and induce them to disperse, and therefore he resolved to make a powerful effort the next day, to carry the gate by assault. The besieged were not on their part negligent during the night, and the first sight which presented itself to their opponents, in the morning, was the roof of the castle covered with raw hides stretched on poles in such a manner as to shield them in a great measure from the shot of marksmen in the wood. This induced

O'Mahony to recall the greater number of them to assist him in the assault, and accordingly they crossed the river some distance above the castle and joined him in his entrenchment. Preparations were now made for the attack, and whilst some of his party bore stones, logs of wood, and other things to cast into the moat in order by that means to scramble across to the castle; others carried spades and pick-axes to loosen the earth and throw it in likewise. O'Mahony with the best armed attended to protect them and make the assault; but the besieged were too well defended, and they compelled them soon to retire with much loss.

O'Mahony now saw fully the predicament, into which his ardour had hurried him, and the almost impossibility of taking the castle with such forces as he had; and he was obliged to ensconce himself behind his breastwork, until he should deliberate on what should be done. His men, too, openly expressed their dissatisfaction at their bad success, and grumbled at being employed against their countrymen. He had not chosen to inform Sir William Nuce of the place of Isabel's captivity, thinking

he would have been able to deliver and restore her, before her father was made aware who her captor was. Of this chivalrous notion he now began to repent, as it was not likely to be effected. Still his pride and hatred of the English prevented him yet from sending any tidings to the town. Sir William had, however, been informed on the previous evening of the attack made on Dundaneere, and was at this moment approaching with a strong force to ascertain the cause and to overawe both parties, and if necessary to punish the aggressors. O'Mahony saw them approaching, and his resolution was soon taken. He went forth alone and unarmed and meeting the advance of the English desired to be conducted to the governor. Sir William met him, with manifest hesitation and distrust, saying:

“What is the cause that I am honoured by this unexpected visit from one whom I have reason to consider a deadly enemy?”

“The reason is soon told,” replied the other haughtily. “Your daughter is prisoner with the brutal castellain yonder. I thought to rescue and restore her, but I fear my force is not sufficient.”

“Can it be,” said the governor starting

with surprise, while anger flushed his brow, "dared he commit this outrage, so near me and on my daughter. Forward, men; by Heaven! he and his shall bitterly rue the day he laid treacherous hands on my child. As for you, O'Mahony, we have been enemies, it will rest with yourself whether we continue such. You have proved yourself honorable, and I will not hesitate to forget the past."

O'Mahony smiled faintly and replied, "I seek neither favour nor friendship from your race; yet I am not so uncourteous as to reject your offered friendship; but the only boon I ask, is to be allowed to assist in this work with my few poor followers; and this accomplished, it matters little what becomes of the last of his race."

Sir William was touched, but deemed not the occasion fitting to enter on such topics, and only said;—

"I shall consider it a favour to be assisted by you in the recovery of my daughter, which you have so bravely attempted; but let us on and teach this wolf's cub a lesson, which shall not soon be forgotten."

On arriving before the castle, a trumpet was sounded by the English and a parley de-

manded. Barry Oge sent forth one of his people to ask what was required ; and to the summons of Sir William, that he should forthwith surrender the young lady and submit to be judged for the outrage, he replied, that he defied him, and he might do his worst. Nothing now remained but to prepare for another attack. The castle was assailed on two sides at once, so as to divide the defenders and distract their attention ; but whilst they were occupied in making their arrangements, a scream, wild and piercing, came from the castle and smote upon the ears of more than one of the attacking party, with a direful foreboding of evil. It served, however, to stimulate their impetuosity, if any thing were wanting to their ardour. O'Mahony was permitted to act in front with Captain Adderly, whilst Sir William attacked the opposite side and watched the sally port. The besieged fought with great bravery, but they were not equal in number or arms to their assailants, and it was not long before they were forced back into the castle, when the moat was crossed by the attacking party, who now found themselves assaulted by stones and missiles from the battlements, and by fire-arms

and other weapons from the loop-holes and embrasures. While they battered the great gate of the castle with the butts of their fire-arms to no purpose as it was of treble oak and strengthened with iron straps and bolts, O'Mahony caused some of his men to advance towards it, with a large beam with which they plied the door with repeated strokes, while the party on the castle showered on them all kinds of missiles. At length it gave way just as a huge fragment of mason work was detached from above and fell crushing two men to the earth. The door was, however, forced and O'Mahony sprung in, followed by his party. Those within retreated, making scarcely any resistance, and he hurried up the narrow stairs to seek for Isabel. He found her not in the first apartment, and he ascended quickly to the next; but here, O heavens! how was he horrified, and his very soul chilled! The ill-fated girl lay on the floor, her hair hanging dishevelled about her head, her countenance distorted, blood flowed from her mouth and nostrils, her hands were tossed wildly about, her eyes rolled with maniacal stare and her bosom heaved with convulsive throes. One glance was sufficient, and

O'Mahony rushed up to the highest floor of the castle, knowing that there was thence a secret staircase leading to vaults beneath, whence there was an outlet to the country beyond the precincts of the fortress. All the men who had defended the battlements had hurried down this, when they saw the gate forced, and as the passage was narrow they had crushed each other and choked it, but some had fallen headlong. Barry Oge, not anticipating this, hurried thither also, and now stood foaming with rage and blaspheming at the entrance. He turned as O'Mahony reached the landing, and, like a wild beast at bay, stood on the defensive. Neither spoke, for O'Mahony's feelings were too strong for words, and the other saw that all was nearly over, but he was brave as he was base, and resolved to sell his life dearly. They fought, and O'Mahony after a few passes, making a violent lounge at the other, missed his stroke and had nearly fallen, had he not supported himself with his sword, but in the hasty effort to recover his position he snapped the blade across, in consequence of its having penetrated into the floor ; he was thus left apparently at his opponent's mercy, but having

wrapped his left arm in his mantle, he parried with this the blows aimed at him, and tried to close his opponent ; but in doing so received a wound through his left shoulder. He succeeded, however, in his object and soon clasped his foe with an iron grasp. His opponent was almost equally strong, but not so active ; neither was he encouraged by a sense of the justice of his cause, nor by the overwhelming passions which influenced O'Mahony and gave him almost supernatural strength. He dragged the brutal chief towards the parapet, notwithstanding his desperate resistance, and, as he saw the fate which awaited him, he made one final effort as they stood over the river. For a minute the result seemed dubious, but O'Mahony concentrated all his strength, doubled the other's body over the battlement and flung him headlong. The wretched miscreant, the next moment, dashed against the projecting buttress below, and was driven out into the flood, which swollen by recent rains hurried on his polluted carcass to the ocean. Without delay, O'Mahony hastened down to the apartment where Isabel was, and there was presented a heart-rending scene. The victim of bru-

talities still lay upon the floor, but her head was supported on her father's knees, and as he leaned over her in unutterable woe, he laid his hand on her flushed cheek, and kissed her burning brow, while the scalding tears fell fast and warm on her face; beside her kneeled Captain Adderly in mute affliction with his hands clasped upon his breast. Others, too who had known her in her days of joyousness and innocence, stood like so many statues around. The slayer of Barry Oge, rushed hastily in and putting aside those who prevented his viewing the dying innocent stood before her pale, haggard, and bleeding. He gazed on her face with intense earnestness, but she recognised him not, her eyes wandered listlessly from one to another amongst the group, and as her bosom heaved, the tide of life was thrown forth, at intervals, from her mouth in a crimson flood.

Her father spoke, "Isabel, beloved child, do you not know me, oh, speak but one word ere we are separated; cheer your father's heart once more with the gentle tones he loved to hear."

"Life is ebbing fast, and she will never speak more," said O'Mahony; "but she is

avenged, and her destroyer has paid the debt."

At the sound of his voice Isabel seemed to revive a little. She turned towards the speaker, and he thought a faint smile passed over her face ; but the next moment, a shivering seized her frame. She sighed heavily, and with the sigh her spirit passed away into another world.

O'Mahony turned to depart, but Sir William observing it said,

"Go not thus, noble young man. Be my friend as you have been hers, and you shall not repent it. I have interest with the government which will serve you."

"It must not, it cannot be," said he, with calm earnestness, "there is nothing henceforth to cheer my dreary path. I have done with the bustle of life. I shall not again be the enemy of your race ; but I never can be their friend. Farewell, and may you find consolation for the loss of her who was an angel of light to one who is now in the darkness of despair."

He retired, hastily collected his followers who were allowed to remunerate themselves, for their service, by the plunder of the castle, and having led them to the dis-

trict where they lived, briefly addressed and then dismissed them, retiring with his foster brother no one knew whither. The English prepared a rustic bier, and on it placed the mortal remains of the once beautiful Isabel, covering her body with their mantles, and after a short space of time moved towards the town in a slow and sad procession. When the shocking tidings were heard amongst the inhabitants, universal grief and indignation spread through all ranks. The Irish chiefs, too, came to offer condolence and express their horror at the deed ; but the afflicted father saw them not, for he distrusted their sincerity, and in a few days the remains of Isabel were consigned to the earth, but no memorial marks the spot where they repose.

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PHYSICIAN'S DAUGHTER.

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PHYSICIAN'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER I.

THE — day of September 1613, was one of great rejoicing in the newly erected town, for the charter constituting it a free borough, under a provost and twelve burgesses, had been just received ; in consequence of which, the first provost, Sir William Nuce, whom we have seen so active in forwarding the interests of the colony and completing its defences, with the burgesses gave a splendid entertainment to all the principal inhabitants at the market house, whilst abundance of substantial fare was provided for the more humble class in another place. The day passed on amidst continual shouts and acclamations from the townsmen, who paraded the streets singing and playing musical instruments, whilst at intervals discharges of small arms and

salvos of cannon from the towers and battlements reverberated from the surrounding heights, and excited the most painful and humiliating feelings in the minds of such of the natives as were near enough to hear what they naturally looked on not only as an expression of triumph over themselves, but as the premeditated insolence of licensed robbers.

The company assembled was numerous, and the fare worthy of the occasion. The cup circulated freely, and if there were not as good speeches made as at any modern corporation entertainment, there was as much hilarity and more real unity of feeling amongst the guests. The great tie which bound them so closely together was accordance of religious belief, and the necessity of cordial cooperation for the purpose of security against the enemies who surrounded them, and the advancement of their temporal interests.

Sir William presided at the entertainment, and well did he discharge the duty; the dignity of his person, the frankness of his manners, and the courtesy of his language, suited him for mingling amongst the very highest rank of society, while his well

known steadiness of purpose, determination of mind and military experience rendered him peculiarly adapted for upholding and extending the prosperity of this important colony.

The death of his only daughter, under the awful and afflicting circumstances we have narrated in the former tale, had made an indelible impression on his mind, and deep rooted grief wrought powerfully on a frame, which though naturally strong, could not bear up against the inward workings of incurable sorrow, and he now looked much older and more feeble than his years would warrant one to suppose.

Amongst the company assembled on this occasion, there were two in particular whom we shall briefly describe ; the one was a man thin and worn in look with the deep furrowed lines of sorrow or mental anxiety and toil strongly marking his features : his person was tall and commanding, his forehead high, his eyes were grey and piercing, and the whole contour of his face was marked by no ordinary proofs of ability. His dress and demeanour were grave, such as beseemed the profession of medicine which he practised ; but he appeared, on the present

occasion, ill at ease amongst the revellers, and but little disposed to participate either in their festivities or their mirth. He had indeed joined the festive throng, by express request from the chief magistrate, who valued him highly, and he had foregone his usual habit of domestic seclusion to gratify the wish of his patron ; but it was with no expectation of enjoyment from a scene in which he mingled with reluctance. About a year before he had come to settle in the new colony, and under the designation of Doctor Moorcroft, had been welcomed by the inhabitants as a most desirable acquisition. His family consisted of an old dame in the capacity of housekeeper, and an only daughter of whom no one knew any thing, for she was scarcely ever seen out and none were admitted within the doors of her father's dwelling, save on business, and then only into a small reception room within which was his study. Rumour, however, spoke her to be lovely and accomplished, and the seclusion in which she lived, whether voluntary or otherwise, awakened curiosity in no ordinary degree ; the same veracious source attributed to her father tyranny over her inclinations, and un-

kind treatment, and did not stop even here, but accused him of practising dark and mysterious arts, of dealing with the Evil one, and in fact of being a conjuror or necromancer. This idea was confirmed by his absence from public worship, and the asceticism and unsociability of his life; nor did the reports remain confined to the lower order: they were gradually extending themselves amongst the more respectable class of this new community, so that it was in compliance with an express request of Sir William, in order to remove some of the prejudice against the physician, that he consented to appear at the public entertainment in honour of the new charter; but whether the provost knew that report spoke falsely of the doctor, or that he had private reasons for extending peculiar patronage, to one who was gradually becoming an object of suspicion to the population, notwithstanding his acknowledged utility, did not appear. Certain it was, that on this, as well as on former occasions, he had shown him a peculiar degree of favour and protection. The other person was a man of a rather military bearing and mien, tall and well proportioned, with a keen and

piercing look, which seemed to penetrate even your very thoughts ; his features were regular and well formed, but there was a sternness in his glance and a forbidding frown on his brow, which if not natural was at least habitual, and told plainly that the more violent passions were harboured in his breast. He was looked upon as the confidential agent of Sir Richard Boyle, and had arrived in the town only a few days before with instructions from him, and being the bearer of the charter to the new corporation, was received with all the respect which was due to his situation and the important mission on which he had come.

The other guests were, perhaps, too much occupied in the enjoyments of the table to trouble themselves particularly about either of the persons we have introduced; and they therefore did not notice the peculiar looks of both when their eyes first met. The physician seemed to be struck by a sudden pang, which made the blood rush back to his heart, and caused a trembling of his hands and a more than usual paleness in his emaciated countenance ; whilst the other gazed on him intently for a moment, knitting his brows and looking as a wild

beast at the prey which he saw within his reach, and then withdrawing his eyes seemed to ponder, whilst a flush of mingled hatred and triumph passed over his dark visage. Occasionally, during the entertainment, their eyes again met, but with an evident reluctance on the part of the physician to encounter the other's gaze ; indeed his whole demeanour showed an absence of mind, with respect to the scene in which he was engaged, and a degree of fear or apprehension of some sort which he vainly strove to overcome ; but the other, after the first glance, appeared to rest satisfied in having attained some object, which was to him the source of no ordinary gratification.

The wine was still circulating briskly, and the voices of the revellers were gradually growing louder, as the generous liquor loosed their tongues, when Doctor Moorcroft seized the opportunity of some confusion which resulted from the desire of several worthy burgesses to be heard at the same time, and the efforts of the president to procure silence and order, and withdrew from the room. Hurrying homeward with rapid pace and in great perturbation, he

entered his study, threw himself on a chair and covering his face with his hands remained for a few minutes in deep thought which seemed, whatever was its subject, to agitate him fearfully, for his whole person shook with a violent tremour. He then rose, paced the small apartment with rapid strides to and fro, till his impassioned feelings found vent in loud exclamations against the fiend, who had once more crossed his path to blight with misery the remnant of his days. So loud and harsh were the tones in which his involuntary exclamations were uttered, that they rang through the house and caused his daughter to start from her seat, as she sat plying her needle, attentively engaged on a piece of embroidery. She rose and was on the point of proceeding towards her father's study, when she checked herself and again sat down.

"He will not admit me," said she, in a musing tone, "and I shall only increase the violence of his paroxysm; it is long since he has been thus fearfully affected, and he does not, at any time, wish my presence till the fit is over. Great God," she exclaimed as she heard his voice rise still louder in ebullitions of passion, "what can be the cause

of this? Can it be, that my father has committed some deed of darkness, on account of which he is thus harassed. No, I will not believe it, he is ever humane and kind, when his services are required ; and though he mingles not amongst his fellow-men, yet to me he has always been gentle and affectionate. I will see him, perhaps he may listen to the voice of his poor Madeline, and shake off the evil spirit which has come upon him."

As she spoke, she hastened towards the door of his study, and knocking at first gently, was unheard by her agitated parent ; again she knocked more loudly, he paused in his rapid progress through the apartment, and demanded in a stern voice who knocked.

"It is your little Madeline, my dear father, who heard your voice, and thought you might be ill or wanting something. Will you not admit me?"

"Go," said he, in a restrained and gentle tone ; "go, my child, and do not intrude on me now. I cannot admit you, for I am ill at ease."

"That is the reason, dear father, that I entreat you to admit me, for I would fain share your trouble, or try to soothe it. Oh,

do not this once send me from you, and shall feel that you love me in earnest."

He could not resist the appeal of his child and approaching the door, undid the bolt but she almost started back again at the wild and haggard appearance which he presented; recovering herself, however, she took his hand, led him without resistance to a chair, and seated herself beside him looking up fondly into his face.

For a while, both were silent, till Madeline, said, "My dearest father, something has occurred at that feast to disturb your mind; would you had not gone thither! You are better in your own quiet home, and must not allow you to join their revels again."

He tried to overcome the emotion which was excited by mentioning the entertainment, and said, "Alas, my child, you know not the sorrows which press heavily on your father's heart, and all the unhappy tenor of his life; you have, indeed, seen as not a glimpse of my miserable destiny; but the whole, you cannot, must not know; it is, fear, drawing to a close, and I must now leave you, my sweet child, alone and unprotected."

"Speak not thus, my father, we shall

gain change our abode, and your child will gladly go with you, whither you desire. If ere you have been annoyed, we shall find another place where peace awaits you, and by not communicate your griefs to me. I am able to bear all that you can disclose, and it will relieve your heart, to find one who can participate in its affliction."

"No, Madeline, not yet, the time must come, when you will know all, and I must not forestall it, the shock would be too much for you just now, and I dare not entrust myself with the narrative. Retire, my child, to your room, and leave me, I am now calm, and you need not fear a repetition of my unhappy mood to-night."

"You must allow me to prescribe for you, my kindest and only friend," said she, gently; "and I cannot leave you, unless you engage forthwith to seek repose; you look much exhausted, and I am sure sleep would refresh you, if you banish these gloomy thoughts."

"Sleep will scarcely visit my pillow to-night, dear Madeline; yet I shall try, at your request. And now good night, and God bless you."

They separated and retired to their own

apartments. The father did, indeed, cou sleep, but apparently in vain, whilst Made line sat long occupied in her own thoughts and unheeding the hours which flew quickly by. She was now about eighteen, and one of the most interesting of her sex, both in person and in manners; the former was beautiful in every particular, the latter were gentle, bland, and insinuating, so as to win on the observer by insensible degrees. Her complexion was rather that of the brunette, her hair dark and glossy, and her black eyes sparkled with intelligence. There was a tinge of melancholy in her air, which added to the irresistible charm thrown around her, and as she sat musing in her little chamber one could not help lamenting the untoward destiny, which had involved a being so young and lovely in the troubles of life.

When she had sat for some time, she rose hastily, and approaching her father's chamber, listened attentively to learn if he slept, and by his groans and muttered words soon perceived that he did not yet enjoy the blessing of the afflicted; again she returned after an hour or more, and then ascertained by his heavy breathing, that he had at length sunk into a slumber. Satisfied with

this, she returned to her own room, and after commending herself to God, lay down to repose. Youth at all times is elastic in its nature, and how great soever be the affliction with which it is pressed, will not dwell upon it ever: other thoughts and feelings take their turn, and while enjoyment can be had, there will be a counterbalance to the opposite sensations, till age and weakness come on. Thus, notwithstanding the depth and poignancy of Madeline's affliction, and the shock which she had that evening received, she had not long lain down before sleep overcame her and banished, with its agreeable visions, the sorrows of her waking hours.

The next morning they met at breakfast, and her father appeared to have recovered in some degree his usual calmness. He conversed cheerfully with Madeline, and leaving her delighted with the change in his mood retired to his study, where he continued the greater part of the day, permitting her to pursue her own avocations as she pleased. On that morning, Sir William Nuce sat with his nephew at the breakfast table, conversing about the events of the time, their own circumstances and

the situation of the town, and among other matters the entertainment of the preceding day, with the character of the confidential agent, who had brought to them the charter.

The opinion expressed of him by the nephew was by no means favourable, although Sir William could not avoid agreeing with him in the main, respecting the unpleasant impression his appearance and manner were calculated to produce, yet, he endeavoured to qualify the young man's severe animadversion, by speaking of the injustice of forming opinions of character merely from the face and person. Alb Nuce could not be convinced that his judgment was not correct, and though he forbore to urge the matter, yet he had formed a settled dislike to the man, which no arguments could remove.

After the death of his daughter, Sir William had invited his nephew to reside with him, engaging to make him heir of his not considerable possessions in Munster; although the young man had no very great liking for the country or the occupation which he was likely to be engaged in at his new settlement, yet he had prudence enough

to see the propriety of accepting his uncle's offer ; and what tended to reconcile him in a measure to the change was the military character of the place, and the necessity of defensive measures against the aggressions of the natives. From conversing about the stranger, the uncle and nephew digressed to other characters ; and their physician was one who especially occupied attention ; his retired mode of life, and reluctance to join in society, his abilities and kindness towards those who required his aid were discussed ; but they dwelt particularly on the mystery, in which he seemed to be involved, and on the strange and forbidden pursuits, to which he was said to be addicted ; the latter, indeed, they rejected as a mere surmise of the vulgar and ignorant ; but they were satisfied that some peculiar and unhappy circumstances had attended his past life, and forced him to assume an asceticism, which accorded so badly with the habits of the people amongst whom he had settled ; but both agreed, that whatever induced his residence in the town, he was a person of such utility as to deserve support and countenance from the chief magistrate and other authorities.

“Have you ever seen his daughter, Albert?” said Sir William, with an inquiring look.

“Seen her!” said the young man, whilst his countenance brightened with unusual animation. “Yes, I have seen, and shall never forget that face: one so enchantingly lovely, so full of expression, so heavenly I have never beheld; and there is a grace and elegance about her, which bespeak her noble or at least above the rank she now holds.” As he spoke a deep blush suffused his face, when he found himself uttering this panegyric to his uncle, and not knowing how it might be received, he hesitated, stammered, and looked down.

A cloud gathered on Sir William's brow, and he uttered an abrupt “Hah!” as his nephew concluded, saying gravely: “Albert, remember your birth and expectations, and beware how you become entangled in a derogatory amour, with one of whom we know nothing, and who, perhaps, assumes those graces, for which you give her credit, in order to entrap you or some other unwary youth. And mind you never can have my sanction in forming an intimacy with her: my views for you are far beyond such humble game.”

"Sir William," said the young man, whilst his lip quivered with emotion, "I have ever respected your character, and feel grateful for your kindness, and I would not willingly do aught to displease you ; do not, then, condemn me, because I speak my feelings with respect to the young lady, who is, I am sure, no adventuress as you seem to insinuate. I have not seen her more than twice, and on both occasions our meeting was only casual, certainly unsought on her part ; and, in fact, she seemed rather to shun me. But though she may never be aught to me, yet you must pardon my saying, that my hand and affections shall not be bartered for wealth, nor disposed of by any one but myself."

Sir William's passion began to rise at the firmness with which his nephew pronounced the last words, but a sudden thought seemed to strike him ; the fate of Isabel rushed through his mind, he checked himself and said : " Albert, it needs not that you utter this threat, for threat I must call it. I shall never force your inclinations ; I have loved you as a son, and expect you will treat me as a father. Remember, then, your rank, and beware how you degrade yourself."

“My dear uncle,” said the young man, softened by Sir William’s altered manner, “fear me not ; I have, perhaps, too much pride of birth, which it is not likely I shall forget. And rest assured, my desire is to comply with your wishes, and be guided by your counsel.”

“Well, Albert, my boy,” said the gratified Sir William, “I thank you for your frankness. Let it be ever thus, and you will supply to me the place of her I have lost—but, no, it cannot be ; her smile, her cheerful voice, her gentle attentions are lost to me for ever ; and I am not blameless ! Oh ! that horrible day ! her image is now before me, writhing in all the agonies of death. Great God support me ! it is horrible, most horrible ! My Isabel ! my child !” Overcome by the remembrance of the shocking scene, he buried his face in his hands, and burst into a flood of tears.

Albert did not interrupt the flow of his grief, but sat waiting till nature had relieved the father’s heart, as he was wont to see the old man thus overcome whenever his daughter was recalled to mind by any striking circumstance ; and he had found it his best plan to allow his uncle’s grief to have

way, when his strength of mind quickly returned, and enabled him to resume his usual calm demeanour. On the present occasion he was affected to a much greater degree than usual, and requested to be left alone, with which request his nephew at once complied, and walked forth into the town, where his mind was soon occupied on indifferent subjects, to the exclusion, for a time, of even the interesting subject of his recent conversation.

The day wore on, Sir William recovered sufficiently from his depression to enter on the usual avocations of his office, and was joined by his nephew after he had rambled for two or three hours amongst the busy townsmen. The gloomy messenger of Sir Richard Boyle had called during the day to state the necessity of his immediate return, and to request that any despatches for his employer might be speedily prepared, as his stay in the town was unavoidably limited to the next morning. As neither the uncle nor the nephew desired his presence, both were anxiously engaged in preparing such reports and documents as were deemed necessary for transmission to their principal; and it was late ere their task was accomplished.

The packet was then sealed and delivered to the messenger, who took his leave with cold formality, professing his determination to set out, as early as possible, on the morrow.

Doctor Moorcroft had remained all day in his study, partly occupied in writing, and partly in examining and arranging papers. Madeline ventured once or twice to break in on his privacy, and with her gentle and winning tones tried to induce him to walk forth, but was met by a refusal, delivered in a manner so grave and decided, as to check her kindly wishes ; at the same time that her father showed in his appearance and manner towards her, that this resulted not from any lack of affection or unwillingness to appreciate her amiable manifestation of love to him, but from some deep and overwhelming emotions which weighed heavily on his heart. She could only retire to her chamber and weep, feeling that her sole earthly friend was labouring under a sorrow which he would not or could not allow her to share. She had been hitherto too young to note so particularly any distressing event which happened to her parent, yet she was not insensible to his previous

mental sufferings, though this last one seemed of a character far more terrible than any she had yet observed. She loved him dearly, for he had ever been to her kind and affectionate, and she clung to him in consequence of the secluded life which they led throwing her on his sympathies ; for, save her nurse, who continued to reside with them, she scarcely ever mingled with any of her own sex ; and the tenderness of a mother's love she could not remember to have ever experienced.

Many and frequent were the inquiries she made of her nurse after her lost parent, but there was some mystery about her death which the old servant would not reveal, and she always parried her inquiries, by saying her mother had died immediately after giving her birth, and that she had been a stranger to the family till engaged to nurse her dear child. Madeline was not more successful in her inquiries from her father ; and whenever she had ventured to mention the subject to him, a cloud overspread his brow, he trembled from head to foot, and said if she loved him, that she should not again mention the subject. The conse-

quence of this to the poor girl was, that entertained an undefined and torturing prehension, that her lost parent was who had disgraced her sex and station, had been in some way unworthy to have her name mentioned, when even her name was not permitted to breathe it, or ask for its fate.

This painful supposition preyed so deep on her spirits, that all her native buoyancy was scarcely more than sufficient to counterbalance its depressing effects. She felt more lonely than ever. She was without a friend into whose kindly bosom she could pour her sorrows, and find relief; notwithstanding all the fond attention of her nurse, youth and age never mingle together, so far as that the warm feelings of the former can blend with the coldness of the latter. Under such exciting sensations and when she was nearly overcome by the painful thoughts which wandered through her mind, she retired at an early hour to bed, to seek there repose and ease.

The evening proved dark and tempestuous, the wind howled loudly around

house which stood apart and unprotected from its gusts, and the rain pattered heavily as it fell in torrents from the roof. This did not tend to calm Madeline's excited feelings, and she continued long restless and thoughtful. About eleven o'clock a hasty knock was heard at the door, and when it was opened by the nurse, the only domestic in the house, a man muffled in a cloak, with which his face was nearly hidden, demanded to see her master.

The nurse started at the sound of his voice, and holding the light which she bore, in such a manner as to get a glimpse of his features, uttered a scream and rushed up stairs. The physician hurried out, and observing the stranger, hesitated a moment, but collecting himself, came forward, and said calmly,

"I expected this visit, and am prepared for the result of your dark and dreadful purpose, but there is one who has a primary claim on my attention, and whom I hope to place far out of the reach of your machinations. I must see my daughter, who is, I fear, alarmed by the scream of the nurse ; but I shall not delay. Whatever be the sub-

ject of your unwelcome visit, I shall hear it and meet the consequences."

The other nodded assent, but a dark scowl lowered on his brow, though the anxious father marked it not. He hurried up stairs where he found the nurse, who had already, in a great measure, succeeded in subduing her feelings ; she was about to enter Madeline's chamber, who had, it appeared, fallen into a heavy slumber ; and when her master had whispered a few words in her ear, she seemed satisfied, and by his direction went to her young charge, while he returned to his mysterious visitor, whom he conducted to his study. Both remained there for at least an hour ; after which, the stranger departed, and Doctor Moorcroft continued some time longer occupied in writing, ere he retired to bed.

The next morning he had an early conference with the nurse, who appeared at the termination of it to be re-assured, and to have forgotten the agitation of the preceding night. Madeline, too, was in some measure restored to cheerfulness, and when she found her father looking more

composed, and inclined to converse with her in his wonted tone, she felt her spirits revive, and began to forget her sorrows ; for the elasticity of her young heart was yet sufficient to bear up against a greater weight of woe than that which pressed upon it.

She walked forth early in the forenoon to enjoy a calm autumnal day, and, as she was accustomed, wandered in solitary musings a short distance beyond the gate, there to enjoy the refreshing air amongst the wild scenery of the yet unreclaimed natural forest. Her walk was in general short, and this only in the immediate vicinity of the town, and she had not gone far, on the present occasion, when her musings were broken in upon by another person who suddenly advanced from the more remote part of the wood. This was Albert Nuce who appeared to have been engaged in sylvan sports. He was followed by two noble wolf hounds which, darting forward, seemed about to attack Madeline, till he called them back, and they came crouching to his feet. Madeline stopped short in her walk, hesitating whether she should not turn back ; but the young man, advancing,

took off his hunting cap, and saluted her with the utmost deference, but with much hesitation and not without a blush.

“Pardon, lady,” said he, “this interruption to your walk, and permit me to offer myself as your escort if you choose to go farther ; there may be danger in the route you have entered on.”

“I know not, Sir,” replied Madeline drawing herself up, “that any danger lurk here ; and excuse me from accepting an escort which I have not the power to refuse should it be your pleasure to enforce it.”

“You mistake me, lady,” said he, with manifest chagrin, “I would not press my society on you against your will, but this place is not so free from dangers as you may suppose, for not only has there been wolf prowling about the neighbourhood but some Irish robbers have been watching for prey.”

“Then, Sir, it is better that I should return, and I shall be cautious how I again endanger myself, especially as I find that though I have twice changed the place of my walk, my uninvoked protector has followed on my track.”

This was uttered with a grave tone, though an arch smile played about her lips, and as she turned to depart, Albert again addressed her.

"True, lady, I have twice interrupted your walk, and I acknowledge I did so intentionally, not to offend or incommode you, but because I had once seen and admired you ; for while you have lived a life remote from that society you are calculated to adorn, it has not been in my power to meet and express to you, in person, the admiration I feel ; but I have eagerly sought this as a last opportunity to address you, and henceforth I shall not intrude into your presence."

"This may be all the language of gallantry," she replied, "and to one so inexperienced in the world, it is not easy to make a distinction between the sincere and the flatterer ; and yet there is that in your demeanour which seems to me to bespeak truth ; it is, therefore, I say to you again, leave me, and think not of one so humble and unknown. I am here a stranger, and in a sphere far below the nephew and heir of Sir William Nuce."

"It matters not, lady, I am not depen-

dant on him, nor is he so unreasonable as, when he knows my happiness is at stake, to put an insurmountable barrier in my way. Do, then, permit me sometimes to see you, and leave the rest to my care."

"It may not be, Sir; I am not free to act in such a case, and I dare not mention it to my father. I am the child of sorrow, and even now, have I come forth to relieve an overcharged heart; leave me, and seek elsewhere one on whom you can more properly bestow your hand."

"Never!" said he, "you must not thus cast me from you; say that we shall meet once more here—anywhere, and I shall go, but I leave you not without this promise."

"Then be it so," said she, "but it must be the last time; there is that, which if known to you, would perhaps cause you to turn from me with contempt; but no more. We must meet once again on this spot, and then I shall require you to leave me to my wayward destiny."

She turned, on speaking these words, and left the young man gazing after her till her figure was hidden from his sight as she entered the town. He pondered long on the strange expressions she had used, and

endeavoured to form some conjecture concerning what she alluded to as the insuperable barrier, but could not conceive that it could be anything in her own mind or conduct ; and if so, all the rest was nothing.

CHAPTER II.

HE returned home much pleased at the successful issue of the interview, and anticipating a meeting with Madeline the next day. He was at the appointed spot long before the time she might be expected, and waited for hours in vain. She came not, and he returned chagrined and disappointed ; still he thought something might have occurred to detain her, and he waited anxiously for the next day, but the result was the same, and he came back ready to condemn her for fickleness and levity ; but as he passed through the street where Dr. Moorcroft lived, he observed a group assembled near the house, engaged in earnest conversation. He approached them, for his own feelings not only rendered him anxious, but fearful of some calamity to Madeline when he saw the increasing crowd and their earnest gesticulations. They soon turned towards him, and in reply to his hasty inquiries,

said, that the physician's house had been closed for the last two days, that no one had come forth from it, or entered. That the shutters of the upper windows were not opened during that time, and they therefore suspected all was not right. The rumours which had been before afloat, were now multiplied and rendered more frightful: strange shapes had been seen flitting across the casements, wild and terrible cries heard, frightful noises had issued from the dwelling during the two preceding nights, and in fine, it was concluded amongst the crowd, that Satan had claimed his own, and carried off the family to the infernal abyss. Disregarding those idle tales, Albert approached the door, knocked loudly and repeatedly, but was answered only by the echo; he therefore dispatched one of those present to summon his uncle to the spot, ere any attempt should be made to enter the premises. Sir William soon arrived and procured persons to force the door, when he and Albert entered, for of the rest not one would venture to set his foot in what they considered an enchanted dwelling. They passed hastily through the hall and ante-room, and saw no sign of any

inmate. They approached the study, and found the door of it locked; they were obliged to return for the implements to force it, and when they had succeeded and entered the small apartment, both started back with horror at the sight which presented itself. The body of the physician lay on the floor stark and cold; the eyes seemed to glare with horror: in his side still remained a dagger, and his neck was cut with a frightful gash. The floor was flooded with clotted gore as well as some part of the furniture, the table and chairs were upset, as if a brief struggle had taken place. Scarcely had Albert glanced on this horrible sight when he rushed forth to the other chambers. One was empty, which by the furniture seemed to be the physician's, and his bed had not been disturbed; another, which must be Madeline's, was also empty, and the same signs showed her bed had not been occupied. Another, and the only remaining bed-room, was that of the nurse, into which he burst, for the door was locked, and there a second shocking sight presented itself. The old woman lay in her bed, which was drenched with her blood that had flowed from the throat, which had been

cut, so as almost to sever the head from the body. She must have died nearly instantaneously, and without a struggle, for the position in which she lay was as if she were asleep.

The noise which Albert made in forcing the door, attracted his uncle, and ere the young man recovered from his surprise and horror, Sir William stood beside him, with his eyes riveted on the second appalling spectacle.

As soon as they were sufficiently calm to deliberate on what should be done, they returned again to the study, to try and discover some clue to this mysterious business. By this time some of the most respectable and rational inhabitants had entered the room, and stood transfixed with horror at the sight which met their eyes. On examination, the study was found to contain nothing which could afford the slightest ground for the surmises of the lower order. There was a large collection of books in different languages, some mathematical and surgical instruments, with a few preparations of animals, and different parts of the human body. There was a desk containing some papers which had been tossed about,

and a considerable sum in gold : but nothing material was found which could lead to a discovery of the murderers. On further search, however, there was found in a secret drawer, an unfinished manuscript with a bundle of papers, sealed and addressed to his daughter, and which Albert, when he had glanced over, told his uncle was likely to unfold the mystery.

When Sir William had made the necessary arrangements for securing whatever property was in the house, and had given directions for the decent interment of the bodies, he retired with his nephew to peruse the manuscripts which they had found. It had been recently written, and evidently with a trembling hand. There were frequent breaks in the narrative, and some references to the proofs of family and property in the sealed parcels ; the manuscript commenced thus :—

“ To my beloved child Madeline.”

September——1613 —

“ Ere your eyes light upon this paper, I shall be numbered with the dead, and you will be left to struggle through an evil and heartless world. May God, my precious

child, be your guide and protector, and as I have ever taught you to regard Him with reverence and love, so would I now, when my days are drawing to a close, impress upon you, as the dying request of your parent, to make Him your refuge in every trouble. I have found His help in time of need, and He has supported me through all my trials.

“I am about to give you that, which you have so long desired, an account of your birth, and the afflicting circumstances which have made you and your father wanderers on the face of the earth. My life has not been long not happy, and I am now, at the age of forty, marked with the hoariness and almost the feebleness of old age. May the Lord pardon him who has brought me to this state, for his guilt is indeed great; not that I would say I deserve not the chastisement of the Lord, but oh, my God! if it be chastisement, it is indeed terrible, and inflicted by a shocking instrument, one who fears not thee, nor regards man, who feels no pity and is touched by no remorse.

“I fear almost to enter on the details, and would fain dwell awhile on my love to

thee, beloved child of my heart, who hast been to me, during sixteen years, the source of pleasure, the only pleasure I could enjoy amidst many fears and heartfelt anguishes ; but I must not delay. You are my child, the image of my murdered and sainted wife ; more I need not say to convince you how deeply I love you.

“ I am the son of humble parents in the town of —— in England, and having early manifested some desire for learning, my parents made every effort to procure it for me ; how far I profited by it, is needless to mention ; but at a suitable age, I entered the University of Oxford, and when I had passed through the necessary course there, I proceeded to Leydon to finish my medical education, as that was the profession which I had selected. This I contrived to do by means of funds which I had saved from pupils' fees during my stay at the University of Oxford ; for having gained some distinction, I was selected by several influential persons as private teacher to their sons.

“ It was in Leydon, I first saw your mother, my own dear child, and there I first felt what it was to love. Sir Henry de Lacy was a man of large fortune in Suffolk,

and my lost wife was his only daughter and the reputed heiress of a large inheritance. She had fallen into a delicate state of health, and her father with Lady de Lacy was advised to try a change from her native air ; whilst travelling through France and Germany, she improved rapidly and was soon restored to perfect health. They made a short stay at Leydon, and it was when they came to view the college, that her radiant beauty first struck me, and from that moment her image was imprinted on my heart. I began to neglect my studies, and frequently wandered alone into the country, musing on the unhappy destiny which had placed me at such an immeasurable distance below the object of my adoration ; but one day as I strolled pensively near the town, Sir Henry and his daughter approached on horseback, chatting gaily and scarcely taking any notice of the nature of the road ; her horse's forefeet sunk into a deep rut, he stumbled and precipitated her on the road. She lay insensible, while her father, in speechless agony, raised the beauteous sufferer in his arms, and I hurried up as quickly as possible.

“ Explaining to Sir Henry that I was physician, I asked permission to examine the patient, which he readily accorded, and I soon had the satisfaction to find that she had endured no serious injury ; but when I had opened a vein, she gradually revived and I had the inexpressible pleasure of seeing her open her eyes and hearing her speak to her father. I soon found means of conveying her safely to her residence, and was entreated by her parents to continue my professional attendance, till the effects of her fall were quite removed ; for this I was handsomely rewarded by her father. I would have refused the gift, but could not without exciting a suspicion of my feelings and besides it was very seasonable to me in the reduced state of my finances. But how shall I tell you the happiness that dawned upon me, when I found that I was not indifferent to Madeline, and that she gave me ground to hope for her esteem. Days flew quickly away and she must soon return to England, and then I should perhaps never more see her ; but her parents felt so grateful for my services, that on inquiring into my prospects, they invited

me to settle in the town of —— near them, and promised all their patronage and assistance.

“ I was delighted at the offer, and as soon as I possibly could, followed them to England and was received at their mansion with kindness and hospitality ; here I remained for some days until a suitable house could be obtained and furnished in the town. This was soon done, and I removed to my new residence, where every thing was prepared for me, in a respectable style, by the liberality of my patron. During the days that I remained in his house, I had frequent opportunities of meeting Madeline, and I need scarcely state, that the esteem which she felt for me, began to ripen into love. At this period I thought not of consequences, nor even reflected on my guilt in violating the confidence of parents ; alas ! I was the slave of a passion so powerful, that it allowed me not to reflect, but bitterly did I repent and dearly pay for my thoughtless and imprudent conduct. Suffice it to say on this portion of my life, that it was not long before Madeline confessed to me her love and we mutually pledged ourselves to eternal constancy ; but the delirium of

that happy moment did not last long, and our bliss was terribly interrupted by the sad reality of our situation.

“ Sir Henry had a nephew, to whom would devolve a great part of his estate; he had been at the University for some time, but had now arrived at his uncle's mansion after completing his college studies. The moment I saw him, my hopes were blasted, fear and apprehension seized me. I know not why ; but as it were by instinct I coupled his destiny with mine and felt a pang of despair pierce my heart. Richard Mortimer was decidedly a handsome man and a polished gentleman, but there was something lurking in his eye and lowering on his brow, which betokened strong and terrific passions ; yet he could almost smooth this away when he chose to be affable. On our first meeting, he looked at me with an inquiring but comparatively indifferent glance ; but when his cousin Madeline was present and showed me that attention which she was always wont to do in the presence of her parents, I watched him and could perceive his brows knit and a gleam of scorn and hatred in his eye.

“ I returned home, sad and dispirited.

anticipating I know not what calamitous result, and ere long my anticipations were in great measure realised. On my next visit to the hall, Madeline did not make her appearance, and it struck me that Sir Henry's manner towards me was much more cold and distant than it had ever before been. We conversed for a while on indifferent subjects, but he turned the conversation to his nephew and his qualifications, spoke of him in high terms, and finally informed me that he had resolved on uniting Madeline to him, not only on account of his superior qualifications, but because he would not have his hereditary property divided. This he spoke with a careless air, as if it concerned me not and was as already decided on ; but it struck me to the heart, and I could only articulate in monosyllables. I soon took my leave and continued for some days in a state of mind bordering on distraction. I made several efforts to see Madeline, but was unsuccessful, and I thought my visits at the hall seemed daily more unacceptable, whilst on my casual meeting with Mortimer, he saluted me with a sneering coldness that chilled my very soul.

“ This state of things could not last, and I devised a plan for conveying a letter to Madeline, to which I received a reply, stating that she had been forbidden by her father to see me and dared not disobey, confirming the tidings of the threatened marriage with her cousin, but declaring her fixed determination never to comply with it. This gave me some hopes, and I resolved to wait the result of her resolution, when she should be put to the trial, and act accordingly. Some weeks elapsed, and I now seldom visited the hall : it was manifest that matters were drawing to a crisis, for Sir Henry and his lady looked full of anxiety and trouble, and finally sent word by a servant that my visits were no longer pleasing. I had now another letter from Madeline, stating the importunities of her parents that she should comply with their wishes, and her steady refusal, but saying that she feared her health and spirits would not long stand out against the persecution she endured. Something was now required of me, and I pressed earnestly on her the final step of becoming my wife ; and after much hesitation she consented. For the purpose of lulling suspicion, I removed to

a town twenty miles distant, where I commenced practise, as in consequence of the well known displeasure of Sir Henry, most of my business had fallen away.

"The restraint under which Madeline had been kept was now removed, and she was at liberty to walk about the grounds : this afforded me an opportunity of meeting and carrying her off ; and we were married. For the consternation and sorrow of her parents I cared little : they were, in my view of the case, harsh and cruel and ought not to have thwarted her wishes ; but I felt that she must be sensible of the sad reverse, from a princely mansion to an humble dwelling, and from numerous servants to one solitary domestic. Yet such were her gentleness and heavenly disposition, that she was cheerful and contented, and I could not sufficiently admire the amiable alacrity with which she adapted herself to her changed circumstances. Some months elapsed, and my professional labours procured me a sufficiency for all the comforts which we desired. Happy in each other, there was scarcely any alloy to our felicity but the act of disobedience of which we had

been guilty ; however I tried to make my beloved partner forget it, on the plea of harsh treatment from her parents. Yet her heart yearned to be reconciled to them and receive their blessing. She wrote, but no answer was returned and they seemed to have utterly cast her off.

“ About this period, a friend, whom I had formerly known at Oxford, happened to sojourn a few days in the town ; he called, and we renewed our acquaintance, he was delighted with Madeline ; but when he heard my story, and the name of her cousin, he seemed struck with some unpleasant reminiscence and remained silent for some time. On my pressing him to explain his reasons, he at length, with much reluctance, told me in private, that Richard Mortimer was a young man of the most violent and fiendish temper, with passions of a diabolical character, but so far under control, as to be rendered subservient to the furtherance of his ambition, and the secure gratification of his lust ; that he never forgave an injury, but pursued the author of it with a degree of animosity equalled only by his calmness and secresy. My friend left me

with a warning against trusting too much to the present forgetfulness which seemed to possess my enemy, for that he was only preparing to work my ruin.

“It may be well supposed that these were evil tidings to me, and that they militated strongly against my peace, but I dared not mention the matter to Madeline, though I brooded over it in private, and frequently started in my sleep, with the horrible fancies resulting from my waking fears and apprehensions. I may say, that from this period I never knew peace, except at intervals. Alas, I soon had reason to feel the truth of my friend's announcement, for my practice began to decrease, my acquaintances looked coldly on me, many of the most respectable families who had employed me, dropped off gradually, and I was left with only a few of the middle and humbler class, who expected my services for a trifle. This was not the worst, the few females of rank who had visited my wife, ceased to call, and if they by chance met her, turned away and passed on.

“She inquired of me the cause, and I could not explain, but tried to comfort her under this slight, which, in truth, she did

not much regard, in consequence of her domestic disposition ; but greater trouble awaited us : my finances began to fail, and the horrible aspect of want stared us in the face. I would have changed my residence, but Madeline would soon be a mother, and I dreaded the result to her delicate frame should she were to undergo the annoyance of change whilst expecting her confinement.

“ I had gradually sold every disposable article which would not attract my wife's attention, in order to support life and supply her with those little comforts which were absolutely necessary, and I now scarcely knew where to turn, for I could not bear to tell her of the utter destitution with which we were threatened, yet she could not but perceive it, and when she did, it was not to complain of her hard lot, but to cheer and encourage me with the prospect of better days.

“ Her confinement came on, and you and my dear child, were born, whilst your mother bore up under the sufferings better than I could have expected. For some days she went on well, but it was necessary she should take a particular medicine which I prepared carefully for her, and c

livered to the servant to give her, whilst I went to visit a patient. On my return, my first care was to see my beloved partner, but, to my great surprise, I found her exceedingly ill, and in a short time she became much worse; I could not, at first, ascertain the cause, but as the symptoms became more marked—oh, horror! I saw that she was poisoned, and in an hour after my return she breathed her last in excruciating agony.

“Poignant grief so overwhelmed me, that I could neither think nor act, and I remained in a stupor for some hours, from which I was aroused to even more horrible suffering, by the entrance of a magistrate and constables to arrest me on suspicion of having murdered—yes, murdered my wife! Oh, my God, what were my feelings at that moment! murdered her who was so precious to me! murdered that angelic being who had sacrificed all for me; murdered the mother of my babe! It was too much, my brain grew giddy, and my head seemed to whirl round, and I put both my hands to my temples to try and collect my scattered thoughts. To the interrogatories which were put to me, I would not deign

to reply. I hurled with scorn the accusation from me, and defied the wretches to their worst. This was only taken as a confirmation of my guilt, and I was hurried away to a noisome prison where I recovered in some degree, my senses. You, my orphan child, were my first care, and as I knew a decent woman whose husband and brother had lately died, I was allowed to entrust you to her care, and she gladly undertook the charge, moved rather by her natural kindness, than any prospect of reward for me.

“For five long months I lingered in prison, and during that time had none to comfort me ; not a soul paid me one kind visit. I was alone in the world, and utterly deserted by my kind ; but I thank God that I sought and found comfort from above. At length, my trial came on, and the chief material evidence against me was the servant who attended my wife and admitted the medicine, which she swore she had seen me make up and give to her, and that no change had been made in it after it was administered, and this medicine was proved to be poisonous by a small portion which remained in the bottle.

“It was she who had induced the magistrate to inquire into the case, and stated her suspicions. This person had come to my house about two months previous to Madeline’s death, and had induced us to take her, as a servant, by her apparent modesty, and the lowness of her terms, which suited our depressed circumstances ; and we had no reason to find fault with her diligence and attention, though she had no recommendation from any one we knew, and was not a native of the town. On her examination she could give no satisfactory account of her previous life, nor could she name the place whence she came ; so that in addition to the weakness of the evidence, her dubious character decided the jury to bring in an immediate verdict of acquittal. It was on this trial that I first learned the cause of losing my professional practice, and the insults I had received here arose from anonymous letters received by many respectable persons stating the vilest charges against me, that I had basely ruined the daughter of my patron, whom I afterwards married through fear ; had been spurned by the people of the town where I had before

resided, and was not a reputable person to be admitted into a respectable family.

“ My friend's words rose to my mind, and I had no doubt that all my sorrows had been brought on by the relentless hatred of Richard Mortimer, and that it must be he who had induced the wretched servant to hire with us, and watch an opportunity for my ruin. I had almost cursed him in the bitterness of my heart, but I remembered ‘ that vengeance belongeth unto God,’ and I restrained the rising imprecation. Now, at least, thought I, this fiend's vengeance must be satisfied, and he will pursue me no farther.

“ Consoling myself with this reflection, I disposed of my remaining effects, and with the produce, which was, indeed, small, I transferred myself with you, my dear child, and your nurse, to a town far remote from the scene of my afflictions ; and here I resumed my professional labours, solely with a view to your maintenance, for had I consulted merely my own feelings, I would have left my country for ever. But some hope lingered in my mind, that though your mother's parents had left their only child to

die in poverty, they might yet be persuaded to look on your helpless infancy ; and there was, besides, the almost certainty, after their death, of establishing you in your rights, as the heiress of your deceased parent.

“ I wrote to them a long and penitential letter, offering to quit the country if they would take you under their care ; but no answer was returned, and I deemed further application useless.

“ It was two years after this period, and I was beginning to recover some degree of calmness and peace ; for you, my Madeline, played around my knees, and prattled to me in lisping accents, and I was gaining by my practice more than sufficed to maintain us respectably. My house was on the verge of the town, and separated from the open fields by only a hedge, which enclosed a neat little lawn. It was evening, the twilight was fast verging into darkness, yet I still continued with you, observing and encouraging your playful frolics, when suddenly two men, both masked, darted through the hedge, and attempted to seize you. I rushed before them and succeeded in overthrowing one, while the other aimed a blow at me with a bludgeon, which felled me to

the earth ; your screams drew from the house your faithful nurse, and just as they were about carrying you off, she appeared, rending the air with her shrieks. I recovered so as to seize the ruffian who had you in his arms, but was again struck down by the other, and then both decamped, fearing it would seem that the neighbourhood might be alarmed and pursue them. In their escape, the nurse caught a glimpse of the features of one as he dropped his mask, and so remarkable were they that she could never forget them.

“The blows I had received were not only severe but dangerous, and I lay for some weeks in a very precarious state ; but at length Providence and a good constitution restored me. From the description which your nurse gave of the person she had seen, I had no doubt that it was Richard Mortimer, who in person came to complete my misery, and secure you, lest you should be a barrier to his avarice ; but then I had no adequate proof of the fact, and even if I had, his name and influence would have weighed against one like me, on whom already lay the stigma of ingratitude to his patron, and a betrayal of trust. It only re-

remained for me then to keep quiet, and again to change my residence ; but this time I took the precaution of changing my name and employment, in order to baffle his vengeance, should he wish to pursue me further.

“I became clerk to a merchant in a large trading town, took humble lodgings, and lived quite in obscurity, devoting, as you may recollect, my own Madeline, all my leisure hours to your instruction, and implanting in your mind those principles of religion which, I trust, will ever guide your conduct. Business prospered with my employer, and as he deemed this partly attributable to my exertions, he thought proper, after the lapse of three years, to give me a share in his trade ; which not only rendered me comfortable in worldly circumstances, but even independent of my profession, as my wants and wishes were few.

“When you had reached your eighth year, some chance conveyed to my ears the news of your grandfather's death, and partly from curiosity, partly from a desire to see you hold that station which you ought in society, I made diligent inquiries

about the disposal of his property, and found that Richard Mortimer was in possession of your hereditary mansion and domains, but that it was under a will made in his favour by Sir Henry. On further inquiry, I ascertained, from an old servant of your grandfather, on whom I chanced to light, that it was under the supposition that your mother had left no child, for that the old knight and his lady, towards the end of their life, made anxious inquiries on the subject, seeming to be struck with remorse for the unkindness with which they had acted towards your mother: and I subsequently discovered that had it not been for the machinations and plausible falsehoods of her cousin, poor Madeline and I should have been pardoned and received into favour by her parents.

“ With much difficulty I obtained a copy of the will, and found that all the disposable property was bequeathed to Madeline's child by me, should it be proved that she had a child living within the lapse of ten years from Sir Henry's death; if this were not proved, it reverted to Richard Mortimer, who, meantime, was to have the annual rent, only reserving one third for the heiress. On this, I deemed it my

duty boldly to come forward and vindicate your rights, and, on consulting with my partner and relating my history, he encouraged me in the design ; accordingly the suit came on for trial, and our expectations of success were great.

"I had, however, only one person, and that your nurse, who could prove your identity, as being delivered to her by me ; or the woman who was present at your birth had, as you know, given evidence against me on my trial, and was, of course, crayed against me now. The result was, that I failed to prove you Madeline's child ; or there was such an array of evidence on the other side : some swore that they knew the child delivered to the nurse to have died while I was in prison, and another infant to have been substituted in her place by your excellent nurse, with the hope of reaping a reward from me. The jury accordingly returned their verdict, that there was not sufficient evidence to prove you the child of Madeline.

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"My enemy was in court, and the nurse afterwards told me, she would swear he was the man she had seen in the former attempt

to carry you away. It availed not no but as I was leaving the court, determined to seek more evidence, and try the case again, I caught his eye, which was fixed upon me with such a glance of implacable enmity, that I turned from it with horror.

“Not long after this my partner died, leaving the business to his son, with whom I continued to act. Meantime I pursued my inquiries, but did not succeed in eliciting any thing of material service to the cause. But as I returned home late in the evening from the counting-house, I was suddenly set on by some ruffians, who stabbed me in several parts of the body, and decamped, leaving me for dead. I lay for some hours insensible, but was at length found, just as my senses returned, and was brought home, as you recollect, Madeline, with little hope of recovery. Yet it pleased the Lord again to raise me up, and when I reflected on all the circumstances of the case, my mind shrunk with horror from the fate which I feared awaited us both from that dreadful man. A settled melancholy seized on me, and I felt myself doomed to be his victim. At length I was persuaded to quit my native country ; and having

my share in the business for a considerable sum, which I placed at interest in the hands of a banker, I set out, as you recollect, to the continent, where we continued five years, travelling from place to place.

"The time was now fast approaching when, if you were not established in your rights, they were lost for ever ; and it struck me one day that my friend, who had first informed me of Richard Mortimer's character, and who was now a lawyer of great eminence, might aid me in the matter, and therefore I wrote to him. He undertook the business with alacrity, and employed proper agents to procure documentary and other evidence of the facts necessary to prove the perjury of the witnesses against us.

"The business was proceeding satisfactorily, when intelligence came to me that my banker had failed, and that all which was secured to me of a considerable property was about five hundred pounds. It only remained for me now to adopt some course of life which would enable me to support us both, till you should be established in your rights. And my friend, having transacted business for Sir Richard

Boyle, advised me to resume my profession in this town. I have done so, as you know, and succeeded : but, alas ! my evil destiny pursues me, and my tormentor has found me out in this last retreat ! Yes, my dear child, this day have I met him at the banquet given by the townsmen in honour of their charter. He is the bearer of the charter, but how he came to be engaged in the business, or what his designs are, I cannot say.

“ His plan must be deeply laid, and the object desperate, when he has run such risk in coming to this town, and engaged himself in the service of Sir Richard Boyle. I have thought to report him to the authorities, but how would that avail ? I have evidence to prove his former guilt, unless would my conjectures of his present designs avail against a confidential agent of the greatest man in the south of Ireland, and I should be only ridiculed for the attempt. I fear all is over, something tells me that my end is nigh—the meshes of my enemy's net are around me ; it is vain for me to attempt flight. My body is worn down by the anxieties of my mind. Were it not that I had tried to live in obscurity,

allowed him to enjoy his ill-gotten wealth ! But no, I owed a duty to you, my child, which I dared not neglect ; and to your mother's fair name, which I was bound to vindicate. But if he should aim at your life ! Oh, my God, the thought is terrible ! No, he dares not, he could not, savage as he is, lay violent hands on one so amiable and lovely !

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“ You will find then the documents relative to your birth, with all the information I could collect, in the secret place which I noticed to you lately, as known only to ourselves. I have written to my friend, that should anything befall me, he will forthwith communicate with Sir William Nuce, under whose protection you, my dear child, will find shelter until your rights are vindicated. And now, farewell. I have briefly penned my unhappy story, that you may be satisfied on all points relative to your ill-fated parents ; and that no subsequent information should lead you to look lightly on the errors which they committed, but rather by their example to learn wisdom and patience.

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"I have seen him again, he has even dared to present himself here in my humble dwelling and demand a conference; but scarcely know what he said, for my mind has been of late so confused, while his presence recalled to my memory all the terrible past together with my apprehensions for your safety, that I heeded little his words. Yet this, I recollect that he professed no longer to entertain any hostile intent, telling me I may proceed in my legal suit, but he laughed at my efforts and finally left me, saying that he scorned and despised me too much to seek any vengeance upon one so mean, and that I may sleep in peace. Peace, alas! it is fled from me. I feel he only means to lull me into a false security till his plans are ripe for execution.

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"He is gone I have been told; you may be for ever, a little of the load is removed from my mind. Oh! my heavenly Father! I thank thee, that thou taught me forbearance, else had I slain or perished.

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"I hear a noise, hark, it is some

stealthily entering at the window. My doom is sealed, he comes—— God of heaven receive my soul.”

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Thus ended the manuscript which Albert read in almost breathless eagerness for his uncle, and when it was concluded, they gazed on each other for some minutes in silence and horror, spell-bound by the terrible tale. At length Sir William said :

“It is most shocking, Albert, if it be true ; and we must forthwith commence an investigation into all the circumstances of this cruel murder.”

“True, uncle, have we not too convincing proofs of its truth ? But you seem to forget Madeline, the young and beautiful Madeline, who is now in the hands of her father's murderer. What are we to do for her rescue ?”

“Ay, boy, something must be done, but how to find him out, or whom to employ, I know not ; few here would be disposed to go in pursuit, at their own proper charges, and we have no regular military or police.”

“It needs not, that you look for any one else ; I shall undertake the task myself. I shall find one friend to accompany me,

and with a trusty servant we shall be sufficient for the undertaking."

"Well, Albert, I cannot find fault with your ardour in this cause, I only warn you to be cautious how you spill blood or commit violence in a quarrel of which we yet know only one side."

"Fear me not, I will not pollute myself with the villain's blood, if it can be avoided, but rather drag him to justice, that the agents of the law may perform on him their odious task, if I had Madeline once rescued from his fell hands."

"Here again, Albert, I would entreat you to be cautious ; you know not yet what that young person is ; all this story about her birth may be a fabrication."

"It is unavailing, dear uncle, to suggest to me caution on such a subject ; my mind is resolved and we waste precious moments in discussing doubts."

Thus saying he hastened to make preparations for his enterprise and in an hour was on his road to Cork, accompanied by a friend and trusty servant well armed. They reached that city in a few hours, and made diligent inquiries after the parties of whom they were in search, but without avail ; and Albert then proceeded to Youghal where

Sir Richard Boyle was to inform him of the facts and obtain his advice. On arriving there he was immediately admitted, and placing the manuscript in Sir Richard's hands waited for his decision. Great was his indignation to find out how he had been imposed on by a villain, and he immediately gave orders to several trusty persons to proceed towards the sea-coast on both sides, and watch if any such person was about to leave the country, as of course he would endeavour to do. It appeared from his statement, that Richard Mortimer had presented himself to him, a few months before, asking for employment either in a military or civil capacity, and representing himself as one conversant in business generally, and who under peculiar circumstances was reduced to a temporary embarrassment. Judging from his appearance and address, that he was what he represented himself to be, and having at that particular period need of an intelligent and active agent, he had employed him, and having found him answer the purpose well he was satisfied, and made no further inquiry. But Mortimer had not given in his real name, nor had he returned from the last

embassy, notwithstanding his time had been limited, as already stated.

On ascertaining these facts, Albert resolved on returning to Cork, thinking that it was most likely that Madeline's captor, perhaps murderer, would endeavour to embark there. His impatience was such, that he stayed not even for refreshment after his conference with Sir Richard, but looking only to the rescue of his adored Madeline, he pressed onward with a frenzied haste that was but badly responded to by his jaded steed.

On arriving at Cork, he found that his friends had not been negligent of the charge he had given them; for after searching every quarter of the city they had at length lighted on a house of entertainment, in a remote suburb, where they found a person answering to the description. He was accompanied by two others, with a lady closely muffled, and had arrived two nights previously. It was ascertained, that whilst the two persons had gone into the city, the gentleman and lady had remained by themselves; that refreshment had been called, and that the lady had refused to take any thing more than a glass of wine, appearing to have suffered much from fa-

tigue or grief, for she looked pale and haggard, though very young.

Soon after nightfall, the absent pair returned, and after conferring with their principal all four departed, the lady seeming almost passive in the hands of the leader. Nothing could be discovered concerning their subsequent movements. Fresh inquiries were set on foot, and rewards offered to any one who would give information on the subject, but apparently without effect, and Albert began to think the parties must have moved in another direction ; but whither he could not conjecture. Baffled and almost distracted with the fruitless result of his inquiries, he was returning to his lodgings, on the night after his arrival, about twelve o'clock, when in turning the corner of a street leading to the wharf, he perceived three persons walking slowly before him and apparently in earnest conversation ; two were in the dress of sailors, but the third was dressed as a cavalier of the period, and wore a short Spanish mantle thrown over his shoulders.

Albert stopped to watch their motions, and seeing them turn towards the river, where a wall ran along the water's brink

with a flight of steps leading to a landing place, he managed to get under the shadow of this wall, and close to the stairs where they descended to the river. As the wind blew towards him, he could catch some parts of their conversation, to which he listened with the utmost eagerness.

The subject appeared to be tidings which the sailors had brought of a vessel being in the harbour and waiting for some particular person, and of their having obtained an inadequate reward for their service ; they, therefore, remonstrated with the third person, and refused to launch their boat again, unless the gratuity were increased, and a further sum given for the next voyage. Albert had no doubt that this third person was Richard Mortimer, as well from the glimpse he caught of his person, as from the tones of his voice, and when he had ascertained that the object designed was to convey him and some other persons to the ship in the harbour, he lost not a moment, but returned to his friends, directed some to watch the quay, and having procured a good boat to pursue any craft they might see put out from the shore, whilst he and two others rode with all speed to Passage, where he had a

stout sea boat ready, and on the look out for the fugitives.

The night had at first appeared rather mild, but after twelve o'clock the wind began to rise, and rain poured in torrents : the moon was almost hidden in clouds, and it could be only some desperate enterprise which could induce any one to venture out into the channel. The friends, who had been left to watch at the quay, continued for more than an hour observing every movement, but no boat stirred ; at length when they were drenched by the rain and nearly chilled with the cold, they deemed it better to row down the river and observe the shores on either side. They had not proceeded far, when by a sudden glimpse of moonlight they perceived a boat put off from the northern shore, and move rapidly towards the harbour. The next moment, she was hidden from them, but they followed with all the speed in their power in the course which she had apparently taken. For two miles the chase continued ; and now the weather began to clear, when the pursuers could perceive they had gained considerably on the craft before them ; they therefore redoubled their

exertions, till they neared her so much as to be within hail. Her crew now ceased their labours for a few minutes, whilst they deliberated what to do, and the distance was diminished to about fifty yards. Just as the pursuers were hailing her, the flash of fire-arms was seen, a rattling sound reverberated over the water, and the foremost oarsman in the pursuing boat fell forward, shot through the back. All was confusion amongst them, and the chased taking advantage of the delay, darted ahead and quickly rounded the promontory, which brought them into the bay of Passage. Ere the other party could recover from their panic, they had gained so much as to render it impossible to be overtaken, deprived as their pursuers were of one oar ; still, laying the poor fellow who had been shot, in the bottom of the boat, the latter righted, and followed with what speed they could. Just as they rounded the cape, another boat was seen putting off from the land and skimming with lightning speed over the now calm bosom of the bay. A shout raised by the new pursuers was answered by the others, and both then strained at their oars as if for life or death. The moon now shone

forth in unclouded majesty, and the first boat was descried about half a mile in front of the foremost boat, and was rapidly losing ground. Seeing this, her crew altered their course and steered for the opposite shore, which threw their foremost pursuers a little back ; but the men in the other boat observing the movement, and being further out in the channel, steered right across her path to intercept her. It was not long before Albert and his crew made up for their loss, and approached within speaking distance ; a person now stood up in the boat, while the boatmen rested on their oars, and taking deliberate aim was about to fire as before, but Albert had observed the action and called to his crew to lie down flat on their faces ; his command was obeyed and the ball whizzed over their heads. " Pull, men, for your lives," said he ; and a few strokes of the oars brought them close to the boat, when Albert again called to them to surrender, but was answered by the flash and report of a pistol, the ball from which passed through the fleshy part of his arm, but he regarded it not. At this moment, the other boat came up, when a cry for help was heard from a female voice, and both crews were

about to grasp the gunwale of the boat, but by a dexterous management of the rudder, they were again thrown out for a few yards. During this interval, the leader stood up, and with furious violence stamped with his heel several times against the bottom of the boat, evidently with the intention of staving and sinking her. His crew observed the motion and rose to grapple with and prevent him, but they were too late, a gurgling sound of water was heard rushing in, the vessel lurched, then seemed to settle steadily, and in less than a minute filled and sunk into the deep, whilst the oaths and imprecations of the crew, as they struggled with the perpetrator of the wanton and horrible deed, rose to Heaven mingled with the shrieks of the female thus suddenly plunged into the ocean. A moment after and he rose to the surface, and with powerful arms stemmed the waves, making towards the shore which was not far distant.

Albert, quick as thought, had divested himself of his cloak, hat, and shoes, and standing on the bow watched eagerly till the female floated, buoyed up by her garments, he then plunged in, and grasped her

by the hair with his left hand, whilst with the other he tried to regain the boat. His friends were not insensible to his danger, and their eager hands reached over the side to drag him in with his helpless burden; but just as he neared them, one of the drowning wretches, with a death-grasp, caught him round the neck, and all three sunk again; Albert soon rose, but the drowning man still clung to him. There was only one alternative, an oar descended with a crash on the head of the unhappy being, and he sunk to rise no more. His friends then succeeded in drawing Albert and the female into the boat, where both were laid exhausted, while the crew pulled with all their might back to Passage. The other boat had followed the author of this catastrophe, with the intention of taking him alive, but when he perceived that they were cutting him off from the shore he ceased to struggle, and folding his arms, allowed himself to sink into the bosom of the deep.

Morning dawned brightly and gloriously, the rich mellow hues of an autumnal sun streamed in through a small window in a little cottage of the picturesque hamlet of Passage, as Madeline awaked after a sound

and refreshing slumber, which had recruited her exhausted powers and restored the flush of health to her cheek. A decent matron attended to assist her in the business of the toilet; and prepare her to meet the friend who had rescued her from a watery grave.

It was not long before she was ready to see Albert, and blushingly thank him for his heroic conduct ; but scarcely were the first greetings over, when her thoughts reverted to the engrossing subject of her father, and she anxiously inquired about his fate. Startled by her question, Albert knew not what reply to make : it struck him now for the first time, that she must have been carried off, without learning the dreadful catastrophe; and how to break the tidings to her he knew not. His position was exceedingly painful and difficult, and he stammered out some reply which only increased Madeline's anxious perturbation. He gained, however, some command over himself, so far as to entreat that she would be calm and wait till he could collect his thoughts, sufficiently, to narrate distinctly the events which had occurred since she had been carried off. This hesitation prepared in some degree the bereaved girl for

the dreadful narrative which she must hear, and she, therefore, endeavoured to summon up all her resolution to meet the worst. Still she was not strong enough to listen to the shocking account of a beloved father's death, her previous sufferings and the painful apprehension of future destitution and orphanage, now that she was deprived of her only friend, altogether overcame her, and she fainted away. Alarmed for her life, Albert hastily summoned the mistress of the cottage, who by her kindly aid, at length, succeeded in restoring animation ; but Madeline was too weak and distressed to see Albert again that day, nor did he venture to intrude on her, till he was summoned at her request, and found her pale indeed, but composed and resigned to her unhappy fate. She now listened to the remainder of his narrative, and when he had concluded, and entreated her most respectfully and earnestly to entrust herself to his care, until she should be placed under the protection of his uncle, who he ventured to affirm, would take care of her as a father, she readily agreed, and before another hour, Albert accompanied by Madeline, his friend and servant, was on his way to

Bandon, where they all arrived safely, the same evening, and were received with the utmost joy and kindness by the Provost.

When Madeline was sufficiently restored to enter into the detail of her adventures, she stated, that about one o'clock, on the night of her father's murder, she was awakened by a hand laid rudely on her, and a voice desiring her to arise and dress herself, and when she opened her eyes, they met the terrific glance of Mortimer fastened on her. She was almost paralysed with surprise and terror, but ere she could speak, his voice again sounded in her ears, saying that her father's life and her own depended on her being silent and immediately obeying his command.

"One scream, one loud word," said he, "and your father as well as you, die. I give you only a few minutes to dress, during which I shall retire, and see that you obey."

The thought of her father's danger induced her to a prompt compliance, and she soon hurried on her clothes; she had scarcely finished, when he again entered, desired her to put up some additional garments, as she must commence a long jour-

ney; almost mechanically, she complied, and when all was ready, he hurried her down stairs, locked the entrance door after him and taking her arm in his, urged her on at a rapid pace towards the wall, in a part where the ground within rose gradually to nearly a level with the wall itself. She ventured to remonstrate with her captor, but was silenced by oaths and threats, and he then placed her in a kind of frame-work which was let down from the wall by ropes and with the assistance of two accomplices, who were waiting for him, there she was lowered to the ground outside the wall, and being presently taken on horseback, in the arms of the leader in this outrage, all three set off at full speed, and arriving before day at Cork, brought her to the house which we have previously noticed. Here she was not allowed to remain long, but was carried to a small cabin, about two miles down the river, by water; where she was kept closely confined till she was forced into the boat, on the night of her deliverance, and up to the period of Albert's announcement, she had imagined that her father was alive, and his safety involved in her acquiescence with the violence of her persecutor.

Means were soon adopted by Sir William, for communicating with Madeline's legal friend, who it was ascertained so succeeded as to ensure a favourable result in case the claim in Sir Henry de Lac's property in her favour were sent to trial. From him it was also ascertained, that Mortimer had so far involved in debt that portion of the estate, over which he held power, by his extravagance and licentious conduct, that scarcely any thing remained but that part which had been willed to his cousin's child, and which he could not touch till the period of limitation should have expired. It would seem, that driven to desperation by the certain prospect of losing in the suit, and being cast out of the world, he had adopted the horrible expedient we have stated of freeing himself from any farther trouble on that score, by thinking probably that, by the destruction of the father and nurse who would be witnesses against him, any further prosecution of the suit would be prevented; but whether he repented of a part of his horrible purpose in sparing Madeline's life, or whether his object might have been could never be ascertained.

Ere many months, Madeline was secured

in the legal possession of her grandfather's bequest, and much time did not elapse till she gave her hand to Albert, with the full consent of his uncle ; and the happy pair, though residing mostly in England, spent a considerable portion of time with Sir William who lived to see their children grown up, and almost to forget, in their society, the afflictions he had previously endured.

THE APPRENTICE.

THE APPRENTICE.

CHAPTER I.

“**METHINKS**, dame Margaret, thou look-
est more grave than usual this evening.
Prithee, hath any thing occurred to disturb
thy temper, for thou art marvellously un-
social.”

“Wherefore ask such a question of me?”
said the lady, with some asperity of man-
ner ; “it concerns thee little whether I am
sad or cheerful, provided trade goes well
with thee, and thy wine-cup is well re-
plenished.”

“Thou doest me foul wrong, sweet
dame,” said the first speaker : “we have
been wedded now some twenty years, and
it cannot be said that I have neglected thy
comforts ; and as to the wine-cup, it is meet

that those who toil the day, should enjoy a little comfort when business is over."

"Perhaps we have lived longer together than one of us desires; and as to my efforts they have been but few, however thou mayest have indulged thy propensities."

"Well, dame, thou art over testy; come, lay aside that pettish mood and let me have what thou wouldst, and it shall go hard with David Crofts, if his good deal is not gratified. Our business thrives; there is scarcely one in this fair town, who can lay his hand on a larger sum, than I call it his own."

"It is so far well, my husband," said the lady somewhat softened, "but when thou art hoarding money, it concerns thee little how much I am perplexed with family matters."

"Why, my honoured partner," replied he, good humouredly, "that is thy provision and thou wouldst not have me intrude it; but show me how I can lighten thy cares, and it shall be done."

"I tell thee, David Crofts," said she again peevishly, "thou carest not for children's welfare or whether they be true."

ed in the fear of God ; thou wouldst allow them to run wild, did I not keep them in check. There is now thy son Richard, who attends to nothing, but has joined himself with the rakehelly youths of the town ; and yet thou chidest him not."

"He is young," replied the father, "scarcely nineteen, and it may be he has been kept down too much ; but I trust there is that in him which will turn to good."

"Good indeed, God grant it," said the mother ; "but then Rose our girl, who used to be so cheerful and happy, she has become reserved and gloomy. I fear me all is not right there ; would that you had never introduced into our family that impudent scape-grace. An apprentice forsooth ! better he had remained amongst the Irish kerns. I fear me our girl has taken a fancy to his fool's face and impudent swagger."

"Hah," said the other, "that is more than I would suppose ; and if that be the case, wife Margaret, it needs that we look about us, for I have no fancy to mate my daughter with one of Irish blood, though he be a protestant and of gentle lineage ;

much rather would I give her to an industrious man, who should support her as her mother was supported ; for I am disposed to be of thy opinion, that he is not suited for our humble and laborious life. But we must consult more on this matter, when I have thought on it again, and now, good dam let me have my evening's draught."

The matron, without further parley, produced a tankard into which she poured about a pint of Spanish wine, and her husband taking down his pipe from the mantelpiece, prepared to gratify himself in the twofold departments of smoking and quiet sipping his usual potation.

The time of our little story was the spring of the year 1620, the place, the good borough to which we have previously introduced our readers, and the characters were a substantial inhabitant of that town and his wife. David Crofts had been one of the earliest and most thriving settlers ; he had come from England with some capital which had been vastly increased by careful industry and successful speculation. His business was the woollen trade, in which he employed a considerable number of men. He was a man, who gave him-

little trouble about any thing but his own business ; never mixed himself with the stirring events of the day, and kept his eye steadily fixed on the acquisition of wealth. Nature had endowed him with imperturbable good humour, and a quiet, cheerful, patient disposition, which sought and found enjoyment, in almost every event of life ; but there was too much indolence in his temperament, wherever any thing but his immediate occupation was concerned. He had been elected one of the burgesses of the town, and might perhaps some day aspire to the dignity of Provost.

His lady did not possess so much placidity of temper, but was rather quick and passionate, which qualities were, however, mostly kept in abeyance by the mildness of her husband's manner, whenever she was excited. Yet she too possessed much good nature, with a great deal of bustling activity and far more acuteness than her lord and master.

They were seated opposite each other, on either side of a blazing fire, in a small wainscotted parlour, the furniture of which was mostly of massive oak strongly and

plainly made; their seats, were two backed chairs and their dress corresponding of woollen stuff of their own manufacture. When the burgess had discarded his pipe and wine, he entered more into the subject of their previous conversation, and heard his worthy dame narrate all the causes of her present apprehensions when they mutually agreed on a certain line of action, which will be developed in the event.

Ere they retired to repose, one of the subjects of their conversation entered and wished them good night; this was their daughter, Rose, a girl about eighteen years of age, blooming in the full vigour of health, looking the very picture of contentment. She was below the middle size and rather full in her person, yet was she well-furnished in every limb, and when she looked in your face her bright laughing blue eyes showed you with irresistible good humour. She was the darling of both parents especially of the father, who had never denied her any thing, and though the anxious moment seemed to have recently discovered a diminution of her buoyant spirits and an increasing degree of gravity, yet a spect

who would see her trip lightly to her father's chair, throw her arms round his neck, smile sweetly in his face, and pat his cheek, with the playfulness of childhood, could scarcely imagine any being more untouched by care or more free from anxiety.

After she had retired, the parents remained for a short while longer till their son and the apprentice should make their appearance, as they had gone out for a walk after the business of the day was closed.

On the ensuing day, David Crofts was up early as usual, and bustling about with more than common activity. Every thing seemed to occupy his attention, and his eye was directed in every quarter, as if he wished to find fault with some person or thing, did any cause for censure, even in the slightest degree, present itself. But he was disappointed, for the apprentice was ready at his post, and attended with more care and activity than ever, having sufficient acuteness to perceive that his master was in an unwonted mood. Even his son, though sometimes indolent in the morning and often careless, was at his post, and equally active with the apprentice.

Breakfast was served, and David Crofts with his family sat down to their comfortable meal, leaving the apprentice to mix the business, whilst they were engaged in the enjoyments of the table. But, when they had done, he was summoned to breakfast which consisted of cold meat, bread and strong ale. When he had finished, his master who had retired for a while returned, and with a grave look sat down opposite him, and addressed him thus :

“ James, lad, I fear the confinement to the town and our humble trade do not well agree with thee, one used to roam the country free, and to please thy fancy times and hours.”

Now James knew that there was something not pleasant at the bottom of his master's commiseration, and he was resolved to baffle his attack. He, therefore, replied quietly,

“ Master Crofts, I care little for the country, and I enjoy health and comfort here which are more pleasant to me than roaming at large without occupation.”

“ Why, James, I thought to gratify thee by giving up my claim on thee for the year thou hast to serve, and letting thee lo

out for what might suit thee better than trade ; and I thought when your father apprenticed you, there was much reluctance to come to me."

"True, master," said he, "but I soon changed my mind and learned to value trade, and I hope you have no fault to find with my care and diligence. But, if there be one, I will be more than ever industrious and try to please you. But, I beseech you, think not of sending me away, for I am sure my father would not receive me."

"Well, if such be thy wish, James," said his master, somewhat chagrined, "I cannot gainsay it, but I thought to oblige thee with thy liberty ; so now to business."

James rose, thanked him, and hastened to the ware-room, where he was soon actively employed in arranging a new importation of goods ; but David Crofts mused a little, rather disappointed at the failure of his plan, and surmising that there must be some more cogent reason for his apprentice's desire to stay with him than his love for business, in which conclusion his more acute spouse fully agreed and set her wits

to work in discovering some other plan for thwarting his views.

James Sullivan was the son of an Irish landowner, who lived some miles from the town, and whose ancestors, like many others, had forfeited extensive possessions in the Desmond insurrection, yet by a timely submission, a small portion had been retained by his grandfather who having embraced the reformed faith, continued thenceforth faithful to the crown. Now James's father seeing the prosperity of the town and the rapid progress of trade, had sufficient sense to propose to his second son James that he should be apprenticed to some respectable business, and after a little hesitation and a struggle with his pride, he agreed to sink the dignity of the O'Sullivans in the drudgery of a shop. The great O prefixed to the name, had been parted with before, when the family became protestant as had been the case with many others in order to assimilate themselves to their English neighbours. From that period to the time we have introduced him to our readers, a space of six years, James had continued to attend to business with sufficient care to

satisfy his master ; but we shall not say how soon the beauty of Rose Crofts and her sunny smile influenced his determination on the subject. Certain it was, however, that they were not altogether without effect in confirming his industrious resolves, nor was Rose insensible to the good qualities of the apprentice, whose handsome person, manly gait and cheerful temper were not likely to be passed by without remark ; besides that he always found or made opportunities of being obliging and attentive to her without stepping out of his subservient condition, or seeming to intrude himself on her notice. Now Dame Crofts was one of those managing and inventive mothers, who when baffled in one plan of operations are never at a loss for another, and therefore when she found that the nature of the contract, and his own inclinations prevented James from being thus summarily dismissed from her house, she struck out a new line of action, which she thought likely to send him away voluntarily. There was in the town another of the burgesses, named Cecil, who had an only son William, the reputed heir to considerable property in money and land, and who had se-

veral times manifested a regard for Rose, but had hitherto received no encouragement from her or her parents, as they thought her much too young to enter into any engagement. Dame Crofts, therefore, turned her attention to this quarter, and holding out some encouragement to William Cecil, soon had him introduced as the professed suitor of her daughter, and it was no small part of her tactics to show this in every feasible way to the apprentice, one of whose duties was to wait at table, after the custom of the times, on his master's family. Now, thought the good lady, if he has half the spirit which he gets credit for, he will never endure to wait upon a favoured rival, and thus be demeaned in the presence of my daughter, if he really loves her.

William Cecil was, therefore, frequently a guest at dinner and received every attention which Mrs. Crofts could show him. She narrowly watched the motions and looks of James whilst he went through his menial duties, but neither in face or gesture could she discern the expected dissatisfaction. He performed the usual routine with perfect composure, readiness and in-

difference, sat down afterwards to his own meal, with content, and ate with his usual appetite. She was quite puzzled and began to think she had come to a wrong conclusion about him, and that he was not in reality in love with her daughter; but she did not observe that the apprentice's menial duty was lightened and rendered pleasing by the simple fact of Rose's presence, nor that it was even made a source of enjoyment by an occasional smile or an approving glance from her to the watchful servitor. But how stood her feelings in reference to her suitor?

On this subject she scarcely dared to think, until it was forced upon her by her mother, whose intimations became daily more distinct and plain, that she should receive William Cecil as her future husband. 'Twas then she began really to discover that her affections were given to another, though she knew not yet all that love meant. She did indeed like James Sullivan: he was so handsome, so manly, so good-humoured and obliging, she had never seen one she liked so much, and she thought it a shame that such a degrading custom prevailed as to make a young man like him

wait at table. She wished it were abolished, and surely if she ever had her own house, and that her husband were in business, no such service should be exacted from her apprentices, at least if they were well-born and like James. Then as to William Cecil, he was no doubt a well-looking young man, and could talk agreeably, but there was too much freedom in his manner, and he had, she thought, a sinister look on some occasions which did not please her, besides, he was by some represented as wild and reckless, and she could not like such a character ; he was not to be compared with her father's apprentice.

Well, but her mother had showed that she approved of him, and wished her to receive him as her suitor ; that could not be, she was sure, quite sure, she never would like him enough to spend her life with him, but if her parents insisted—she heaved an involuntary sigh, no, they never will force their poor Rose to marry a man she does not love ! This generally concluded her thoughts on the subject ; but all her reflections tended only to fix the image of James more firmly on her mind. Thus were matters situated, when the first of May ap-

proached, and the townsmen resolved to celebrate the usual games and pastimes which they had been accustomed to in their own land, for being entirely English they had brought with them all the habits and feelings of merry England. These pastimes did, indeed, too frequently degenerate into licentiousness, so as to incur the censure not merely of the more strict religionist, but of every person who regarded public morals ; however suitable pains were taken by the authorities as well as the more grave and respectable townsmen, to prevent any excess on the present occasion. On May eve, the greater part of the population, old and young, male and female, went forth from the town with music of pipe and tabor to the neighbouring wood, and with songs and dancing began to despoil the birch and other trees of their branches. Others cut down a large and straight sapling for the maypole, which they decorated with bunches of flowers and gaudy ribbons tied in knots and festoons to its very extremity ; when they had amused themselves to rather a late hour, the maypole was drawn home by oxen having their horns decorated with bunches of flowers, accompanied by

hundreds singing various amusing and cheerful songs. They brought the tree to the widest part of the northern street where it was reared and made fast in the ground, when all joined hands and danced around it with wild and fantastic gestures; they then made various bowers, arbours and little groves around it of the leafy branches which they had brought, and, thus done, proceeded in groups about the town singing merrily as they went, and stopping occasionally to wish the compliments of the season or chaunt a merry ditty under the window of some fair damsel. Most of the young men continued up all night, then occupied, and early in the morning all, both male and female began to prepare themselves for the business of the day. It was useless to think of serious occupation, that most of the shops were closed and traffic and labour suspended.

Amongst the rest David Crofts shut his warehouse and gave permission to his household to attend the festival. Jan Sullivan had more than once before seen this pastime, but his Irish pride did not permit him to mingle in a sport introduced by strangers, and he did not now feel disposed

even to be a looker on, till he understood that Rose was to go with her father to view the sports. A rustic throne had been erected overshadowed with green boughs decorated with flowers and ribbons, flaunting with flags of various colours. About twelve o'clock, the games were ushered in by a flourish of drums and trumpets, when the Lord and Lady of the May came forth from one of the arbours, attended by their mock court; both these personages were decked out in the most fantastic manner, with uncouth head-dresses, scarfs, feathers, gaudy doublets, rings and bells. They were escorted to their throne, and his Majesty of the May made a short speech, calling on all his liege subjects to be obedient to his laws, and to thank him for the entertainment he had provided. A shout followed this speech, and then the trumpets sounded, and the space in front was cleared for the performers.

There entered first a set of Morris-dancers, habited in tight drawers and doublets, with a short cloak or cape over the shoulders, just covering the elbows, and on their heads a kind of cap having two peaks,

projecting one on each side of the face ; to these were attached small bells, as also to their capes and arms. One carried a pipe and tabor, with which he played for the rest, who danced with many ludicrous gestures, to the great amusement of the spectators, who applauded with all their might. When they had frisked about in this manner for some time, they retired, and were succeeded by the hobby-horse, which was a compound figure, resembling the head and tail of a horse, with a light wooden frame for the body, and attached to the person who performed the part ; the figure was all covered with trappings, reaching to the ground, which effectually concealed the feet of the actor. Thus equipped, he curvetted, pranced, ambled, trotted, neighed, and paced about, to the great amusement of the spectators ; and then retreated to make way for a more imposing show. This was Robin Hood and his merry men equipped in appropriate dresses, their coats, hoods and hose being of Kendal green. They were armed with sword and buckler, bow and arrows. They first exhibited a sham fight with sword and buckler, and then proceeded to shoot at the butts which

were placed near. All shot well, and planted their shafts in the butt ; but two in particular struck in the very centre ring, so near that no distinction could be made between them. These were some of the principal young men of the town, and amongst them the most successful marksmen were Rose's brother and William Cecil. James had wandered about, looking at the several merry groups, and diverted by the buffoonery ; but there was no part in which he felt any desire to participate, save the latter ; and from this he was debarred by the want of weapons, and his ignorance of archery. There was, however, something next introduced, in which he thought he might excel ; this was, shooting at a mark with powder and ball. The Robin Hood company were those who came forward for this sport, but offered any of the spectators liberty to try their chance. The mark was set up at fifty yards ; for it must be observed, that both the arms used, and the skill in using them at that day, were only of an inferior character ; the mark was a small earthen vessel set on a pole, and most of the party tried in vain to strike, but fell wide of it. When it came

to Cecil's part, who personated Rob Hood, he fired, and struck a splinter from the post, on one side near the mark. A shout of applause followed ; but ere it died away, a person came forward, habited in plain russet, and requested to be allowed permission to shoot. William Cecil looked at him contemptuously, and said—

“It is only David Croft's apprentice, well, young man, if you have a mind to be laughed at, you may try your hand.”

Without noticing the insult, the other replied,

“I have no weapon, but if you lend me yours, I will try.”

Ashamed to refuse, but anticipating the other's defeat, he sulkily handed him the gun, which James charged, and throwing himself into a proper position, fired ; the little vessel flew about in fragments, and the applauding throng proclaimed him victor. James retired, but not before he had observed that one at least amongst the spectators glanced at him with approbation.

Again the amusements went on, and foot-ball, nine-pins, with many other sports occupied the crowd. Wrestling also con-

menced, and the Robin Hood's men in this carried off the palm from all ; till at length, when their leader challenged any amongst the crowd to try a fall with him, the russet gown again stepped forward and accepted the challenge. Cecil eyed him with no friendly feelings, but with a greater degree of contempt for his skill in this exercise than in the former, as it was one almost peculiarly English, and requiring considerable practice, rather than bodily strength ; but James stood quietly waiting his opponent's pleasure. The laws of the game required that they should be divested of their upper coats and mantles, and exposed, so far as decency permitted, allowing the adversary nothing to lay hold on but the limbs or leather girdle.

Both young men were soon ready, and stood watching each other : their hands were at the same moment stretched out, and each grasped his opponent's right shoulder with his left hand, and his left elbow with his right, looking each other full in the face, they seemed waiting each for the other to begin. The struggle was commenced by Cecil making a feint with one foot to trip his adversary, which he avoided, and at the

same moment drew him near so as to bend his spine into a curve, and thereby destroy his centre of gravity ; still he stirred him not from his position, and by a powerful effort of his right arm on the other's shoulder, Cecil succeeded in moving him back, thus recovering the perpendicular. They made several feints, and strained with all their might to raise each other off the ground, they twined back and forward, and once after a violent effort, James was cast on the knee, but the next moment he was up again, and had his hand firmly grasping the other's girdle. It was not long then before he shook the steadiness of his footing, and keeping him almost at arm's length, he dexterously applied one foot, raising him a little by main strength, and then flung him on his back with a tremendous fall. The spectators again raised a shout of triumph, while James retired a few paces before to avoid further notice. Cecil afterwards rose chagrined and crest-fallen, and joining his companions, consoled himself as he best could for his defeat. It was not with pleasure that David Crofts viewed the success of his apprentice ; for beside his matrimonial speculation for Rose, he

prejudice was grievously piqued at sight of a mere Irishman overcoming the best wrestler in the town in their sport ; young Crofts shared some of his friend's vexation at this untoward result, and felt disposed to join him in his presumption. The sports lasted for some time longer, when the spectators retired to the booths and arbours where the refreshments provided. The Lord and Lady of the May, who were two persons of the town, were entertained by the young men who had got up the pole, and when they had sufficiently appeased their appetites, summoned again the spectators to join in the dance. They complied with alacrity, and various dances were performed ; amongst others, Rose was pressed by her suitor to join him in one which she did not refuse, though she had never before been asked, and she took the earliest opportunity of retreating to her father's side. Most of the graver and more sober now began to retire ; but the gay and humbler class continued to amuse themselves till a late hour in the

Richard Crofts and his friend were out in masquerading dress, amus-

ing themselves by jokes upon all that came in their way, and by little acts of gallantry towards the younger females.

Amongst others whom they lighted on was James, as he strolled about, and they approached with a view to banter him.

“Ho !” said one, “here is a wild Irishman newly fledged. Let me see thy wings, friend ;” and as he spoke, he raised the skirt of his mantle, and peered under it.

Now James had no objection to humour the conceit a little, though he was not in the most placid temper, and he replied gaily,

“When my wings are full-grown, I may perhaps fly to England, did I think I should be received hospitably.”

“What,” replied the other, “use thy wings to fly from English arms, as thy countrymen have a knack of flying when they meet us?”

This was rather too sharp for James’ mood, and he said—

“Prithee, forbear such scurrilous jests they are not for my taste.”

“Hah !” said the other, “russet gown is angry ; pray, good master Huff, what may be the measure of thy valiancy

r it be not longer than thy

m not meet for your company,
" replied he ; " quietly pass on
ve me ; I choose not to bandy
th you, and I must not be pro-

st, my dainty cock," answered the
do not go till I take the measure
ose, that I may know what kind
s will clip it off."

saying, he made an attempt to
e member alluded to ; but, quick
ing, James's fist was levelled, and
im a tremendous blow on one ear,
retched him on the ground. The
t to raise him up ; and drawing the
m his face, discovered to James,
Crofts bleeding profusely from the
ad nose.

rl," said Cecil, " this shall be a
ow to thee ; see thy master's son
murderous hand."

oke me not, insolent braggart, else
hee worse ; he brought it on him-
nsulting me grossly, and it is thou
have suffered for thrusting him

“Forbear, Cecil,” said the young man now recovering, “I deserved this; I should not have assaulted him; but, if this will come to my father’s ears, in no pleasing shape; think not I shall tell him aught that could be against you; and now home, if thou art wise.”

“I care not who hears it,” said James, “still I thank you for your honest acknowledgment, and shall act upon your hint.”

Thus saying he retired, and was admitted to the presence of the burgess, whom he found seated in his parlour, looking rather displeased, for he had just received a new lesson from his son. Rose sat opposite her father and seemed to have been visited with her portion of the gloom which overspread her parents. Scarcely had James entered the room when his master addressed him thus.

“I think it not well that my apprentice should have ventured to engage in the revels of this day without my leave, tell thee, James, I will have no swag in my house; thou hast forgot thyself, I am thinking to send thee home.”

James was about making a reply, but a finger was gently and unobservedly raised by Rose, and touched her lip. He saw and understood the sign, and merely said—

“He was sorry to have incurred the displeasure of a good master, but had done it inconsiderately.”

“Well, then, hie thee to bed, my lad, and in the morning I shall determine what is to be done.”

The apprentice retired leaving the parents to await the return of their son, who did not come home for two hours more and then in a state bordering on inebriety; besides, the tokens of his rencontre with James remained, and blood discoloured his shirt and doublet. He would render no account to his parents of the accident, and bore their censure with great indifference, so as to make them feel that their control over him was nearly at an end, and to fill them with serious apprehensions which for the time banished from their minds all concern about the apprentice. William Cecil was an early visitor next day, and gave his own version of her son's affray with James to Mrs. Crofts, who filled with anger summoned her husband to relate to

him the tale. Though surprised he called his son, asked him concerning it, and received a true statement which appeared him to alter the case so much, that he had no ground for censuring the apprentice. The good lady, however, was not appeased and vented her ill-humour to Rose who patiently listened to her, being satisfied of her own mind from her brother's statement and having now taken a settled dislike to Cecil for his ungenerous conduct; for though she had not heard him tell it she knew whence the story came.

Still he continued his visits, encouraged by her parents especially her mother, who would not believe any thing to his discredit, and her husband had made up his mind greatly against her wish to retain James till his apprenticeship should terminate. Time wore on, another spring came and Richard Crofts seemed to be more and more disposed to extravagance and wild pranks which were sometimes communicated to his parents by Cecil, with an apparent anxiety for his improvement and grave reflections on his folly. This led them to hold him in higher esteem, but when they sometimes set him as an example to

fore their son, he merely laughed, and turned on his heel. The contrast between his conduct and James's restored the latter fully to the old man's favour so that he obstinately refused to listen to his good dame's insinuations against him, as his business prospered in the young man's hand, and he was universally liked by all who dealt with him.

CHAPTER II.

THE year expired, and James was free to go whither he pleased. Yet he lingered day after day in his master's house reluctant to depart, till he had received more than one intimation from Mrs. Crofts that his longer stay was not desirable. Yet did he remain till an opportunity offered of a few minutes' conversation with Rose. He met her with much embarrassment, he had to speak to her for the first time on the most delicate of all subjects and he knew not how to introduce it, till she broke silence by saying,

"So, Master Sullivan is to leave us forthwith and return home. I hope he has found his sojourn here not unpleasant."

"Mistress Rose," said he timidly "would that my stay were prolonged, for my home is where you are, all the rest of the world is to me a wilderness."

"Smartly said," replied she gaily, "but

you will soon find some bright eyed Irish damsel to please you better than the daughter of an English trader."

"Oh speak not so lightly, Rose, of a subject which dwells too near my heart, but bid me hope that when I go from you, I shall not be forgotten."

"You are then serious," said she sportively, "and do not despise the plebeian blood which runs in our veins? I thought you Irish valued none that were not of high birth."

"Do not, I beseech you, Mistress Rose," he replied, "do not banter on this subject. I had hoped that you would not see me depart, without some slight proof of your esteem; but I go, since such seems your wish, and shall not again intrude on your time."

"Stay," said she, more gravely, whilst a crimson blush mantled over her face, "we part not so. Yet I cannot say to you what perhaps my foolish heart prompts. I shall feel anxious for your welfare and—pray for your happiness."

"Say one word more, fair Rose—that you are interested in my happiness; that

yours is not altogether unconnected it."

"And if I did even admit so much," replied, blushing still more deeply, "would that remove the barriers that between us; alas I much fear my parents would never sanction your addresses, how could I oppose their will?"

"You know not," said he, "what may effect: your father thinks well of me and your mother may yet be prevailed upon. I am not an adventurer or fortuneless, and to one who loves as I do, every thing is possible."

"My father, indeed, loves me too well to oppose what he thinks would make me happy; but my mother—I know her views and feelings, and—but I must be silent on this subject, for it has cost me the grief I have ever suffered."

"Then, dearest Rose," he answered, "I ask is that you do not consent hastily to sacrifice yourself to a man I know you cannot love; that you promise me nothing, nor agree to such a union, till I have failed to persuade your parents to admit me, as a suitor, and then I shall not be a bar to your happiness."

"You understand my feelings but badly, if you think such a promise necessary; never, oh never, will I consent to wed that man, if any means can be devised for avoiding it. Go," said she, "we shall be interrupted, I hear my mother's voice, go and remember that a poor confiding girl has betrayed to you the secrets of her heart, and may God so deal with you as you faithfully keep the trust she has committed to you."

She extended her hand, but so delighted was the young man with her generous confidence in him, and so overjoyed at the result of his interview, that he drew her towards him, pressed her to his heart, and the next instant, hurried from the room, and was on the road to his father's dwelling.

But it was not long before he found some pretext for visiting the town and his former master, and was received with cordiality by him; but the good dame was not very civil, and gave him no encouragement to renew his visit. He scarcely saw Rose, for her mother studiously kept her occupied. Richard Crofts was delighted to see him, for notwithstanding all the young man's

folly, he could in some respects appreciate James's character, and being possessed of many generous traits himself, he felt nearer assimilation to him than to Cecil who only wrought on his foibles and vice to serve a sinister purpose. Cecil was now his frequent companion, but unhappy Richard Crofts seemed not much improved by the association ; for it never entered into the mind of the elder Sullivan to prevent him from indulging in wine when at his house, which Richard sometimes visited. And, in fact, an Irishman would have been deemed guilty of an irreparable breach of hospitality, if he had intimated to his guest the necessity of abstinence.

This was not allowed to pass without being intimated to David Crofts, and that not in the most advantageous way to James. There was some busy friend who supplied the family with tales such as served to estrange them still more from their apprentice. Still James ceased not to continue, till, after a conversation with his father, he came prepared to ask Rose of her parents. Now he was less than ever sanguine of success, but the trial should be made. He did not choose to begin with her mother

and, therefore, he accosted the father, explaining to him his views and expectations. David Crofts heard him to an end, but seemed to have made up his mind on the subject, and replied :

“ I dwell among my own people ; it would not answer my views or habits to match my daughter amongst the Irish. No, Master Sullivan, seek a mate amongst thine own damsels ; for my little Rose must not leave me to mingle with the Irish. I mean no offence, but it will not do ; besides that, there is one already whom her mother and I have chosen as suitable to be her protector.”

It was to no purpose that James pleaded and argued ; the old man only became more resolute, and even replied at length tartly,

“ It is my wish that the conversation end here ; and, perhaps, it would be well if our acquaintance end also. It pleases me not that, instead of reforming my unhappy son’s vicious propensities, you only add fuel to the flame, in supplying him with wine to excess. Prithee cease to make him partake of thy riotous hospitality.”

“ You do me gross injustice,” replied

James, "I have remonstrated with your son without effect. I am no drunkard or roysterer, but I cannot exclude him from my father's house and table when he chooses to come. Beware, lest he have other advisers that you wot not of, and those that will yet bring him to worse. But I bid you farewell, still trusting that on cool reflection you will do me justice, and think better of your daughter's happiness."

He departed, trusting more to Rose's feelings in his favour than to any change of sentiments on the part of her parents.

For some days, Richard Crofts did not make his appearance, much to the satisfaction of James, who dreaded this additional impediment to his love, and knew well that Cecil was using every underhand means to supplant him in the esteem of David Crofts, whilst he was secretly encouraging the son in a career of vice.

James was, therefore, much chagrined to find the foolish young man again at his father's house, and indulging more freely than ever. And he now remonstrated more strongly with him; but the other bore it not well, he became vexed, and spoke insultingly. James took no notice of this,

but continued whenever an opportunity occurred, to reason with him on the subject. He would endure this tolerably when sober, but after he had drunk a certain quantity, he could not bear to be spoken to about his folly.

Thus matters continued, for about a month, with occasional visits from Richard, who seemed fast losing all respect for himself. James was accustomed to convey him near to the town whenever he chose to return, lest any thing should befall for which he might be blamed.

One morning, some peasants coming into the town brought tidings that a man was lying dead on the road. The Provost and some others proceeded to the spot, and found the body of Richard Crofts stiff and cold. He had received several wounds from a sharp instrument, and his own sword lay by his side. The ground was a good deal trampled on, as by men struggling for life or death, and his blood had run in a stream from the body, and now lay clotted and cold on the ground.

It was known that he had been at Sullivan's on the preceding day, and thither they went to get some clue to the murder.

The elder Sullivan was at home, but James had not returned. After the first shock, on hearing that the murder was done, anxiety and fear for his son's safety became the prevalent feeling of his mind. He said that there had been some difference between the young men, during the evening, but James had as usual borne quietly with the other's petulance, and had gone to escort him home. That he had not thought on the subject till that moment, as he supposed James had gone to the town, as he was accustomed to do : but they now despatched messengers in every direction to inquire for him.

Meantime, news of the sad catastrophe, were conveyed to David Crofts, and soon after, his son's mangled remains were brought home. The old man was almost stunned by the intelligence, and could scarcely reply : his wife's grief was clamorous and violent, and she hesitated not to cast the odium of the deed on James ; but poor Rose retired to her room, overwhelmed with sorrow, and filled with forebodings of evil.

It was not long before these were cruelly realized, for no tidings of James could be

gained in any direction, and the universal opinion was, that having been provoked by the young man's petulance and insult, he had fought, and the result proving fatal, the unfortunate homicide had absconded. Even James's father could not deny the probability of this, from the frequent insults which he had observed, and he grieved that if it were really the case, his son had not boldly come forward and explained the act.

When this news reached the ears of Rose she was almost deprived of reason. Her brother slain, and by whom? By the man to whom she had given her young heart. Oh! it could not be, she thought he was too noble and generous; no provocation could have induced him! But then his absence, his father's admissions—it was too true, and her happiness was gone for ever. Her mother failed not to dwell on the delinquency of James, and paint his conduct in the blackest colours, supplying from her imagination, where she was deficient in facts.

Rose bore this mostly with patient meekness, and only when the detail became too unkind towards herself, replied—"Spare me, dear mother, for God's sake, spare me,

my heart is well nigh broken. Oh ! I not defend or plead for the slayer of my brother. May God forgive him."

Her father, who loved her tenderly, insisted that she should not be again spoken to on the subject. " You forget, daughter, he would say, " that she is now our only stay ; and you surely would not crush this tender flower by unkindness ? Come to me, my own loved child, and your poor afflicted father will not reproach or chide

Rose would cast herself into her father's arms, hide her head on his bosom, and weep without restraint. Her mother, who also loved her, soon became more considerate, forgot her harsh reproaches, and treated her with kindness. So that after while some degree of peace was restored to their little family circle.

William Cecil had refrained from intruding himself on Rose, during the first month of her affliction, though he had frequently visited her parents, in whose regard he seemed to be progressing by the insinuation of his manner, which had worked on them from the beginning ; but he had never obtained from Rose the slightest encouragement of his suit ; still he persevered

in his attentions to her, appearing to take no notice of her repugnance to him, or waiting till time should work something in his favour.

Some months elapsed ere he attempted to renew his addresses, and then he was listened to, with the utmost impatience, amounting almost to disgust.

"I pray you," said the distressed girl, "spare yourself this trouble. It cannot be—my heart can never be yours; and, without it, no man shall have my hand. If this conversation be renewed, I must remain in my chamber. You have but little regard to my feelings, when you disturb me with such importunities, under such circumstances, and at such a time."

"But your parents—"

"Nay, mention them not, Master Cecil. I have ever been dutiful to them, and I am sure they will not force me on this point. I must be excused, and leave you now." Thus saying, she hurried to her chamber, there to indulge in solitude the bitterness of her feelings.

Abashed at this decided refusal, Cecil stood for a moment, and then muttered: "Was it for this I laboured and planned,

and——but you shall not escape me thus. You shall be mine, and your father's hoarded wealth, which is better, shall be mine. Ay, and with your consent too: and now to work on the prejudiced mother and doting father."

As he spoke, Mrs. Crofts entered, and he at once commenced operations by referring to the death of her son, in terms of sorrow and condolence, expressing his regret that all the efforts he had made to discover the perpetrator had hitherto proved ineffectual, at the same time insinuating his conviction that James Sullivan was the man. In this he found Mrs. Crofts too ready to agree with him, and therefore he was able more easily to diverge to Rose's former partiality for the supposed homicide, and gently to express his hopes that it had now passed away. Her mother assured him, that it was so, and that her persuasions and commands should be employed to effect a speedy consummation of his hopes.

To this, therefore, she applied herself, and though the poor girl supplicated with tears that the design of marrying her to Cecil should be abandoned, or at least deferred, her mother obstinately persevered, declaring

she must make up her mind to compliance, and that speedily.

In this predicament, Rose applied to her father, and found him kind and affectionate as usual; but he would not admit the validity of her objections to Cecil. "Besides," said he, "my dear child, I find my own health declining. I have got a shock which I shall not be likely to recover. These are no times, nor is this a place in which to leave you without a protector. Then do not, my dear child, reject the counsel of your parents, who can judge better than you what should be the character and condition of your future partner."

Thus disappointed in her expectation of gaining her father's approbation in refusing Cecil, Rose began to fear her union with him was inevitable. For though she might have resisted harshness, yet she could scarcely combat the new position which her father assumed. And her distress was still more increased by another circumstance which soon after occurred.

A sailor made his appearance in the town, in poverty and rags, declaring he had been wrecked on the western coast, and was the sole survivor of the crew of a

British trader. He described, among other persons on board, one whom he said had been picked up from a fishing smack on a former voyage, who appeared to be a little acquainted with naval affairs, and a rank above that of a sailor. He expressed a desire to make himself useful in any department, and was taken on board as the vessel wanted a couple of hands. He gave his name O'Brien, and seemed desirous to avoid any account of himself; he was reserved and silent, yet did his duty diligently, and soon became expert in working the vessel. All on board perceived there was some mystery about him, which they tried to discover by inducing him to drink; but this he strenuously refused.

The sailor described his person minutely, and no one who heard him doubted that it was James Sullivan. "This man," he said, "when the storm came on, had exerted himself so long as there appeared any hope, but when the sailors took to the boat, he had refused to join them, and remained standing on the deck of the sinking vessel till she was swallowed up by the waves."

When this story reached the ears of David Crofts, he sent for the sailor, and

having inquired minutely from him the particulars, concluded that it was indeed the unfortunate James ; whom, though he had escaped by land, "vengeance suffered not to live."

He took an opportunity of communicating the substance of this to Rose, preferring that she should hear it from himself rather than from any offensive source, or in an exaggerated shape. She expressed no peculiar feelings on the subject, nor made any remark. Her mind appeared to have been long since decided in reference to James ; but whether she considered him innocent or not, she kept a secret within her own breast.

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After some time, her father began to decline more in health, and to exhibit alarming symptoms. He was also much depressed, and scarcely paid any attention to business. His daughter, ever anxious in her attendance and care of him, seemed to have given up her mind to this object, now that she was indifferent to almost every other earthly consideration.

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"Rose," said he, one day when she had

been occupied in providing for his comfort, and trying to soothe his mind, "my dear child, I am afraid that my time here will be short, and what shall I do for you? To leave you unprotected would disturb and distract me on the bed of death. Do, my kind nurse, mind what I say, I have told you before, that the times are too troubled to admit of one young as you are being left to the chances of turbulence and orphanage. I would, therefore, intreat of you, my child, to listen to the addresses of William Cecil; he is a young man whom I have reason to consider a suitable protector for you through life. And be not deterred from accepting his proffered love by any views of his character you may have hitherto formed; believe me, you are not a sufficient judge of such matters. Take your father's counsel, you know he loves you, and become the wife of one who has long and perseveringly sought your hand."

"My dear father," said she, "nearly choked with the violence of her feelings, "oh! do not urge me. It matters little what becomes of me when you are gone; but spare me in this, and I will thank you, oh! how deeply and gratefully."

“It must not be, Rose, I am bound to look after thy welfare and provide against the evil. My peace depends on seeing thee happy, and I am persuaded that in marrying William Cecil, all that I look for, will be secured.”

“If such be your resolve, my kind father, then may heaven give me grace to submit to my duty; still my heart can never be his. Would that your views were changed, but allow me even a day to reflect and school my mind to submit to your pleasure, and I shall try to be obedient.”

She could endure no more, but rose and left the room, she did not see her father again that evening, nor did he require her presence, and the next day, at his request, she signified briefly her resolve to submit to his will, only requesting that she should be subjected as little as possible to the presence of her suitor until the time came for yielding herself finally to him. She showed, indeed, that in coming to this resolution many tears had been shed and a powerful struggle between duty and affection had taken place, for her eyes were swollen and her face was pale, but she was calm and decided, appearing to have resolved to meet the

evil which she could not avoid. From the day that her resolution was made known to her father, he seemed to improve in health, a weighty burden was removed from his mind, and he grew more cheerful as the prospect of settling Rose in the world became more defined.

Nearly twelve months since her brother's death had elapsed, when her parents began to urge the fulfilment of her promise which she did not any longer oppose. The day at length arrived, and great preparations were made for the marriage. The Provost and all the principal inhabitants were to attend the wedding, as David Crofts was not only considered wealthy, but looked upon as one of the most respectable men in the borough. Poor Rose, on that morning, came forth from her chamber like a victim prepared for the sacrifice ; her cheek was blanched, her eyes were dimmed with tears, her step unsteady, and as her father kissed her pale forehead and looked in her altered face, he almost repented the earnestness with which he had urged the match.

The church was situated a quarter of a mile from the town, as the new Parochial Church within the corporation was not yet

completed. Thither the bridal party proceeded on horseback, accompanied by the minister, and in a short time were prepared before the altar. Many of the townsmen and others, not making any part of the invited guests, attended through curiosity and a desire to witness the ceremony; many paupers also, and some of the peasantry crowded into the church. Rose stood before the clergyman, supported by her female friends, whilst her intended husband, with a composed and rather contemptuous expression, stood by her side. The clergyman commenced the ceremony and had proceeded as far as the words, "I require and charge you both as you shall answer at the dreadful day of judgment, that if either of you know cause or just impediment, why you may not be joined in holy matrimony, ye do now confess it." During the utterance of these words, Rose seemed in a kind of stupor, little regarding what was said, but, during a slight pause made by the clergyman, an abrupt cough from some one among the crowd arrested her attention, and she raised her head quickly, looking towards the quarter whence it came,

but soon withdrew her eyes and looked down as before. The ceremony proceeded till the minister came to the words, "Wilt thou have this man to thy wedded husband." When the same short cough or hem again attracted Rose, and she raised her head to look around, but scarcely had she done so, when she uttered a scream and sunk fainting on the floor. Every one of her friends crowded about her, and she was soon restored to animation, but she peremptorily refused to allow the ceremony to proceed, declaring solemnly to the clergyman, that she never would marry William Cecil. His entreaties and her father's were of no avail, and the bridal party returned, disappointed and gloomy.

Inquiries were made as to what could have so suddenly caused her alarm and refusal; but nothing more could be discovered than that, whilst they were all in confusion around her, a man in a rather coarse peasant dress had walked out at the church door, but no one had observed who he was or whither he went. Rose on her return refused for some time to see any one, but at length admitted her father to converse

with her, and to him she repeated her declaration that she could never comply with his wishes in marrying Cecil, that she had certainly seen James who by his looks warned her against it, as if he had risen from the dead, and that she thought the time was not far distant, when she should be summoned to another world. All this she affirmed calmly and without any appearance of aberration, so that though her father came with the intention of censuring her conduct and chiding her folly, he was induced to give some credence to her repeated assertions of having seen her lover, and he began to suspect, that he had been too hasty in coming to a conclusion relative to the murder of his son, and that there was more of what was mysterious connected with it, than he had hitherto imagined ; and he would have sifted it, did he know where to seek for information. He did not press Rose any further on the subject of her marriage, being persuaded that nothing but time could remove the impression on her mind of having seen a supernatural appearance. She continued mostly in her chamber, engaged in reading pious ex-

ercises, and her health seemed gradually declining. Physicians could render her no service, for they could not "minister to a mind diseased," and her parents now alarmed for her life, wept and mourned over her as lost.

They assured her she should never again be annoyed by William Cecil's addresses, and in this resolution they were confirmed by the heartless indifference he had manifested towards her, from the day she had finally rejected his suit. Yet even this assurance could not arouse her from the melancholy, which had seized her, and she moved about with a step gentle and noiseless, more like a creature of another world than the gay and buoyant being she was wont to be.

Every means of diverting her mind which they could devise was had recourse to, but with little effect ; and when all other resources had failed, they were induced to try the skill of one of those persons who practice on the weakness and superstition of their contemporaries, and seizing on the credulity of the ignorant, through them, gain the reputation of ability in drugs and

charms. This was a woman, cried up for her cures in diseases which had baffled all regular medicines, for though her reputation was gained amongst the poor natives, yet, it extended to the more enlightened settlers. It was part of the weakness and superstition of the age, and Rose submitted to see this woman, because her parents wished it. She came and was admitted to her chamber, where she remained a short time, and, on her coming out, told Mrs. Crofts she had good hopes that her daughter would be restored, and strange to say, Rose did seem cheered and lightened of a portion of her melancholy, by the visit. She came again and, on her departure, said that Rose must be indulged in a wish which she had formed and which would be the means of restoring her and them all to happiness. It was not long before they ascertained this wish, and to their extreme surprise found it was to visit the hermit of Gougane Barra, (G) a place some thirty miles distant towards Kerry, the road to which, was through the wildest part of the country and in some places almost impassable. It was to no purpose that her parents and friends tried to dissuade her from this wild journey. She was

determined, and they could only make preparations for it. Horses were procured, and David Crofts resolved on accompanying his daughter, attended by a guide, who professed to be well acquainted with the way.

NOTES.

A). P. 8.

IRISH COSTUME.

THIS, as well as the dress of all other nations, varied somewhat in different periods and continued to be worn, notwithstanding the enactments against it, especially by the rebellious or revolted nations. The following is the description given of it by Sir James Ware.

“*Saqum villosum cum limbo jubato vestis est Hibernia exterior ad talos usque ferem demissa — — — —* Hac veste utebantur etiam *fæminæ Hibernicæ talari quam gerebant tunicæ superindutâ — —* de aliis Hibernorum vestibus, tunicellis sc. et femoralibus illis *artissimis. Trowes* vulgo dictis vix habeo quod dicam memoratu dignum — — — — Uxorus Hiberniæ pro more veterrimo, velato capite incedebant virgines nudo demissis a tergo interdum crinibus — —

De Hibernorum veterum ornatu, admodum *pauca mihi legenti* occurrunt. Aliquos e regibus Corona aurea redimitos fuisse supra diximus et reges margaritis in auribus suis usos prodit Nennius.

De torque aureo quo collum suum ornare solebat Dermotus filius Cerbarlli Rex Hiberniæ, vidi, &c. Nobilis preterea annulos aureos in digitis olim gestasse constat.”

The want of information on this subject as obtained from his own studies, which the writer mentions, is amply supplied by others ; whether from imagination or authentic evidence, I shall not determine, however, there is little doubt that at the period about which I write, dress similar to that I have described, was in vogue amongst the Irish.

(B). P. 4.

THE EARL OF CORK'S DESCRIPTION OF BANDON.

In a letter from the Earl to Mr. Secretary Cocaine dated April 13, 1632, he writes thus :

“ Upon conference with the Commissioners I have been desirous to satisfy myself, whether the works done by the Londoners at Derry, or mine at Bandon Bridge exceed each other. All that are judicial and have carefully viewed them both and compared every part of them together, do confidently affirm that the circuit of my new town of Bandon Bridge is more in compass than that of Londonderry, that my walls are stronger, thicker, and higher than theirs, only they have a strong rampart within, that Bandon Bridge wanteth; there is no comparison between their posts and mine, there being in my town three, each of them containing twenty-six rooms, the castles with the turrets and flankers being all platformed with lead, and prepared with ordnance, and the buildings of my town, both for the number of the houses and goodness of building far superior to theirs. In my town, there is built a strong bridge over the river, two large session houses, two market-houses with two fine churches; which churches are so filled every sabbath-day with new

orderly and religious people as it would comfort any good heart to see the change, and behold such assemblies, no popish recusant or unconforming novelist, being permitted to live in the town. The place where Bandon Bridge is situated, is upon a great district of the country, and was within this last twenty-four years, a mere waste bog and wood serving for a retreat and harbour to wood, kerns, rebels, thieves and *wolves*, and yet, now (God be praised) is as civil a plantation as most in England, being for five miles round, all in effect, planted with English Protestants. I write not this out of any vain glory, yet as I who am but a single man have erected such works, why should not the rich and magnificent city of London, rather exceed than fall short of such performances."

(C.) P. 15.

U N D E R T A K E R S.

This term took its rise from the manner in which the forfeited lands of the Earl of Desmond and others were disposed of to certain persons who "undertook" to plant and colonise these lands with English on certain conditions. The leading features of the stipulated terms, were the following :

The lands were divided into manors and seigniories varying from twelve thousand to four thousand acres. The Undertakers to have an estate in fee farm at a trifling rent, according to the number of acres, free from all taxes except subsidies levied by parliament, and with liberty to transport articles to England duty free. It was not allowed to convey to any more Irish, and every owner of 6000 acres was to embark 600 for

breeding horses. The head of each plantation should be English—the heirs female, to marry none but of English birth, and none of the mere Irish were to be maintained in any family. Each freeholder to furnish one horse and horseman armed. Each undertaker for 12,000 acres, to supply three horsemen and six footmen armed, &c.

They were exempt from going out of Munster for seven years, and after that only on certain conditions.

The Queen (Elizabeth) engaged to protect them for seven years, (but this article was not performed) and all commodities brought from England were to be duty free.

Notwithstanding that no person was allowed to be an undertaker for more than 12,000 acres, yet Sir Walter Raleigh obtained a warrant of Privy-Council to hold three Seigniories and a half, all these Sir Richard Boyle purchased in the year 1602, and also a considerable portion of Fane Beecher's seignior, on which latter the town was built.

(D). P. 33.

WOLVES.

Note B. sufficiently certifies the existence of wolves in Ireland at this period, and notwithstanding the increase of population, the cutting down of forests and the rewards given for destroying them, they continued to infest the country for a century after; the last presentment for killing wolves was in the year 1710.

(E). P. 72.

KILBRITTON.

It appears that this castle and adjoining territory belonged to the Lords of Kinsale before the M'Carthys possessed them. The Irish have a story that The Lord Conrey pawned this Castle and lands to M'Carthy to secure the restitution of a white weasel he borrowed from him, and the weasel happening to die, afforded a pretext to the more powerful M'Carthy to take possession of the Castle and lands, which continued in his family till the Rebellion in 1641—2.

(F.) P. 80.

BARDS.

The skill and power of the Irish Bards, and the superiority of their symphonical music, are acknowledged by Cambrensis. It appears they ranged their poetry and music under three heads. "The Sorrowful Mode, The Merry Mode and the Sleepy Mode." The first comprehended compositions of a plaintive, solemn, grave or elegiac character, the second those that pertained to festivity, war and the chase, and the third to love and effeminate subjects. It would appear that their effusions were sometimes of a very licentious character, but though this might have been tolerated, the extraordinary effect which their music and songs frequently produced in exciting the natives to rebellion, could not be so easily passed over. And accordingly acts were passed in the reign of Elizabeth against them, and all who harboured them; for said the preamble—"those Rymors do by their ditties and Rymes made to divers

Lords and gentlemen in Ireland in the commendacyon and highe praise of extorsion, rebellyon, rape, raven and outhere injustice encourage those lords and gentlemen rather to follow those vices than to leave them." Still the bards continued to be privately maintained by many Chiefs, but gradually declined, and became extinct about the period of this tale.

(G.) P. 287.

G O U G A N E B U R R A .

It would be almost impossible to conceive a spot more wild, beautiful and romantic than this, which retains to the present day all its characteristic features, though the adjacent country is better cultivated than formerly, the morass partly reclaimed and the road improved.

From the time of St. Finn Barr the ounder of the hermitage, mentioned in the story, till the eighteenth century, it continued to be the residence of a succession of recluses. There is an inscription on a tomb erected by one of them in his life time, which is as follows.

"Hoc sibi et successoribus suis in eadem vocatione monumentum imposuit Dominus Doctor Dionysius O'Mahony, presbyter licet indignus, A.D. 1700."

He was buried here in the year 1728, but I cannot ascertain whether any "successors" enjoyed the privilege of entering this tomb.

END OF VOL. I.

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THE
LAST OF THE O'MAHONYS.

VOL. II.

THE
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OF
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IN THREE VOLUMES.
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THE APPRENTICE.

CONTINUED.



THE APPRENTICE.

CONTINUED.

CHAPTER III.

THEY set out early in the day, intending to make two journeys of the distance though short, for the nature of the country and the want of any regular road rendered travelling not merely slow but dangerous. Intending to stay the night at a small village more than half-way on their route, they proceeded rather quickly during the first part of the day ; but when they came to the wilder and more uncultivated district, they were obliged to slacken their pace, and advance cautiously ; for there was now scarcely a track to guide them, and the mountainous country began to present its bleak and forbidding features, while the pasture and cultivated ground

ceased, and a marshy tract opened before them. It was not, therefore, without considerable alarm, that David Crofts perceived darkness approaching, as they were still some distance from the place where they intended to rest for the night ; and he anxiously inquired of the guide whether he was sure of not having mistaken the way. He replied with some hesitation, but professed to be on the right track ; accordingly they followed, as there was scarce an alternative, except that of retracing their steps, which, though suggested by his father, Rose absolutely refused to do, professing to feel no fear. Making their way still slowly, they observed at a short distance on one side a man apparently watching their motions, and keeping a course parallel with theirs. He was sufficiently distant to prevent their observing his features, and besides he kept his face nearly covered by a kind of hood.

Their guide, on being questioned, declared his utter ignorance of the stranger or his designs, and still professed his perfect acquaintance with the route ; the latter, however, they began more and more to doubt as night closed in, for they found the

horses sinking in the soft boggy soil through which they were passing, yet not so much as to betoken any great danger.

Darkness came on, and they could not perceive whether the stranger still continued to accompany them; but as their guide went in front, it was now principally by the voice that they were able to follow him; for the path was so narrow, that only one person at a time could tread it without a risk of sinking in the morass on either side. A light showed itself at a short distance, which they at first mistook for a token of being near their destination; but they found it advance rapidly before them, and sometimes changing its position dance from side to side, so as to dazzle and perplex them. Their guide's superstitious fears were excited, and he seemed to proceed with more hesitation, and now expressed an apprehension of having mistaken his route. They desired him then to turn back, but this he declared was equally dangerous; they consequently came to a halt, fearing they should remain where they were, till day might enable them to choose a safer path. As they stood thus, one of the lights they had seen flashed up close

to them, and seemed to dance round the group ; their horses started, reared, and plunged, and in the confusion Rose's horse backed off the more solid ground and the next moment plunged with his hinder feet into the morass, whilst his fore feet remained on the path. He sunk rapidly, and in his efforts to disengage himself, only plunged in deeper. She called to her father, declaring she felt the animal sinking under her, and the old man in an agony of terror dismounted, and hastened to her assistance but the guide refused to stir, saying it was useless, that they would both be smothered in the morass, and that his own life was too much moment to him to risk it for a horse. David Crofts had seized the bridle of his daughter's horse, and endeavoured to aid the animal's efforts to rise out of the mire, but without effect ; for the horse not getting his fore feet off the firm ground and floundered deeper and deeper ; still the old man held the bridle, while poor Rose begged him to save his own life, saying that she felt herself already sinking into the quick mire, and endeavoured to commend her soul to God in a short and fervent prayer. Her afflicted father shrieked for help, in the

height of his agony, and loudly upbraided the guide with treachery and cowardice, when a voice was heard calling to him to take courage, and then a brief altercation with the guide, who was dragged from his horse by a powerful hand and dashed violently to the ground. The next minute his horse was forced into the swamp close to Rose, who was already sunk to the knees, and she felt herself in the arms of a man who stood on the back of the animal he had driven into the morass; he held her tightly, and springing forward, landed her in safety on the path. Just then the bridle, which her father had hitherto held, gave way, and the old man fell back on the path stunned and exhausted. The poor beast, whose head only now remained above the mire, sunk rapidly under the suffocating slime. The other horse struggled for a few minutes longer, and then he too was swallowed up, whilst the dark murky water bubbled a while and then settled calmly over them both. Rose had fainted in the stranger's arms, but was soon restored to animation, and finding her father safe, wept with joy as she cast herself on his bosom. Both joined in ardent thanks to their deli-

verer, who kept his face turned apart, and only replied briefly, that if they desired escape from the danger, they must follow him without delay.

There was something in the tone of that voice, though manifestly disguised, which struck Rose's ear, and she thought it ought to be familiar to her; she, therefore, endeavoured to induce the stranger to speak more, by asking him questions about the locality; but he respectfully declined to answer further than by saying that their safety must be first looked to, and asking if they chose to trust his guidance. To this they readily agreed; and as they had now only one horse, Rose was placed on it, her father and the guide followed on foot, and the stranger led the way holding the bridle. He seemed to be well acquainted with the locality, and in a short time conducted them from the bog to a small hamlet which stood some distance in the wood extending from that point nearly to the end of their journey. Here they found an aged peasant and his wife, who, at the request of the stranger, soon provided a good fire and produced some coarse bread and milk.

for their guests. Of this they partook but slightly; and it was not long ere Rose, exhausted by the fatigue she had undergone, lay down on some clean straw laid on the floor, while her father watched or tried to watch by her side, but was soon overpowered by fatigue and weakness.

The stranger conversed, for a few minutes, with the old woman, who then took up her position near the fire and continued to replenish it at intervals till the day had fully opened, when she awakened the sleepers and told them to prepare for their journey. She had provided a repast similar to the last night's, of which they partook with much appetite, and found that their new friend had procured another horse, on which Rose was placed; the guides and all then set forward, the stranger leading the way. The country, through which they now passed, was thickly wooded and varied in its features; oak, ash, beech and yews, of gigantic size, were intermingled. The mountains in most parts were wooded to the very summits, except, here and there, a bold projecting crag or precipitous cliff broke the sameness by its dark frowning brow. This continued beyond Inchegeelah, which ap-

proaches close to Kerry ; and as they passed this village, they came on the Lough Allua, where the river Lee spreads in a broad expansive basin. Advancing along its borders, they came to the higher range of mountains on the verge of the county, and here found their route more difficult from the steepness and broken nature of the path. On approaching the place of their destination, the difficulties of the journey appeared almost insurmountable, for the road was bare rock, shelving to one side, and in many places so slippery that the horses could not keep their footing ; in other parts, sharp conical projections of rock twelve or eighteen inches high covered the whole route, and between these the horses had to pick their steps slowly and painfully.

Their stranger guide held Rose's horse, and directed him in this perilous passage, of which they could not accomplish more than a mile in an hour. As they advanced, they were shut out by a wall of rock on each side, till they came to the narrow opening which gave them a view of the wild spot they sought, and here they halted to contemplate the imposing sight. Embosomed in hills, which ran in parallel ridges on every side, lay a still and placid

lake, about a mile in circumference, surrounded by broken and steep crags, rising in most parts two hundred feet above the water's level, the crevices being filled with dwarf hazel, yews or ash, with brushwood and hollies, while here and there a more majestic tree shot up above the rest. Many of the projecting rocks were bleached white, or covered with moss, and at intervals deep chasms or gullies intersected the mountain, down which trickled clear gurgling streams, which in winter were swelled into so many roaring torrents, that foamed with muddy tide into the lake, and pouring through the outlet, swelled on towards the ocean.

In the centre of the lake stood a small spot about an acre in extent, on which was erected a neat chapel, with a rude dwelling attached, and the remainder was occupied by a well-kept garden, in which grew vegetables and some few fruit trees. On one side of the lake was a small border of rich green sward, strongly contrasting with the stern and rugged features of the other parts, and from this a narrow causeway led to the little island and hermitage. When once within its

precincts, you could perceive no outlet or means of escape, except by climbing the rocks; and were you not aware that you had entered by some passage, it would be necessary to travel round its border to ascertain its existence. Gougane Barra, as it was and is still called, was the place chosen by St. Finn Barr as his residence, and by him the little chapel and hermitage were erected, which continued even for part of the last century to be occupied by his successors.

Pointing to this, the stranger told Rose she must go alone to seek an interview with the hermit, and apply to him in private for whatever she desired to ask, as he could not say that the holy father would admit more than herself to converse with him. Rose thought again that she knew that voice, and her heart beat quickly, yet she replied not, as she saw that he desired concealment, but went as he directed. On crossing the causeway she found the door of the little chapel open, and looking in observed the hermit at his devotions. She drew back and waited quietly till he had concluded, and, when he arose from his knees, he walked with his hands folded on his bosom

door where Rose was standing. On her, he did not appear surprised, but with a gentle inclination of the head led the way to his little hermitage. He seemed a man still in the prime of life, but sorrow or austerities had ploughed his face with wrinkles: his head was shaven except on the crown, but the lower part was only covered closely; his beard was not very long, but intermingled with white hairs, he wore a coarse cassock of brown stuff tied at the waist with a rope of hair, and on his feet he had a kind of sandal just sufficient to protect the soles from the sharp stones. He beckoned to Rose to be seated, then placed himself opposite her on a bench. For a moment neither spoke, when the hermit commenced by saying: "Daughter, art thou come hither to confound me on a case of conscience, and is the case of one so young troubled with evil that seeks the hermit in his solitude?"

Alas! venerable Sir, I am indeed trou-

I am a broken-hearted creature, but seek not ghostly counsel, for I profess the religion of my father, which does not accord with yours."

"True, maiden," said he sharply, "you

are one of the heretic Lutherans ; but don me, I would not offend ; what can a poor hermit do for the daughter of a stranger ?”

Rose briefly detailed her story, her father's death, the suspicions entertained of murder, James's disappearance, with the subsequent events, and the cause which induced her to apply to him. It was, however, with much reluctance she was induced to acknowledge the deep interest she felt in the supposed homicide, and all the particulars of her intended marriage with William Cecil. These were drawn from her by the interrogations of the hermit, urged not with the appearance of prying curiosity, but with the express desire of rendering her the service she stood in need of in discovering the perpetrator of the crime. When she had concluded, the hermit paused awhile, seeming to struggle with some inward emotion, and then said :

“ I have no reason to love your country or creed, maiden, they have become to me the source of dire affliction ; but pass, I can enter into your feelings, and though I am, and I would be disposed to serve you.”

“ We, at least,” said Rose timidly,

never injured you ; my father is but an humble tradesman, and we have lived by honest industry."

"True, damsel, you have not participated in the woes inflicted on my country, further than by battenning on her misfortunes, but I would not willingly hurt your feelings. Yes, there was one of your hated nation, who shone like a star amidst the darkness of this land, and, oh my God ! would that her fate were blotted from the tablet of my memory ; but it cannot be, and I must ever endure this horrible sight before my eyes ; and he, the curse and dishonour of his name and lineage, he suffered, but ten thousand deaths would not atone for his crime !"

As he spoke these words, he arose and paced the narrow cell with violent emotion, his teeth set, his hands clenched, and his eyes flashing. Rose trembled under the fearful display of deep passion, and saw that Conagher O'Mahony was before her.

The story of Isabel Nuce was still fresh in her memory, though ten years had elapsed ; up to that moment few were aware of what had become of her avenger. The hermit soon recovered his self-possession and said :

“ Pardon, maiden, my wayward mood can and will serve you. During my early years I formed connexions in France which will avail me now. The murder of my poor brother was perpetrated by a French crew, and the outrage was not intended against him, but for the unhappy young man who was subsequently accused of the crime and now waits the result of the agency I have employed to bring to justice the assassins and to clear his fame. He is connected with me by his mother, and I cannot see my kinsman oppressed and calumniated without vindicating his honour. Go, maiden, rest satisfied with this, and you shall soon hear the result of my exertions. Go, may you be happy with him, for you shall be his wife.”

He conducted her from the hermitage to the border of the lake, and bade her a kind farewell, returned to his hut. Rose found her father, the stranger, and guide waiting; she was assisted to remount by the stranger, who still had his face muffled; but Rose felt as he assisted her on her horse, that he pressed her hand which he detained in his for some minutes, without any attempt on her part

se it. There could be no doubt who as ; but the circumstances of her case ed it to be at least his wish to conceal while from her father the fact of his nce. She, therefore, recommenced ourney without speaking, further than form her father that she had been y received by the hermit, and hoped hort time that all would be well.

ay returned, without any further impe- it, to the place where they rested on eceding night, and the next morning on towards home, still escorted in e to within a few miles of the town by unknown friend, who there wished farewell, and turned back on the route ad passed.

se was every day thenceforth recover- er health and elastic spirits, though f anxiety for the development of the ry attending her brother's death, and sappearance of her lover. She watched usly every stranger who approached use, expecting him to bring tidings the hermit, but some days elapsed, and ssenger came. At length, when her began again to be excited, a stranger his appearance, in the dusk of the

evening at David Croft's door, and requested to see his daughter. He was closely muffled and studiously kept his face nearly covered by a slouched hat and a fold of his mantle. The old man was reluctant to admit him, but on his announcing a message from the hermit, he no longer hesitated. Still the father was desirous of being present during the interview, but this the messenger absolutely negatived, and he was forced to consent to his seeing Rose alone. When it was first announced to her that a stranger had come with intelligence from the hermit, her heart beat quickly; she strove to rise but was forced to seat herself again, for she trembled violently, and was reduced to a state of faintness from excessive anxiety and emotion. It was not long before her visitor was ushered in, and left to open his embassy as he thought best, but he hesitated and appeared as much embarrassed as herself. After a pause however, he approached her and said in low voice, "Rose," at the same time removing his disguise. In an instant she was in his arms, which fondly and closely pressed her to his heart. "You are still mine, my own, my only love," said he.

"and you have not forgotten your plighted troth to one whose fair fame was blasted by the tongue of calumny. We meet once more I trust never to part again—is it not so my charming girl? Every thing shall be cleared to the satisfaction of your parents, though alas we cannot recall the dead to life."

"And can you forgive me, James," said she sobbing, "for my unfaithfulness and compliance with my parents' wishes in agreeing to marry that hated Cecil? But thank God you saved me from that."

"I can forgive all, anything you did under the supposition that I was no more, and the urgent commands of those you were bound to obey. Mention it not again; you are saved from that detestable union, and though you were never to be mine, I should rejoice in that; for, oh Rose, you know not half that man's villany."

"Nor do I wish to know it, dear James; you are returned safely to me, and my heart is too full of joy to allow me to turn to so disagreeable a topic; but come, sit down beside me, and let me hear of your adventures, and what you know of my poor brother's death."

“ Alas, Rose, it is a sad story, but shall be briefly told, and in telling it, I would not lay on the author of it more blame than I deserves.

“ You are aware of the wild and ungovernable temper of your brother, whenever he indulged too freely, a circumstance which of late occurred rather frequently, at which no suggestion of mine availed to prevent. William Cecil was in the habit of encouraging this propensity, whenever opportunity occurred, and subsequently employing the unhappy results of which was the cause, for the purpose of gaining favour with your parents by his false and insidious moralising and pretended efforts to reclaim the wanderer. He also attributed the fault to my example and the profuse hospitality of my father’s house, thus widening the breach which was already too great for my peace. On that melancholy evening when your brother was killed, he had, as you have already heard, sat long at table, in spite of my remonstrances, which almost brought on a quarrel between us ; but as I was resolved to bear patiently with his temper, it was impossible to provoke me to return his violent language, or take offence at an

thing he might do towards me, when he was not in a state to judge rationally. Accordingly I went as usual to escort him home, and when we had reached the spot where his body was found, we were suddenly set on by several men in the garb of sailors. Three or four of them endeavoured to seize and bind me, whilst I made such resistance as I could ; the rest kept your brother at bay, stating that no injury was intended to him, if he would only keep quiet. But this suited not his bold and fearless temper ; he ordered them to desist from their attack on me, and when they refused, he assailed them with such fury, that they were forced to defend themselves, and in the *mêlée* he received several blows and fell mortally wounded.

“Meantime I had been disarmed and bound, and lay bleeding profusely, when I saw the calamity of my friend, and heard his last groan. The party who had attacked us appeared rather shocked at the result of the *rencontre*, and after a brief and hurried consultation prepared to decamp, having placed me on horseback bound to one of their number. They hastened by unfrequented roads to the sea-coast, where they

got into a boat, which conveyed them to a vessel that lay in the offing. She was a French smuggler, and her crew having discharged their cargo of goods prepared to set sail.

“ I learned subsequently that they had been engaged by William Cecil for a large bribe to seize and carry me off to some place whence I should not be able to return, till his object in reference to you, dearest Rose, should be accomplished. He knew that whilst I continued near you there was no likelihood of completing his designs on your father’s wealth, for that was his sole object. But unhappily, in accomplishing this nefarious scheme, your brother became the victim, in consequence of his generous defence of his friend, though there was no predetermination to deprive even me of life. My wounds were but slight, and were nearly healed ere we reached land.

“ The place, at which I was put on shore, was a small fishing hamlet in the west of France, where I was delivered up to some accomplices in the contraband trade, men of desperate character, who kept me fettered, and compelled me, at the same time, to labour in the most menial offices. The

ion which they occupied was an old chateau, in the vaults of which the
ers' stores were deposited, and
also I was confined. You may be
ear Rose, that my thoughts dwelt
d painfully on you. My mind was
l with various apprehensions on this
bject, which occupied me sleeping
ake.

evised various means of escape, but
them impracticable from the strict
kept over me, and the strength of
It where I was confined. At length
oving some goods to another end of
geon, I lighted on a small file, which
lly secreted about my person, and
the smugglers were asleep, com-
l to cut through the iron fetters
hich my legs were bound. This was
ffected, and you may conceive the
, with which I sprung to my feet,
more unshackled, and deeming my
on already accomplished.

y next work was to reach the grated
e, which high above my head ad-
a scanty light. This I effected by
together the casks and other articles
the vault contained. The iron bars,

with which the aperture was defended were exceedingly massive, and require great labour to cut through one of them. If daylight surprised me in my work, or the smugglers awaked, my last hope was gone, and death would probably have been the penalty for my attempt. I, therefore, toiled incessantly till the bar was nearly cut through in two places. The removal of this would give me liberty. My task was on the point of being completed, when two of the smugglers, who had been absent unexpectedly returned, and made their way to the vault with the intention, it would seem, of removing some articles for the unlawful traffic. I heard the door open and my heart nearly sunk within me. I desisted from my labours, but despair urged me on. I grasped the bar with both hands and by a violent exertion of strength wrenched it away, but in the effort fell backwards, and was precipitated to the ground. The smugglers started back, hurried towards the door, but ere they could conjecture what was the matter, I was again on my feet, scrambled up to the window and jumped out.

“It was not far from the earth, and

landed safely ; but not many minutes elapsed, ere I heard the voices of pursuers calling to each other with oaths and imprecations on me. I ran straight onwards, but not being acquainted with the ground, I several times stumbled and fell. Meantime my pursuers were gaining on me, for I now heard their voices more distinctly, and had scarcely any hope of safety but from the darkness of the night.

“ In my precipitate flight, I found myself amongst what I conjectured to be grave-stones, and in endeavouring to make my way through them I lighted on the entrance of a vault, and fell headlong amongst the perishing remnants of mortality and the mouldering coffins of the dead. I lay here a short time nearly stunned, and when I recovered my senses heard the voices of my pursuers at a short distance. It appeared from the few words of their conversation which I caught, that their superstitious fears overcame the desire of seizing their victim, and they therefore demurred about searching the grave-yard till lights could be procured. For this purpose two of the number returned to the chateau,

leaving two more to watch the spot where they supposed me to be.

“ My case was now almost as desperate as it could be, and I made up my mind to brave the worst. Creeping, therefore, stealthily out of the vault, I endeavoured to escape, making as little noise as possible but my enemies discovered, and hastened to seize me. Starting suddenly to my feet I struck one a blow with the fragment of the iron bar which I had wrenched from the window and retained in my flight. He fell, and the second likewise was prostrated by a stroke of the same weapon. Ere they could recover I started off again with lightning speed. A few minutes brought me into a level plain, where I soon placed such a distance between myself and my persecutors, that pursuit would have been unavailing.

“ I continued my flight till day dawned and then lay down in a corn-field, where slept for two or three hours ; after which entered a village, where a poor but hospitable family shared with me their humble meal. With them I remained for some days, assisting in their rural labours, and

witnessing the happiness of a poor but contented family. My ardent desire of reaching home was not in the least abated but rather increased, and as soon as I could form any definite plan, I took leave of the kind family who had sheltered me, and directed my course towards Calais, in order to reach England by that route, and thence get a passage to Cork.

“It was with great difficulty and amidst many impediments I succeeded in this, and after the lapse of almost a year, I reached this place only to hear you were on the point of consigning yourself to the arms of Cecil, a reluctant bride, under the supposition that I was dead. The rumour of my death, I have since heard, had been originated by my rival by means of a false story put into the mouth of an impostor.

“I see you are ready, dearest Rose, to ask me why I did not at once discover myself; but you do not recollect, that I lay under a cruel and horrible imputation, and was exposed to the wiles of a power who would scarcely hesitate to use extreme measures to rid himself of one who stood in the way of his base views, and whom he had already seriously injured. Besides

who would believe my story without corroborative evidence, which I could not produce ? You, my dear girl, would have listened to me, but had I showed myself publicly, the authorities would probably have arrested and thrown me into prison ; and then how could I have vindicated my innocence ?

“ In this difficulty I recollected my relative, the hermit of Gougane Barra ; and though on my first appearance before him he received me coldly, yet his better feelings prevailed, and he wrote directly to influential friends in France, who made every exertion to obtain such evidence as would secure my acquittal from the charge

“ Meantime the day of your marriage approached, and I knew not what course to take, so distracted was I by the difficulties which pressed me on every side. To see you the wife of another man, and such man too, Rose, was what I could never have endured ; and the time passed quickly on without my being able to form any decided plan. The morning came, I watched your nuptial train, entered the church, and most desperate enough to drag the wretch from your side, even at the altar. T

emony commenced ; still I wavered till pent up feelings of my bosom escaped a heavy sigh, which I endeavoured in vain to suppress. Your attention was arrested, and I availed myself of that fact to draw your eyes towards me. You know the rest. I escaped in the confusion, and subsequently sent to you the wise woman prepared to second my views.

Every thing succeeded as I wished ; and I am come to tell you that my friend prevailed in having two of the smugglers arrested in France, and sent to this country to give evidence in my behalf. His lives will be spared—this he has been promised in an influential quarter ; and I, I trust, will meet no other punishment than the contempt which his ungenerous conduct richly deserves.

I have now, love, told you the substance of my adventures. May I hope that time is not far distant when we may review them more fully, when all our troubles shall have past, and you will allow me to call you mine."

During this narrative, Rose was seated beside her manly lover, her hand was pressed in his, and she looked into his face

with an interest which deepened and increased, as he spoke of his perils and escapes.

She now answered his question by saying, "Dearest James, 'twere worse than folly, to attempt to conceal the delight which your safe return affords me, and I am sure that the great barriers to our happiness are now removed, for my father will no longer oppose my wishes, and my mother has become much more kind and indulgent since she has discovered William Cecil's worthlessness. You need not then any longer conceal yourself, but let me call my parents and tell them it is you."

James consented to this, and Rose hastened to summon her father and mother; the former of whom, received his old apprentice with much cordiality, and the latter in a stiff yet friendly manner. After explanations had been entered into, James prepared to depart; a proceeding which David Crofts was reluctant to permit, till he declared the absolute necessity of it to put matters in train for his complete and public vindication. He bade them good night, promising to return in two days and passed out of the house on his way to the country

his father's residence. But half an hour had not elapsed, ere David Crofts and family were aroused by a violent knock at the door, and when it was opened, several persons entered the house bearing on them the insensible body of a man grievously wounded and streaming with blood.

One glance sufficed to show that it was James Sullivan who had, in the moment he was promising himself happiness, been struck down by some murderous hand. The persons who brought him there, gave no other account of the matter than that they were returning to the town, not far from the gate, when at a turn of the road, they saw a man start suddenly and lunge a dagger into the person who was advancing towards them, and disappear into the adjoining wood. They came up in order to support the wounded man who had been pressed against the fence, and his request was to be conveyed immediately to David Crofts; but he had fainted on the way from loss of blood. It was impossible to keep this melancholy fact concealed from Rose, when she had retired to her apartment, and no words could describe the anguish of the poor girl on seeing her lover weltering

in his gore. A surgeon had been at once summoned, and by his aid, James soon recovered from his swoon and saw his friend around him. Rose sat beside the bed in which he lay, holding his hand and weeping bitterly, and as he looked on her face bathed in tears, he pressed her hand and said faintly,

“ Weep not, dear Rose, I hope my wound is not very dangerous,” turning then to her father, he said in rather a cheerful tone, “ You see, my kind master, I have ventured on your hospitality and I hope you will pardon this unhappy but unavoidable intrusion.”

“ Speak not of it, James, lad, thou art welcome; would thou hadst not left my room this night; but thou wert ever wilful, thou art a diligent youth; and James, my brave boy, if there is a God above us and justice to be had in this land, we will yet punish the perpetrator of this evil deed and the murderer of my poor misguided son. Cheer up, Rose, my good lass,” said he, seeing her continue weeping, “ he will be well again, and thou shalt marry him, were my mother ever so cross.”

“ Shame on you, David Crofts,” said

matron, "to talk of marriage at such a time, when death, perhaps, would be a more becoming subject."

"What, good dame, no, no. I tell you he must not, he shall not die. What say you, Doctor?" said he, turning to the leech, "let us have good news, man, for I won't believe any other."

The Doctor having fully examined the wound, pronounced a rather favourable opinion, but said the patient had a very narrow escape of instant death.

"Said I not so?" again resumed the old man, "God is good to me, and if he has taken one son, he gives me another; and now come, Rose, you must to bed, child, and you shall nurse the patient to-morrow, if you promise me to hold that prating tongue of yours, and not talk to him till he gets over the danger."

Rose saw the propriety of complying with her father's request, and retired to her room, but not to sleep, it had fled from her pillow for that night; and she was early up to inquire for the invalid. He had passed a good night, and was better than the surgeon had expected.

So soon as the Provost could be informed

of the event, inquiries were set on foot to discover the assassin, but no other trace of him could be found than a dagger stained with blood, which it would appear he had cast into a thicket in his retreat. Without further evidence, it would have been useless to cast an additional stigma on respectable family by accusing Cecil of the deed, especially as the warder at the gate declared no one had passed that way at the time, and it was ascertained that Cecil was at home when the deed occurred. Little doubt, however, existed on the minds of David Crofts' family, that he was accessory to the base act. James' wound proved by no means so dangerous as was at first supposed, and he continued to improve. A grand review of the English military retainers had been appointed to take place in the town, and the proprietor, Sir Richard Boyle, now Earl of Cork, was to be present. Great preparations were made for his reception, as well as for showing off the martial array of his tenantry.

The day arrived; the Earl was in attendance, and rejoicings pervaded the town. Nearly six hundred well appointed infantry with sixty horse prepared to attend and g

through their exercise in presence of the Earl and his assistants. Amongst the cavalry, and occupying the rank of a petty officer, was William Cecil, and few amongst that gallant band bore themselves more haughtily. The review proceeded, and the hermit of Gougane Barra, who had left his solitude to see justice done to his relative, entered the town with the object of meeting the Earl in person and having the matter tried before him. He delayed only a few minutes at David Crofts, to see James, and speak a kindly word to Rose. He brought with him the witnesses of the former outrage and murder of Richard Crofts, and proceeded, accompanied by these and David Crofts, to the ground where the review was going on. The Earl listened attentively to his statement, and immediately summoned Cecil to his presence. That young man had seen the party approach, and could not fail to recognize his former agents. The colour forsook his cheeks; he shook with terror, and scarcely knew what he was doing. He suddenly and violently put spurs to his horse, the animal reared, plunged and threw his rider headlong to the ground. He was immediately taken up, but his skull

was fractured, and he could only utter a few words, ere he expired.

This was regarded as a judgment by all present. The story of James Sullivan's wrongs and Rose's sufferings was well known; the former's innocence was now distinctly proved, and the Earl congratulated David Crofts on having determined to bestow his daughter's hand on one so deserving of her.

As soon as he was sufficiently recovered, James was united to his faithful Rose, and the wedding was celebrated with the utmost gaiety and expensive entertainments. The hermit was once more drawn from his solitude to pronounce a nuptial benediction on the happy pair, and see the felicity which he had been instrumental in effecting. David Crofts and his good dame lived to see their grandchildren growing up, around them, and to rejoice that they had overcome the barrier of prejudice which divided them from the native Irish.

EMMA CAVENDISH.

EMMA CAVENDISH.

CHAPTER I.

THE rebellion of 1641, which first broke out in the north, spread rapidly on all sides, and soon reached, in its baneful course, even the remotest corner of the south.

The remorseless destruction of life and property which resulted from it, might have been greater in other parts of the country ; but there was scarcely any district where the divisions, feuds, and animosities, connected with civil war, had a more extensive or permanent effect than in the county of Cork, the greater part of which having been colonised by English Protestants, and carefully watched over by the Earl of Cork, had begun to show an extraordinary degree of civilization and prosperity. But this

dreadful event threw it in a great measure back again into barbarism and poverty, in consequence of the uncertainty of life and property which prevailed for several succeeding years, even subsequently to the restoration.

The tidings of the bursting forth of the flames of civil strife were brought to the Earl whilst on a visit to his son-in-law, to Lord Barrymore, at Castle Lyons, where were also several other noblemen, and amongst them Lord Muskerry, who was the first in the south to take up arms against the government, and had no doubt, even at that time, determined to do so, though he treated the news of a rising with ridicule and contempt. Such was the high estimation in which the Earl of Cork was held, that though he did not then fill any official situation in the executive, a gentleman was sent express to him with the earliest intelligence, and having made his way through bye-roads (as the Irish were in arms in every direction) he announced to that nobleman the alarming news of the ravages and cruelties already perpetrated by the rebels. The Earl, without betraying the least emotion, sat down with his

ds to dinner, and when it was concluded, explained to the company the influence he had received ; on which they silently separated for their several homes, in a few days after Lord Muskerry witnessed the warfare in the west, and stood around him several thousand

The President St. Leger, who was at Doneraile, was soon informed of facts by the Earl, who hastened to levy troops, and summon his English tenants all who chose to join the royal standard ; but various causes combined to render this force much smaller than the necessity of the case required. Enlisting was in no degree voluntary, though the feudal nature of their tenure imposed on the tenants a certain military service ; yet in the general confusion which prevailed, it was difficult to enforce it ; and even the prudent St. Leger had not, for some time after, a commission to raise a regular army for the protection of the country. He, however, he had collected a body of nearly fifteen hundred men, and had been prepared to give battle to the far more numerous army of the insurgents, negotiations were suddenly entered upon ; a com-

mission, real or forged, from King Charles, was produced by the rebel leaders.(A) The President agreed to their terms, and having disbanded his men, retired to Doneraile, leaving the country to be pillaged and burned at the mercy of every robber horde and lawless leader. Still many of the well affected nobility and gentry defended their castles, and occasionally defeated the enemy's forces in the open field, and thus a desultory warfare continued to harass and distress the country.

Cattle and prey of all kinds were carried off by the rebels, and sometimes again rescued by the loyal inhabitants, who in turn made reprisals on their enemies, and plundered them, with various success, till the whole county became a theatre of petty warfare in every quarter. Agriculture was neglected, business of all kinds stopped, and nothing remained for a great portion of the population but death by violence or starvation.

It was early in the month of January, 1642, the weather was harsh and cold, a high wind prevailed, and the evening closed in with tokens of an approaching storm, when a family group assembled around a

ful fire, which blazed on the hearth of
acious parlour, in a large and respect-
mansion, about four miles from our

The room was wainscoted with
the produce of the country, and the
ure was principally of the same ma-
large, heavy and durable. A table
candles stood near the fire, and on it
various pieces of needlework, princi-
of an ornamental kind. The mistress
mansion sat beside it, engaged in
; and her eldest daughter, a beauti-
l, but with a pensive cast of features,
milarly occupied. A fine manly boy

little girl amused themselves with
s tricks, and burst now and then
loud laughter, as they gambolled
h the apartment. The elder lady
her head occasionally, and looked at
in their thoughtless mirth; but a
sigh accompanied the look, and a
ple down her cheek.

arest mother," said the young lady,
ft and affectionate tone, "why will
stress yourself when no danger has
ne near us? My father, I trust, will
e here, and he will provide for our
,

“ God grant that he may, my love ; but he should have been home yesterday had nothing occurred to delay him. And whilst the country is filled with armed banditti, I much fear he has fallen into their hands ; and in that case, oh ! how I tremble for the consequences ; the bare supposition almost drives me mad, to think how helpless and desolate we shall be.”

“ Surely, dearest mother, you have no reason to apprehend such a sad calamity. May God preserve us from it ! Many things, besides what you suppose, might have occurred to prevent my father’s return, and you know that we can take refuge in the town, should any danger threaten.”

“ Alas ! my child, I know what you say is true, but we cannot control feelings which are wrought up with our very nature ; for myself I care not, but for him who has been to me ever kind and affectionate, for you and these little ones. Oh ! Emma, you have yet to feel what it is to be a wife and mother, and may God protect you from the troubles and trials which these two duties often bring with them.”

A slight blush passed over the young lady’s face, at this prayer of her fond pa-

rent, and a half suppressed sigh accompanied it, but she quickly recovered herself, and said, as if to divert the conversation into another channel—

“See, mother, Alfred has given over his play, and has come to listen to us ; he thinks himself already a hero, and despises the Irish rebels.”

The mother raised her eyes, and looked with delighted affection on the fine manly boy who stood beside her, and whose eyes were fixed earnestly on her countenance.

“Mama,” said he, “why do you cry ? If the rebels come, we shall be able to beat them off, for I am sure that John and William are brave, and will fire on them ; and I too can shoot, for papa has taught me to use a gun.”

“Well, my boy,” replied the mother, with a faint smile, “I hope there will be no necessity to try the servants’ courage, nor yours either ; it will be time enough hereafter for you to handle fire-arms, when you come to be a man ; but let us talk of something else. What think you, Alfred, of your promised trip to Dublin, this summer ?”

“I should like it very much,” he replied

with animation. "I long to see strange places, but I shall not leave you till the rebels are put down."

"God grant that time may soon come my child; but what noise is that I hear?" said she, suddenly starting to her feet, and listening intently. All crowded around her, keeping a breathless silence; but after a moment she sunk again to her seat, laid her hand on her heart, which beat with fearful agitation, and endeavouring to speak calmly, said—

"Sit down, my precious children, my ears must have deceived me, for I thought I heard the sound of trampling feet."

"It was but the wind, dear mother," said the eldest girl, who appeared to possess more calmness and decision than her parents. "It was but the wind dashing the branches of the trees against each other; but hark—I do hear something more than that; can it be voices that are speaking without?" All again listened; and in the intervals of the storm which raged around, distinctly heard the sound of several voices in earnest conversation.

"Oh, my God!" exclaimed the terrified parent, "look on me and my helpless

children, and save us from those blood-thirsty men ; but it is too late, and we are counted as sheep for the slaughter."

Alfred hastened out of the room, and soon returned with the two servants, whose names he had previously mentioned, and who being English were both ready and willing to maintain the character he had given of them.

"What is to be done, William," said Mrs. Cavendish, addressing one of them ; "I fear we are lost ?"

"An't please you, Madam," replied he, "we are resolved to fight them as long as we can, for these Irish kerns show no mercy, and their coming at night proves they are bent on mischief."

"Then, may God have mercy on us ! Come, my children, let us commend ourselves to the great and good Being ; for he is our only refuge now."

She kneeled down, and her children followed her example, though Alfred did so reluctantly, for he was following the servants who were hastening to prepare their fire-arms, until his mother entreated him to stay with her ; but ere she uttered many words of the petitions which she tried to

pour out to the Almighty disposer of events a violent knocking commenced at the door and loud and angry voices demanded admission. A discharge of fire-arms from the upper windows caused them to cease moment, and then more than twenty bullets rattled through the glass from the assailants, and some pierced even through the strong oak shutters by which the windows were defended. Another volley from the two brave defenders replied to this discharge, and again was answered as before by those outside. This continued for a few minutes, but then ceased, and the attacking party apparently became tired of this fruitless work, and fired only single shots at intervals. Whilst the affrighted family continued in breathless expectation of the result, another discharge of fire-arms was heard in front of the house, and at the same instant, the door in the rear was dashed in with a violent concussion and the rebels rushed forward, crowding each other. The female servants, who hitherto remained cowering in the kitchen now hurried shrieking into the apartment where Mrs. Cavendish and her children were, and the brave defenders resolved

sell their lives dearly ; and knowing that no quarter could be expected from the assailants, met them as they ascended the stairs and fired, but with little effect in consequence of the darkness. Maddened by the opposition they had met with, the rebels rushed on tumultuously, and soon gained the landing place. The contest was short, for the two servants were overpowered by numbers and savagely butchered ; and then the barbarous horde rushed into every apartment of the house, seizing on everything portable before they, according to their usual practice, devoted it and its inmates to the flames.

Not many hours after, a small body of horsemen advanced in full speed from the town towards the spot which we have already introduced to our readers. The house lay in a hollow and could not be seen until you ascended the hill which rose above it at the distance of half a mile. The foremost rider spared neither whip nor spur to urge on his already tired steed, and was followed closely by others who seemed to participate in his eagerness ; but one in particular, a young and handsome cavalier, kept almost close to his side. A red and glaring

hue in the clouds, which skirted the far horizon, seemed to fix their attention, and they pressed on with all speed till the summit of the hill was gained, and then involuntary exclamations of horror burst from both as they gazed with fixed and agonized looks down the valley. Dashing the rowels into their horses' flanks, they quickly passed over the intervening space, and soon stood on the lawn before the house on which they looked in silent agony. Alas, it presented then a awful appearance, wrapped in flames which blazed with uncommon fury from the immense quantity of wood used in its construction, and the high wind which, while it fanned the flame, drove columns of dense smoke brightened by millions of sparks in all directions. It was Mr. Cavendish, the proprietor of the mansion, who had returned in time to see the frightful conflagration and hear, perhaps, the dying shrieks of his helpless family. He had been summoned to Cork by the Lord President, on affair of importance, and detained longer than expected.

Meantime the rebellion broke out; the ravagers commenced their work of destruction, and as soon as he could, he hastened

ack, attended by some friends, to protect his wife and family from the general wreck. The young man who accompanied him was Captain Stawel, one who had been his ward, and was now an attached and valued friend. The kindly tones of affection greeted them not on their return ; the cheerful voices of his little ones were perhaps silent for ever, and the devoted mother had probably perished with her children. They stood an instant contemplating the scene of horror ; scalding tears rolled down the father's cheeks, and he groaned with heart-lagony. Stawel sprung from his horse and hurried towards the house, Cavendish followed, and in frantic desperation they were about to plunge into the burning mass when they were restrained by their friends, who saw the madness of the attempt, as the roof at that moment fell in ; but it was with much difficulty and almost by violence they were prevented from their desperate attempt. For some time they remained contemplating this sad spectacle, till the flames began to subside, and only an occasional blaze darted up from the smoking ruins. At length they were prevailed on to return to the town ; and silence, broken by the heavy sighs which

burst from them, the two friends turned their backs on the smouldering ruin and retraced their steps.

It may well be supposed that this event shed a gloom over the entire town, and roused the whole population to arms. Nothing was heard but threats of condign and speedy punishment to the Irish rebels. When they came to review the forces and the means at their disposal for this purpose, they saw, with much chagrin, that the defence of the town and their own lives depended on the utmost which under present circumstances could be expected, and to effect this every hand was now employed. While the Provost and council were occupied by these objects, a courier arrived from the President, Sir William St. Ledger, to announce that Lewis, Lord Viscount Leinster, second son of the Earl of Cork, was appointed military and civil governor of the town, with powers not only to adopt the necessary means for the defence of it and the adjacent districts from the rebels, but also for raising supplies, levying forces, and holding courts to try and punish all traitors.

No appointment could be more opposed to the interests of the town, or more disadvantageous, or acceptable to the i

who looking on the Earl of Cork with filial reverence, as their patron under, regarded also his family with ordinary respect and love. But Viscount Sackville, whose titles were derived from dukedom and barony, seemed to be the person generally pointed out as their more immediate protector ; and as his courage and abilities were well known, great expectations were entertained from the appointment. He was accompanied by a small body of men, and bringing some arms and ammunition as well as a few pieces of cannon to the defences, and was met by a large number of the people, who with shouts and flags escorted him to the house assigned for his residence. He lost not a moment in idleness or personal indulgence, but immediately proceeded to inspect the towers, and fortifications : these had been allowed for some years past to fall into ruin, and now required to be carefully repaired in order to prepare for a siege. A number of men were, therefore, employed to put every part in order. The walls were repaired where they had suffered any injury, the towers were newly planked and plated, the portcullises put in order, cannon

mounted, and the whole defences of this little stronghold completed in such a manner as time and circumstances allowed. In all these objects and every thing connected with the impending struggle, the townsmen cheerfully and perseveringly co-operated, so that in a few days they were prepared to defy the attacks of the Irish. A troop of horse and four companies of foot were organised, besides many who served as volunteers or yeomanry, and in fact the greater part of the male population took arms.

Disaffection was daily spreading to a wider extent amongst the natives, and not only was this the case, but hordes of unprincipled kerns, thinking it a feasible opportunity to practice their predatory system, assembled in different quarters, drove off the cattle within their reach, and plundered the habitations of the peaceable and the helpless, leaving them to starve or die of want ; if resistance was attempted no mercy was shown, and many were murdered in cold blood, or out of mere wanton butchery. There is no doubt that retaliation was practiced to a considerable extent, and little mercy shown to the rebels ; but who can severely blame a plundered and persecuted

few for endeavouring to strike terror into a lawless multitude, by exhibiting dreadful examples of punishment at a period when the law was of no avail, and the utmost form of justice, which could be practised, was a kind of military court, where little evidence sufficed to satisfy those who were at once the plaintiffs and judges? The commissions issued by the Lords justices, and which were almost wrung from them, to the Earl of Cork and others, were the result of the exigency of the times, and required not the tedious forms of a regular court, which, indeed, would have been almost useless, so palpable was the fact of violence, robbery and bloodshed in most of those who suffered, as they were always such as were taken with arms in their hands or in the overt acts of robbery and rebellion.

Nucestown, a flourishing settlement founded by Sir William Nuce on his own plantation, and where many thriving families were congregated in a considerable hamlet, together with Inniskeen, another English colony, was attacked and pillaged by one of these lawless bands, and the flame of rebellion extended all round Bandon. Clonakilty was also attacked and

greatly harassed by the marauders, whose object seemed to be to reduce all the English settlers to such distress as to compel them to quit their possessions or take refuge in the fortresses or walled towns, where they would be starved or cut off by degrees. In this design they partly succeeded, for numbers daily flocked to Bandon, having just escaped with their lives, leaving all their substance in the hands of the Irish and their habitations in most instances reduced to ashes.

It was a pitiable sight to view those unhappy fugitives daily pouring in from all quarters, in a state of destitution and wretchedness strongly contrasted with the comparative affluence and happiness in which they had been a few days before. Old and young, men and women, half naked, for even their wearing apparel was plundered, dragged themselves on through rain and mire, in the month of January, to the only place of refuge in those parts. Fathers and mothers, themselves almost fainting, bore their benumbed and helpless little ones in their arms, whilst others crying with cold and hunger, clung by their side.

That asylum, small and ill provided as i

was open, and all the care and nurture which they could expect was shown to them in their distress. Lord Kinalmeaky was foremost in these kind offices, and even ordered the greater part of his own estate to accommodate the fugitives, and in many instances supplied their wants from his own limited allowance.

In a few days, there were crowded within narrow limits of the town about two thousand of these sufferers, the greater part of whom were women and children, and as accommodation was very limited as compared with what was required, many were compelled to contrive tents or sheds in the open air and in the streets, or to make up their abode, by dozens, in stables and outhouses. Happy were they who obtained such shelter, for many had nothing over them but the canopy of heaven; and though they considered even this, defended by the walls of a walled town, a blessing compared with what they had to expect, if they continued in the country district without the shelter of their merciless persecutors.

Soon as Mr. Cavendish's overwhelming grief, at the sight of his burning mansion and the shocking idea of his wife and

family having been consumed with it had a little subsided, and the power of calm thought began to return, it struck him that there was some possibility that the fate of his family had not been so dreadful as he had at first supposed, and that he ought to have inquired more carefully whether they had been all burned with his house, or merely carried away as hostages by the Irish rebels.

The well-known ferocity of the rebels, the dreadful proofs they had already given of unrelenting barbarity, and the peculiar animosity entertained against himself, had at first so possessed his own mind and that of his friends, that they had not even imagined the possibility of escape; but it now struck them that it would be well to examine the ruins, and see if the bones or remains of any of the inmates could be found; and soon as this thought suggested itself, it was quickly followed up.

Mr. Cavendish, attended by his friends and a strong party with several labourers proceeded on this painful errand, and having arrived at the now cold and dreary ruin, commenced their task. They saw that life had not been surrendered

the inmates without a struggle, for three bodies of the Irish were found in the bushes where their associates had concealed them, on the night of the attack ; but this so far from inspiring hope tended rather to damp their expectations, from the probability that a severe retribution had been exacted.

In clearing away the still smoking ashes, they found in the parlour the remains of several bodies, and in other parts of the house some more, amongst the rest the skeleton of a young person, about the size of Alfred, which the unhappy father scanned with painful minuteness, to try if he could discover any signs which would enable him to decide whether it was the skeleton of his noble boy.

It was, indeed, afflicting to see him examining, one by one, the mortal remains as they were uncovered, and then with a hopeless look turning away to hide the scalding tears which chased each other down his face, when he looked on what were perhaps the bones of those so fondly loved. It was vain and probably would have been looked on as foolish, by a cold and uninterested spectator, thus to scrutinize the insensible remains, as though it were possible to ascer-

tain what spirit animated them in days gone by. But who can enter into the feelings of a husband and a father in such a distracted state, except those who have felt what it is to be deprived of the objects on which they have, for years, fondly doated !

It was at first conjectured by Mr. Cavendish and his friend, that the smaller skeleton was that of his son, but he recollected that there had been in the house an humble dependant, the playmate of Alfred, of nearly the same age ; consequently they were left in doubt to which it belonged.

The other remains were still less suited to afford any clue to discover the fate of his family ; and, therefore, though some hope was excited, it was of a very faint and cheerless character. Still, the burden on Mr. Cavendish's mind was a little lightened, and when all the skeletons were collected from the ruins, he cast one more sad and anguished look on them, ere they were deposited in their native earth ; but, as he raised his eyes and was moving away, a hoarse, wild, and unnatural burst of laughter broke on his ears, so loud, harsh, and grating, that it caused him to start back, as it rung wildly and hollowly through the

lined walls, and broke the stillness of that solate scene. Every one looked about, and some hurried in the direction whence they thought the sound proceeded, but no one was discovered from whom it could have come. Captain Stawel ran towards a clump of trees entangled with shrubs and ashwood, which grew near the side of the house where he stood. There was a rustling among the branches, a heavy sigh was uttered by some one, as he thought, near ; then, calling to his friends, they surrounded the place and searched every part of it, but without effect. No intruder was discovered, and they were just giving over the search, when the same unearthly laugh was again heard, but now at a greater distance, dying away in faint echoes in the wood.

None of the party felt disposed to follow up the matter farther ; they were not free from the superstitious feelings of the age ; even Cavendish, though a man of strong mind, was considerably shaken by the strangeness of the circumstance, as he recollected to have heard a similar sound once before when he had commenced building of that house, whose blackened and scorched walls now stood before him.

But at that time he was young and full of hope and spirit, the world was before him, and prosperity dawned upon his adventure. His young and blooming bride was waiting the erection of that building to cheer his labours with her presence, and gladden his home with her smiles. But, where was she now? All the past rushed upon him with a tide of recollections painful, because the objects of them were gone, perhaps for ever; and he hung his head in sorrowful contemplation of the sad contrast of his present feelings with those which possessed him, when he first visited that spot, twenty years before. It seemed to him that the sun of his happiness had set, and that the evil genius, which had in the beginning derided his expectations of bliss, and which, perhaps, had been during the past year secretly working his ruin, now came to triumph in the completion of his task, and to mock the victim of his malicious efforts. There was no opposition made by him when his friends proposed a speedy return to the town, as the clouds were gathering darkly over head, and the short and gloomy day was drawing quickly to a close.

Silently and sadly the little band assem

again preparing to return homewards, taking all necessary precautions to guard against a surprise, as they knew not but that the enemy might have got notice of their movements. It was necessary for them to pass through a defile, where the ground rose to a precipitous slope, thickly wooded on both sides. The pass was narrow, and the progress of the little party was suddenly checked by two or three large trees, which had been cut down since their passing there in the morning, and now lay with their branches hanging up the road.

It was at once seen that they were beset by their enemies, and probably hemmed in to prevent all escape. To retreat was certain destruction, and to proceed almost equally dangerous; yet the latter they attempted, if they would have even a chance of escape. Accordingly, Mr. Caven-
saw the danger, and gave such directions as the emergency required, ordering his party, without standing closely together, to face in all directions, while he endeavoured to clear the passage. Scarcely done, when an irregular fire commenced on them from the wood on both sides, where the enemy lay con-

cealed within its covert. Some of the men, through an eager desire to come to close quarters and to dislodge them, attempted to penetrate the wood, but were recalled by the voice of their leader, who dreaded their being taken or cut off in detail.

The fire of the Irish did little injury, for it was not only irregular but badly aimed, and the men in front had nearly succeeded in making a passage, when the enemy rushed forth from their ambuscade, in great numbers, with loud shouts and howlings. Many of them fell by the first discharge from the townsmen, and the fury of their onset was thus checked; but they were too numerous to regard a small loss, and too infuriated to retreat. Relying then on their superiority in physical force, they closed, and a furious struggle commenced. It was death or victory on the part of the English, and they flinched not in the slightest. Mr. Cavendish and his friend, with some of the stoutest, confronted the great mass of the assailants, directing the rest to break through those who opposed their return to the town, in which they succeeded, rallying on the other side of the barrier; but they were unable to render any

effectual resistance to their leader and his little party who were gradually forced back by main strength and numbers. Captain Stawel's horse being wounded plunged violently, and, just as he was driven to the verge of the opposing barrier, reared, and fell backwards on his rider, who was with difficulty rescued and drawn by his friends to the further side, too much injured to be able to renew the fight or assist his friend. Mr. Cavendish just gained the pass, and called loudly to those beyond to save themselves by a timely retreat, when he was dragged from his horse, dashed prostrate, and trampled under the feet of the Irish. The few friends, who endeavoured to protect him, were cut down and butchered on the spot ; and the rest of the party, seeing their fate, endeavoured to follow their leader's direction in retreating, and effected their object with the loss of about half their number, the enemy not daring to pursue them beyond the defile. Fifteen returned to tell the afflicting news, and to stimulate to vengeance the already excited minds of their countrymen.

CHAPTER II.

LORD KINALMEAKY was greatly shocked at this calamity, not only because it created a panic amongst the townsmen, but because it involved the death of one of the bravest and most faithful supporters he calculated on in these parts; for the survivors did not seem to doubt in the least Mr. Cavendish's death in the encounter; and thus was supposed to be completed the ruin of the whole family, within a few days, by the diabolical malice of the natives. Deeply as their fate was deplored by all, yet a few days tended greatly to diminish the regret for their loss, when the more engrossing concerns of their own dangerous condition began to press upon the people. There was indeed some probability, that the family still survived in durance amongst the insurgent Irish; but he, who would have sought them out and spent his best blood in avenging their

sufferings, was not there. Should they ever return, there was no husband, no father to welcome them back, and receive them to his arms. Whatever interest Captain Stawel might feel in their fate, he was unable to manifest it, for he lay labouring under the effects of severe wounds and contusions received in the late skirmish. Gradually, therefore, the fate of this family began to lose its engrossing interest in the minds of the people, as their own personal safety came to be more involved in danger, and the horrors caused by the unpitying monsters of cruelty deepened and increased before their eyes.

The confederacy of the Irish leaders seemed to strengthen every day, and the flame of civil war to spread more extensively. M'Carthy Reagh, the son of him we introduced in a former narrative, and the first of that powerful family who had been in rebellion, now joined the insurgents without any apparent reason, and even sanctioned, if he did not actually participate in the lawless plundering and cruel devastation caused by the marauding hordes of Irish. With him were joined many of the inferior chiefs and dependants on the

several branches of his powerful family; and besides these, O'Donovan and O'Sullivan, two considerable leaders in that quarter, attached themselves to his standard; consequently the confederacy now wore a most formidable appearance, requiring not only prompt but vigorous measures, on the part of Lord Kinalmeaky and the loyal portion of the population, to prevent the entire district to the south and east from being overrun and pillaged. Accordingly, he sent out scouring parties of considerable strength, for several miles round, who occasionally fell in with large bodies of the enemy, and from their superior skill, courage and discipline, routed their untrained and half-armed bands. The Earl, his father, had been, for some time closely blocked up and severely pressed in Youghal, which he defended with a vigour and gallantry that showed he had lost none of his ability and courage by increasing years. With him, as being deemed the safest place, were most of the female members of his family, including his sons' wives as well as his grand-children. Lord Kinalmeaky had been married about two years before to Elizabeth, daughter of the

Earl of Denbigh, a lady of great beauty and spirit, to whom he was strongly attached. Such was the esteem, in which the Earl of Cork and his family were held at court, that the unfortunate Charles and his Queen were present at the marriage, and her Majesty assisted in all the ceremonies of the day, acting towards the bride as her nearest friend, and bestowing on her a most valuable diamond necklace, as a token of affection.

On her arrival in Ireland, she found her husband's family in possession of everything which wealth and honour could bestow, and for a year lived with him in uninterrupted happiness, which was soon broken by the rude alarms of rebellion, and all the old Earl's sons scattered in different quarters, maintaining with their swords the honour and authority of their gracious master. From the height of prosperity such was the sudden reverse to this family, that, as the Earl states in a private letter, he whose income was previously fifty pounds a day, was so straitened, as to need the necessaries of life, and to request of the Lords Justices, that his gallant and noble sons might receive the pay of inferior

officers in the troops with which they served against the enemies of their religion and King.

The Lady Elizabeth had seen, with grief and regret, her husband depart for his precarious and dangerous government of Bandon. It was his desire that she should remain under his father's protection, an arrangement which her devoted attachment to him induced her strenuously to oppose; and she only submitted to it on the promise that when his arrangements for defending the town were completed, and preparations were made for her accommodation, she should share his danger, whatever it might be.

She had been informed of the progress already made; and the alarming intelligence from the scene of her husband's labours served only to rouse her affectionate anxiety on his account to the highest pitch, and induce her to resolve on joining him at any risk. With much difficulty, therefore, she persuaded the Earl to give her an escort, and allow her to depart. He saw that her resolution was taken, and no longer ventured to oppose it; but he could not prevail on her to allow him to

in his garrison by any considerable number of men, on her account. Therefore, with her about twenty chosen followers, she took a kind leave of her noble in-law, mounted her horse, and rode with her escort, on this perilous journey of duty and affection.

The first day, they reached Cork early, deeming it better to halt there for the night, as they were received and hospitably entertained by the Governor, and proceeded, on the ensuing morning, towards their destination. A courier having been despatched to give notice to Lord Kinalmeaky the approach of his Lady. Fearing that she might be intercepted, his Lordship ordered a troop of cavalry, and hastened with expedition to escort his young and intelligent partner to the town. He met her, on her arrival at Cork, and in her fond embrace he was compensated for all his toils and dangers. Yet he could not avoid seeing that, in such precarious times, the happiness by which he held this happiness was precarious, and might in a single hour, be severed.

The joy and enthusiasm, with which she was received, were universal amongst

the whole population, who came out in crowds to meet and welcome her to the town, gazing with admiration on one, who seemed ready to brave any danger to be with her Lord, and came amongst them in the time of distress and suffering. Her courteous demeanour and kindly greeting to all, with the bland smile which played upon her countenance, won their hearts, and each vied with the other, which should be foremost in offering homage to her merit.

It may be well supposed, that the utmost attention continued to be paid by the inhabitants to their distinguished guest, and on her part all care was taken to relieve the many distresses of the poor people, who had been driven into the town from the adjacent country. Equally humane and energetic, she mingled amongst them, urged the men to erect sheds and provide shelter for the helpless and destitute, looked to their comforts, and excited in all a spirit of hope and patience. In daily apprehension of the enemy's approach, constant watch was kept throughout the entire extent of the walls, the sentinels were regularly posted and relieved at due

intervals, and all the male inhabitants and strangers capable of bearing arms cheerfully participated in this duty ; while the more regular forces were employed in occasional excursions, cutting off detached parties of the enemy, rescuing the cattle they had plundered and clearing the surrounding neighbourhood of all disaffected persons.

The month of January was passed, February opened with considerable mildness, and the weather was gradually improving, when tidings were brought that M'Carthy, O'Donovan and others had combined their forces, and were advancing with several thousand men, determined to besiege the town, and not many days elapsed ere their advanced guard was descried a few miles distant. All was now bustle and excitement, the few pieces of cannon, which they had planted on the walls and towers, were carefully examined, arms and ammunition distributed, and every preparation made to receive the enemy. No man thought, for a moment, of surrendering ; they looked on their wives and children, and the multitude of helpless beings cast on their protection by the bru-

talities of the Irish ; and knowing that the surrender of this town, would be the signal for a general massacre, as well as the almost utter extinction of the English interest in this quarter, they were resolved to defend themselves to the last. In this resolution, they were strengthened by their high opinion of the ability and courage of the Governor, who was universally beloved by the people.

The Irish soon appeared, and made their advances in good order ; but their nearer approach served to inspire the besieged with greater confidence, for it was observed that they were, for the most part, half-naked and badly armed kerns ; the main body consisting of pikemen, the wings of a few shot and musketeers, with about forty horse badly mounted, and with only two pieces of ordnance which they dragged along tied to logs of timber.

They took up a position on the south eastern side, fronting one of the gates, extending on the rising ground to a considerable distance round the walls, and having thrown up a breastwork and mounted their cannon, they prepared to open a fire upon the town. Their cannon were not only small and inadequate to make a breach in the walls,

but from the ignorance of those who worked them, the balls passed wide of the mark and fell harmlessly, some in the centre of the town and some in the river. The besieged were not idle, but from the towers played upon the enemy with their cannon, and some good marksmen, placed on the battlements, fired with such constant and fatal effect, as to pick off those who were serving the enemy's guns. In a short time, therefore, none could be induced to stand at them, notwithstanding the commands and reproaches of their leaders; who then consulted together about moving to a distance from the town, where they would be beyond the reach of the shot.

Whilst they were thus engaged, the townsmen, headed by the Governor, sallied out and advanced towards them. The rebel leaders thinking they were going to give battle hastened to draw up their forces on the brow of the hill, awaiting their approach, but in their haste left the guns unprotected. A chosen body prepared for the purpose, seized the guns, and being provided with ropes and other implements soon began to drag them towards the town, whilst Lord Kinalmeaky, with two hundred chosen men

and a troop of horse, confronted the enemy who poured on them an irregular and ineffectual volley which was returned with tenfold effect. The Irish were thrown into confusion, and before they could rally and attack him, he commenced an orderly and slow retreat, turning about at intervals to check the enemy, who recovering from their panic had attempted to pursue, and in this manner, aided by the fire of the marksmen from the walls, he succeeded in entering the town with the loss of very few men, and dragging the field pieces in triumph.

This successful attempt was equally productive of confidence on the one side, as it was of discouragement on the other; and the assailants now had the mortification to see that there were only two ways in which they could carry the town, either by blockade or by storm; for the former, their forces were neither adequate in number nor perseverance, and for the latter, their courage would scarcely be sufficient. They retired to their position on the hill and held a council of war, on the measures best for adoption in their present situation. It was resolved to make a vigorous assault early the next day, and as this was what the Governor.

nor anticipated, every precaution was taken, and all diligence used, to provide the necessary means of repelling the attack.

On that evening, a scene of another description was going on in the strong-hold of O'Donovan, one of the besieging chiefs. The party, which had been left to guard the castle during his absence, had sent out some of their number, and plundered the cattle of an English settler, one of the few who still remained in the country, at a short distance from them, and whose safety had been guaranteed by O'Donovan, the owner of the castle. On their return, they resolved to spend the night in revelry ; and accordingly, after feasting on a portion of the prey, they commenced their carouse ; having a good stock of wine and brandy in the castle, which had been a short time before brought from the mansion of one of the neighbouring English, and had proved a seasonable supply for the chief's exhausted cellars. The person, whom he had left in charge during his absence, was his nephew, a coarse and ferocious savage, who regarded little the chief's commands or interest, where his own passions were concerned. He it was who had planned and executed

the day's pillage, and now gave loose to his natural love for intoxicating liquors.

As he sat at the head of the brutal revelers, in the great hall of the castle, and swallowed bumper after bumper of the fiery fluid, the rude and boisterous shouts of his retainers resounded with unceasing hoarseness. There was a person beside him who seemed disgusted with the whole scene, and looked on with a mingled glance of scorn and contempt. He scarcely tasted the intoxicating beverage, but appeared to be present amongst the revellers, with reluctance. His appearance and look were English, though he had in part adopted the Irish dress. He was young, perhaps about five and twenty, and showed a bold manly air, combined with a person above middle size, very strongly but not coarsely built. His drunken companion occasionally urged him to join in the revel, which he quietly but peremptorily declined, not without an audible censure from the other, expressed in no courteous terms, but which his manifest dislike for the individual caused him to pass over with a slight curl of contempt on his lip. As the inebriating beverage did its work, the party became more and more

uproarious, and the horrid din of voices rose in Babel-like confusion to the vaulted roof.

The young man, whom we have noticed as so strangely constituting one amongst this rude assemblage, taking advantage of the uproar, quietly retired, and when alone in one of the passages he breathed more freely, but with a muttered curse on the evil destiny which had thrown him amongst such a crew. He turned hastily towards a flight of steps which led to the vaults of the castle, and, removing two or three iron bolts that fastened on the outside a strong oak door, listened and looked to ascertain whether any one watched his motions; and being satisfied to the contrary, he entered the low and noisome apartment, which was apparently untenanted by any but himself. Yet, advancing towards the remote end he held forward the light, and addressed himself to some person who lay on a heap of straw, seemingly asleep, but, who on his approach, rose up and gazed at him with surprise and doubt. It was Mr. Cavendish, who, on the evening when his party had been defeated, after his search in the ruins for the remains of his wife and chil-

dren, had been captured and brought prisoner by O'Donovan, and since confined in this cell.

“Rise, Sir,” said the young man, “and ask no questions ; you have been here too long ; you are now free. But you must be cautious ; use your liberty wisely, and try to make your way to your friends in the town. I cannot protect you, if I would, all depends on your own discretion and boldness.”

“What,” replied the prisoner, “and do I hear the voice of my countryman in league with rebels and incendiaries—of one plainly above the common herd, and he too in the garb of the Irish ? You bid me go free, why not come with me, and our two right hands may defy a host of these robber kerns ?”

“Alas ! it cannot be ;” said the other sadly, “I am leagued with these people by an unhappy fatality ; my honour is pledged in their confederacy ; and I may not break my plighted word though even death stared me in the face. Death, it would be welcome in comparison to herding with these savages ! But, though I have foolishly pledged myself to this treacherous party, I

am not bound to see a man like you basely cast into a dungeon, left to rot, or perhaps to perish by the assassin's hand. Now, mark me, I must not be questioned by you, nor my motives inquired into. You will wait for another hour; in that time, the rioters will be asleep, or incapable of noticing you; pass this door, and proceed onwards to the left; when you meet the first turn this will bring you to the postern gate, which I shall leave ajar; there is generally a sentinel stationed outside this, but I shall either endeavour to draw him away, or, perhaps, he too will have been induced to join the revellers. The sentinels at the main entrance are, I believe, long ere this, incapable of resistance; and the drawbridge has not been drawn up, since the return of the marauding party. You can, therefore, easily make your way round the castle to it, and, when once you have crossed the moat, lose not a moment. Here are arms, and may the God of the oppressed and helpless defend you." He turned to depart, motioning the prisoner to be silent and observe his directions, and leaving the light which he had brought, closed the door after him and departed.

Astonishment and delight occupied the mind of Mr. Cavendish for some minutes but the thought of freedom soon engrossed him, and the hope of being able to avenge his family, if not to rescue them, gave him new strength and vigour. He had been only slightly wounded in the late conflict and his wounds were nearly healed, for though he had been kept a close prisoner O'Donovan had not denied him necessary food, or dressings for his wounds, so that his health had not suffered much. Every moment that he waited seemed to him an age and his impatience at length became so great that he could bear it no longer, and ere the hour had expired, he was eager to be gone. He rose, walked several times up and down the cell, grasped his sword eagerly, desirous to try his strength on those who had robbed him of all he held dear. He then opened the door, took the light in his left hand and advanced rather incautiously on his route. In his eagerness, forgetting the direction which he should take, he turned to the right, which led to the hall, where the bacchanalian party were still engaged in their revels and on reaching the door, he could not avoid taking one glance at the scene before

him. Most of the party were stretched in stupid drunkenness on the floor, some lay with their heads on the rude table, others, in all the sickness of beastly intoxication, were in a state of brutal stupidity, while a few, amongst whom was the leader, still kept their seats. The light, which Mr. Cavendish held, attracted their attention, even stupified as they were; and with a dreadful yell, two or three started up and rushed towards him. Sensible now of his imprudence, he thought, for a moment, and then hurried back along the left corridor; but the link which he bore was extinguished in his rapid motion, and he was obliged to slacken his pace and grope along the wall. The pursuers who, even in their drunkenness, could follow the passage to which they were accustomed, were fast gaining on him, and now he had scarcely any chance of escape, except in their helplessness, if they should overtake him, when suddenly he found himself firmly grasped by the hand, hurried along at a rapid pace, and almost irresistibly, till he reached the postern which was thrown open; through this he was pushed by a powerful arm, and the door closed behind, with a heavy clanging sound, which rung

through the calm night air ; making the best of his way towards the drawbridge at the farther end, he perceived, to his great dismay, as he approached it, the sentinel walking to and fro on the verge ; he hesitated, for though he might have slain him as he turned on his heel, yet his noble nature revolted from the shedding of blood in a dastardly manner. He was about retracing his steps and seeking some other way of escape, but the danger of being overpowered by numbers, the desire of liberty and the hope of yet recovering his precious family induced him to turn and advance in such a manner as to attract the attention of the sentinel, who turned and confronted him. The conflict was brief, a few passes, and he fell headlong into the moat, whilst Cavendish casting one glance at him, as he floundered in the muddy pool, hurried across the drawbridge and soon gained the covert of a wood, where he was safe from pursuit.

The voices of the drunken crew, as they issued forth from the castle, were heard for a few minutes in threats and imprecation but soon died away in the distance.

On the following day, about ten o'clock ere the fumes of drunkenness had passed

y, the representative of O'Donovan awakened to the consciousness of some unpleasant occurrence having taken place the preceding night; and having summoned his foster brother, he inquired about the prisoner. Being apprised of his escape, and also of the death of the sentinel, he stormed, and swore vengeance on the heretic stranger, whom he conjectured must have been the cause of this. His reflections on the foray and revel of the preceding night did not tend to calm his mind, for he had good reason to fear the resentment of O'Donovan at his return, not so much for the plunder of the cattle, as for the consequences that were likely to follow from it, the escape of the prisoner, about whom he had given a special charge.

He was in a mood of not the most enviable kind, and went out in quest of his English ally, and found him sauntering listlessly about the place. He had resolved to quit the place, in the morning, but was reluctant to leave it without seeing O'Donovan, lest the imputation of a cowardly or clandestine retreat should be cast on him. For this reason, he waited until that worthy should make his appearance. Their greeting was brief and by no means friendly, for at no time did

much cordiality exist between a pair so dissimilar in habits, taste, and disposition.

“ So, sir,” said O’Donovan, “ you have betrayed trust, and set my uncle’s prisoner free. I shall be glad to know how you will answer this to him on his return ?”

Looking at him with a scornful glance, the other replied : “ How dare you interrogate me on this or any other subject ? Know your place and leave me to answer for myself.”

“ Brave words these, for a houseless stranger towards the representative of O’Donovan ! Know that you are in my power, and shall answer to me, yes to me, (seeing him smile contemptuously) for aiding his escape and murdering my follower.”

“ Your follower, base churl, plunderer of the helpless ! I in your power ! I laugh at such shallow boasting ; were it worth my while to stain my sword with your blood, I would stretch you on that sward as stark and cold as he is whom you call your follower. Go carry your vaunts to the robber horde whom you so much resemble, but dare not to address me thus. Henceforth, I renounce all connexion with so base and contaminated a crew.”

ing by this language, the other retorted more fiercely, but feared to use violence, knew himself no match for the manhood before him ; still all the spirit he was roused, and a little more would have led him to try his strength, which his opponent seeing, and being reluctant that a matter should come to blows, turned to him, saying at the same time, "Keep your foul language for those of your own class. I go, never to return to this of thieves and bacchanals."

When O'Donovan saw him determined to fight, he called to some of his men to seize him. At the same time, he laid his hand on the young man's arm, with the purpose of restraining him, but roused by the insult, he struck a short round, and with the pommel of his sword struck him such a blow on the head that he fell prostrate, while the blood gushed from his mouth and nostrils. Some of his followers hastened to raise him, and some endeavored to prevent the other's escape, but he sprang about, threatening death to the first man within the reach of his weapon. By his manner, they stood at bay till he reached the edge of the moat, and a sudden bound cleared it and landed

on the opposite bank. All this was the work of a minute, and they did not recover from their astonishment, till they saw him mount his horse, which he had ready saddled on the opposite side, and ride off at full speed. Pursuit was useless, they knew the fleetness of his horse, and none cared to risk his life in following one so daring and skilful in the use of arms.

It was about the hour when this circumstance occurred, that the Irish chiefs put their forces in motion to attack the town, and advanced in tolerably good order. They were much galled in their approach by the guns from the towers, till they came near the walls. Still the small arms did execution among them, though they returned the fire with some effect. They had prepared scaling ladders for the assault and large beams which they intended to employ in battering down the gates ; but scarcely did they commence their operations, when the continuous shower of stones, burning brands, and all kinds of missile forced them to retreat to some distance. A large body of them now endeavoured to make a diversion, and turn the attention of the besieged to another quarter ; but whilst they were

was occupied, the gate was suddenly thrown open, and the Governor, with the strength of a garrison amounting to four hundred men and sixty horse, issued forth and attacked them vigorously. Part of this force wheeled to one flank, the cavalry flanked the other, and attacked them in the rear, while the rest charged them in front. The Irish fought well for a time, but gradually began to give way, when the detached parties were recalled, and in turn assailed the horse who had already made an impression in their rear. These were now hemmed in and Captain Stawel, who, though not yet recovered, had requested to be allowed to take his place in the operations of the day, fearing the dreadful consequences which would ensue to the town, if they were driven off, (for without cavalry it would be wholly impossible to guard against the marching parties of the enemy, or to procure provisions) directed his men to force their way, at any risk, through their opponents; and just at this moment, a loud cry arose amongst the remote rear of the Irish, and they began to fly in all directions. The panic spread on every side, and, it was seen that an unexpected reinforcement had ar-

rived in some score of men, who were committing dreadful havoc amongst the enemy. The field was soon cleared, and the English, fatigued with their exertions and reluctant to leave the town without adequate defence, did not pursue them far, and took but few prisoners. It was soon ascertained, and with universal joy amongst the people, that their unexpected reinforcement consisted in Mr. Cavendish, and other of the English colonists whom he had met in his return to the town, and who, arriving just in time, had fallen on the Irish who imagined their numbers greater, and were struck with fear as being doubly hemmed in. Nearly two hundred of the Irish were slain in this encounter, and there were about a score of prisoners, but the English did not lose a dozen men, though many were severely wounded.

The first care of the victors was to bury their slain, with military honours and all becoming solemnities, and their next was to dispose of their prisoners. The commission of the Governor was distinct and positive on this point: the times were fearfully critical and dangerous; the shocking barbarities practised by the enemy seemed to demand a severe retribution, and the hope

minating this sanguinary struggle
of the southern leaders to resort to
extreme measures.

prisoners were all brought forth ;
proved that they were taken in arms
for the King and his constituted au-
thorities, and they were forthwith ordered
to execution.

One hour after the battle, twenty
miles might be seen suspended outside
the walls, a fearful array of death, left to
decay in mid air, to bear, in the insensible
hours of mortality, the gushing rains of
pestilence, to be rocked to and fro in the
whirlwind blast, to be fed upon by carrion
and to terrify, by the shocking aspect
of putridly corruption, the agents of anarchy
and rebellion.

CHAPTER III

“AND now the boy has shed his blood upon them, I hope that God will so bless him and his Majesty’s forces, that as I now write but of the killing of hundreds, I shall shortly write of the killing of thousands. For their unexampled cruelty has bred such desires of revenge in us, that every man hath laid aside all compassion, and is as bloody in his desires against them, as they have been in their execution against us.”

Such is a portion of a letter from the Earl of Cork to the Earl of Warwick, written immediately after the victory gained over the rebels headed by M’Carthy Reagh, and it gives perhaps as fair a picture as can be drawn of the feelings of both parties; the insatiable spirit of vengeance on the one side, arising from unexampled and unprovoked cruelty on the other. But the stout-hearted and loyal old Earl, whilst

at this time he was severely pressed and straitened by the rebels, however he might have looked forward to his own death in the course of nature or by the hand of the enemy, contemplated with delight the glory and renown of his gallant son, little anticipating that he should live to see that son, within a very few months, cut off in the midst of his career of loyal service to his King and country.

The day subsequent to the victory was spent by the townsmen in rejoicings ; they had acquired a large quantity of arms which the Irish cast away in their precipitate flight, besides a considerable store of corn, and much cattle, which had been previously pillaged and left at their encampment. Though the town was well supplied with provisions, yet this was a seasonable boon to the large assemblage of helpless persons who had been driven in there by the barbarity of the Irish.

For some weeks after this event, nothing of importance occurred ; close watch was kept on every side against a surprise, and so distressing was the duty, that many began to murmur against it, and to question the necessity of the constant mounting

dition, which the Parliament long since ordered to be transported hither, might hastened; for had they come sooner, the relief of Limerick would have been prevented. The cannon of which place had served them to reduce all the castles in that country except that of Loughgir, defended for the Earl of Bath, and his own castle of Ashton, wherein he had maintained a hundred men since the breaking out of the rebellion which was then besieged by four thousand Irish, and in great danger of being lost. He adds: "That the forces maintained by him, and commanded by his sons, had destroyed above three thousand of rebels since the insurrection; that he was forced to sell his plate to pay his soldiers. 'I have,' said he, 'with a free heart, and liberal hand, spent all that I have, and am now unable to do no more; I grieve not at my own losses and wants, but to see that my soldiers, my seasoned and disciplined companions, without clothes or pay, afflicts me to the soul.'"

Such is the picture of Irish affairs in Munster drawn by one who had too good reason to know and feel its truth, and was written at a time, when, if it were not true

it might, and would have been controverted. Still it affords but a faint view of the horrors of that disastrous period, though we cannot see, without a shudder, the coolness with which a man, otherwise kind, generous and humane, states that Lord Barrymore, "hanged forty-three rebels for a breakfast;" and it must ever be lamented that such a shocking state of affairs should have existed in a christian country, as that men's lives should be sacrificed, at the pleasure of an individual empowered thus to launch, at once, so many of his fellow-men into eternity, with scarcely the shadow of a trial.

Mr. Cavendish was received by the Governor and people, with the greatest respect and cordiality. Not only his recent service, but the general esteem for his character, combined with sympathy for his sufferings, caused him to be an object of universal regard, and many offered themselves to assist in ascertaining the fate of his innocent family. Scouts were sent out, and spies, disguised in various ways, were employed to discover whether they yet lived, but without effect, and hope began almost to abandon him; yet he did not give himself up to despair or idleness, but endeavoured to be

useful to his country, and by active ployment to overcome the power of corroding sorrow which preyed upon mind. At this period, some English arrived in the harbour of Kinsale, bringing a small supply of arms and ammunition to the loyalists, and amongst other things the powder which the Bandonians had money to purchase.

The safe conveyance of this to the castle was a matter, on which the very existence of the place depended, and Mr. Cavendish offered his service for that purpose. His offer was accepted, and a body of fifty foot and twenty horse were assigned for the purpose. It was supposed that the enemy, after their recent defeat, would scarcely be likely to assemble in any considerable numbers. The party set out and arrived safely at their destination, and after a brief halt, commenced their return, attended by a troop of horse and some infantry from Kinsale, whose object was to accompany them on their way and then return, as they expected to be met by their townsmen in a particular spot agreed on ; but when they reached their place, the party had not arrived, and Cavendish sent back the Kinsale

thinking their attendance unnecessary ; as in consequence of the defeat so recently sustained by the Irish, it was not likely they would dare to attack him. This imprudent confidence nearly involved the ruin of him and his party ; for he had not proceeded far, when he was attacked on all sides by an immense number of the Irish, part of whom endeavoured to make themselves masters of the ammunition, whilst the others kept the small party engaged. It was in vain that they faced to every side, the enemy were around them like a hedge, and as fast as they were driven back, others rushed on, till the English were almost exhausted, and many of them severely wounded.

Deeply deploring this untoward event, and resolved not to return unless successful, Mr. Cavendish rallied his men several times, and with his own arm struck down many of the assailants ; but all would not do, and he saw that they must either cut their way through the Irish, or else surrender at discretion. The latter course could not be entertained for a moment, and, therefore, he was endeavouring to collect them into one compact body, and so break through

the thickening masses of the enemy, who had already seized on the powder, when a shout was raised, and he saw, to his great relief, the Kinsale men returning with speed. They had been attracted by the firing, and conjecturing the cause, hastened back to the relief of their friends, and with great fury attacked the Irish, who turned to oppose their new foe, gave the Banians time to rally. Nearly at the same instant, the expected succour from the town appeared at a short distance, and the Irish, seeing themselves hemmed in, began to fly in all directions. Great numbers were killed, for there was scarcely a thing, as giving quarter or taking prisoners, known amongst the combatants in these bloody frays.

The skirmish was at an end, the Irish were dispersed or slain and the troops prepared to return, when Mr. Cavendish observed two or three of the men, on the point of cutting down a defenceless prisoner. It was just in time to rescue him from their reluctant grasp, and grant him life. When the wretch found himself safe, and ascertained to whom he was indebted for life, he addressed a few hurried words to his d

liverer to the effect, that he would repay the service he had rendered him.

“What,” said Mr. Cavendish, “you repay me, and you too a renegade from your religion and loyalty, for I now know you. Keep your base life, and talk not to me of remuneration.”

“And yet,” said the other, in the English dialect, “mean as I am, I can tell you that, which will in some respect repay you, for the life you have spared. Your wife and children !”

“What of them?—Know you aught of their fate?—Speak, man, you will indeed repay me, by telling me that they live.”

“Said I not so?” replied the other, “now for my tidings.” He then stated, that, on the night of the burning, he had been forced by O’Sullivan, the chief who perpetrated the outrage, and who entertained a peculiar animosity to Mr. Cavendish, to accompany him on the expedition; that when they became masters of the house, the Irish were on the point of murdering the whole family, till with difficulty he prevailed on O’Sullivan to spare Mrs. Cavendish and her children, on the ground, that such valuable hostages would either bring

a large ransom, or serve to make his should the insurgents fail in their That they had been conveyed to (van's castle, but had been remo him, he could not discover where, the successes of the townsmen, he an attack ; he pledged himself, h to use every exertion to discover th of imprisonment, and restore them Cavendish.

“ And how,” said that gentleman incredulous tone, “ how am I to kn this story is not a fabrication inve impose on me, by exciting gro hope ?”

“ Simply,” said the other “ from own search in the ruins, and that I m communication not to gain life, f you had already granted, and that dertaking to search for your family the risk of death from the Irish.”

“ Well then, I shall trust you ; bu are playing me false, be prepared vengeance ; if not, and should you me my precious family, no reward power shall be held back.”

“ Agreed,” said the other, “ b the matter to yourself, as a discove

to the Irish might totally frustrate my aim and yours."

Mr. Cavendish then joined the party on their return to town, and continued almost silent for the rest of the route, pondering on the tale he had just heard, and overjoyed at even the slight hope, which was offered of recovering his wife and children.

The man, who had given him the information, was a well known character in that district. An Englishman, he had commenced life with fair prospects, but libertinism and licentiousness, had soon left him penniless ; he then became a dependant on his countrymen for a precarious livelihood, but they, disgusted with his vicious habits had soon cast him off, when he turned over to the Irish and assisted them in any capacity they wished, aiding in their predatory incursions, fomenting rebellion, acting as spy on the English ; in fact being devoid of principle, it mattered little to him, how he was engaged, provided he procured means to gratify his base appetites. He possessed remarkable ability and address, but only a very moderate share of courage, and consequently he endeavoured to keep aloof from the flames of that civil war, which he had

been instrumental in fomenting. It was **he** who had given intelligence to the attack **ing** party, that day; but they had, **much** against his will, detained him to share **the** danger and, as they hoped, the triumph.

Unsatisfactory as the information he **gave** was, still it strengthened a hope which **was** on the point of expiring, and suspicious **as** his offers of service looked, Mr. Cavendish resolved to make a trial of him. He, **there-**fore, gave him some money, promising a much larger sum, if he should bring **any** more positive tidings, and he departed seemingly well pleased with his new **com-**mission.

On the ensuing day, a party of three **per-**sons were together in the hall of M'Carthy Reagh's castle, at Kilbritton: the one **was** the chief in person, the second, the **young** Englishman, whom we have mentioned **as** effecting the escape of Mr. Cavendish, **and** the third the spy, who had been set free **by** him, as just related. M'Carthy strode **up** and down the apartment with hasty **steps**, occasionally stopping to ask a question **or** give utterance to some exclamation of **pas-**sionate violence. The Englishman looked on in cold, and almost contemptuous **si-**

lence, and the keen eyes of the spy wandered from one to the other, with inquiring glance, or were humbly cast down, whenever addressed by the M'Carthy; yet, when the chief turned away again, a knowing and treacherous smile passed over his face, which was quickly smoothed into humble deference, whenever he confronted him.

"You say," continued M'Carthy, "that the convoy would have been taken, but for the return of the Kinsale men."

"Ay," replied the other; "but there was a strong body of the townsmen coming up, who were very likely to have recovered it again."

"And you," retorted he quickly, "you surrendered yourself to the heretics."

"It was as good to surrender as run away like my betters."

M'Carthy gave a fierce look at the speaker, but he bent his eyes on the floor, as if unconscious of having said any thing offensive.

"In what state, say you, is the town? It must be in want of provisions, in consequence of the number of people driven into it. Think you, they can maintain the place?"

“Why, I won’t speak of the time they may hold out; but they have cattle and corn enough, and while there is no way to prevent them, they can get more; only to go out when they please, and do a prey from the O’Donovans and O’Svans, or may be the M’Carthys too.”

“Silence, babbler,” said the chief of the rage, “the beggarly mechanics would dare to come near the M’Carthy’s land and touch his cattle.”

“To be sure, they’ll consider before they do that, for it must be a bad man, indeed, that won’t fight for provision. Perhaps, your Lordship will take the town, and that will be the way of preventing them from coming hither.”

“Begone, and quit my presence,” replied he, “but leave not the castle; you shall find work for even your cowardly but presumptuous mind; and mark this, if you blab not these tidings to my men, they will hear them soon enough; but let your tongue loose amongst them, or your life shall pay the forfeit.”

The spy arose, and with a profound bow took his leave, inwardly chuckling at

bitter feelings of degradation and disgrace, which he had excited in the chief.

When he was gone, M'Carthy turned to his companion and said,

"You see, Melville, the unfortunate position of our affairs, the cowardice of our people: their want of arms and discipline, with the courage and system of the enemy, have reduced us to an almost desperate state."

"There was a time," replied the other coldly, "when all these matters ought to have been taken into consideration; it is now too late, and you must only meet your fate manfully."

"Zounds, Melville," said he, "you speak as coolly, as if nothing was at stake; know you not, that it is not merely my own life, which I would sacrifice any day, to secure the freedom of my country, but my hereditary domains must go to satisfy some craving countrymen of yours. My people will be all cut off or enslaved, and the last hope of independence will be destroyed; this is what harasses my mind, and this I must prevent, if it be possible."

"I repeat," said the other, "it is now

too late, the enemy is flushed with success and it is not at all unlikely they will soon attack even your castle ; and assuredly little quarter is to be expected from our countrymen, enraged as they are by repeated cruelties."

" Ay, there you are right ; but I never agreed to those barbarous acts ; it was the brute O'Donovan and others, and I could not prevent them. Still, I am sorry that you quarrelled with that savage. Of what importance was it to you, if he detained Cavendish a prisoner ? And you see, that he is now an active leader amongst our enemies."

" They would have found another lead and it was not his having been detained a prisoner, but the fate which I knew awaited him, in case your forces were defeated which induced me to set him free."

" Well, we can't recall that act ; but what had we better do ? The confederacy in this quarter, is daily growing weaker, and in fear, we shall not be able to do more than keep our own."

" Ay, effect so much if you can, I don't why ask my advice ? I came to this count unacquainted with your real resources."

but, willing to seize on any means, which would serve me in annoying the government. I had injuries to avenge, and insults to punish, but I have been deceived in my expectations. I have not been admitted to your counsels. And when an enterprise was planned, in which I might have been useful, the paltry jealousy of your barbarous chiefs prevented my sharing in it, you have been unsuccessful in every thing, and you now apply to me."

"This is unjust towards me, Melville, for you know, that I contended earnestly, almost to a quarrel on your account, and it was merely for appearance sake, that I requested you to visit O'Donovan's castle, for a few days, lest his paltry jealousy should be excited against you, and perhaps cause your death by the hand of some of his clan."

"I blame not you, M'Carthy, but my own folly, which plunged me into these difficulties. You once befriended me in danger, and as I am not ungrateful, and have promised adherence to your cause, I shall not desert you, in the hour of trial, in defence of your castle. I shall do my utmost, but in this barbarous war, and in

conjunction with the brutal chiefs around I shall never draw my sword. Give me a fair field and a brave foe, and then I shall fight in your cause. I shall, therefore, join the camp before Cork, and see if the matters are more honourably and wisely managed."

"Well, I shall not urge you, but let us now see what provision we can make against a siege, since I fear it must end in that."

As he thus spoke, his companion rose, and both proceeded to inspect the works, and put every thing in the best order for the reception of the enemy. Meantime, the speaker had sought the followers of M'Carthy, and indulging his passion for mischief, passed from one group to another, briefly relating the news, which he had before communicated to the chief, and with such remarks and comments as tended to excite in them the apprehensions of an immediate siege, and of the formidable power of the force coming against them. It was, therefore, with some reluctance that they listened to the orders of M'Carthy, and slowly proceeded to execute them. Their spirits were damped by their recent defeat, and the ominous ti

ings they had just heard. He perceived the panic spreading, and threatened death to the first man, who hesitated to comply, but suspecting the cause, ordered the spy to be confined in one of the vaults of the castle, and though he appealed to Melville, he did not think proper to interfere, as having determined to share his friend's fate, and entertaining a dislike to the odious occupation of the man, whether he were faithful or not, he justly conjectured, that his present policy was to recommend himself to the English, seeing the cause of his late friends on the decline, and thinking it better to side with the stronger party.

All hands were now employed in making preparations for defence, and Melville exerted himself amongst the foremost, seeming to be engaged in an element, for which he was naturally adapted, and forgetting, in the excitement of the scene, his indifference or dislike to the cause. The number of men in the castle was considerable, but by no means equal to what M'Carthy could have raised at a former period, for many of his clan were about in different places, and with various hordes of plunderers; some had been slain, and some kept aloof, dreading

the result of the sanguinary struggle then going on, and the recent defeats tended in great measure to weaken the confidence of the remainder.

Still the chief hoped to be able to hold out so as to weary the besiegers, relying much on the strength of his walls, and the improbability of a force being spared from the town, adequate to the siege. In both particulars he was mistaken, for early on the ensuing day, his scouts brought intelligence of the enemy's approach headed by Lord Kinalmeaky.

They consisted of three hundred of the best armed, and most determined of the garrison, well supplied with ammunition, and bringing with them the two pieces of cannon, which had been captured from the rebels.

We have before described the situation of this strong-hold with its enclosures and defences, and, therefore, need not enter on them again, but merely add, that they had been a good deal enlarged and improved by the present proprietor. The ground was rather disadvantageous to the besiegers, as the castle was on an eminence, and thus exposed them to the missiles of the be-

d, whilst making their approaches, but giving an equal chance to them in ascent to the platform on which it stood. The Governor took up his position behind the barbican, and having caused a new entrenchment to be thrown up, directed his cannon and commenced a fire on the outer wall, with the intention of opening a breach in it, but from want of skill in those who worked the guns, very little impression was made on the massive wall. Meanwhile a constant and galling fire was kept up from the castle and towers, which obliged him to seek a situation more remote, in which his men were constantly wounded in an exposed position. Whilst they were making this change of place, a sally was suddenly made by the besieged headed by the Governor, and so brisk and unexpected was the attack as to throw the assailants into confusion, till Mr. Cavendish succeeded in rallying and bringing his party round to meet them. In this he would scarcely have succeeded, had not Captain Stawel perceived his danger and hastened to his assistance. By their united efforts, the men were brought up to the encounter, and

gradually repulsed the far superior number of the Irish.

Captain Stawel and Melville met, and exchanged some passes, but were separated by the fluctuating tide of battle, as the English pressed on the retreating foe, and were speedily driven back towards the fortress. Melville was surrounded by the ordered mass, and hurried along with fugitives who rushed in at the gate of the barbican, intermingled with the pursuers. Ere these latter were aware, the gate was closed, and about twenty of them found themselves shut in and separated from their friends, whilst the enemy began to rally and turn upon them. They would inevitably have been cut to pieces, had Lord Kinalmeaky seen their danger, and hurried up, with a strong force, breaking through the gate, and driving the Irish across the drawbridge into the inner court or bailey. The English had now possession of the barbican, with its towers and defences, there they made a lodgment and strengthened themselves till the next day, as the enemy did not venture another attack.

M'Carthy consulted with his friend

propriety of further defence, and though doubted the probability of success, they felt ashamed to abandon the place without another struggle, and, accordingly, the ensuing morning, his best men were sent out for the assault, and a fire was maintained from the castle and inner works against the party in the outworks. This did little as they kept close, and ensconced themselves behind the walls. At length, two leaders of the Irish began to cross the draw-bridge, aided by a strong body of

On these the English opened a fire, and when they were nearly across, rushed out to the assault. The Irish were cut down, and tumbled into the moat, their numbers being crowded into a narrow space prevented effectual defence; they gave way, in spite of their leaders' efforts, and were driven into confusion on the bridge, on the other side of which the English made good their position.

Another attempt was made to dislodge them, but without effect and the reinforcement of the besiegers was now brought near on the castle, which was for a while resisted, but when the gate had been bat-

tered down, the English rushed in bearing down all before them.

M'Carthy and his friend retreated through the postern, accompanied by the remnant of their forces, swam the moat and succeeded in gaining the castle of Coolmain, which stood a few miles distant farther out in the bay, and was held by a retainer of the family. This place was much less defensible than Kilbritton, and it was only shame united with the bitter feeling of reluctance to yield his last stronghold, which caused this once powerful chief to think of standing another siege there. The English took possession of all the cattle and other substance found in Kilbritton, and having put it in a posture of defence and left a small garrison there, prepared to advance against Coolmain.

The situation of this castle, on a neck of land, afforded a facility in case of defeat, for escape by sea, and to this object M'Carthy and his friend now turned their attention, providing such vessels as they could, which were kept moored close under the castle. The victorious English did not allow them much time for preparation, but soon made

appearance before the walls, which attacked with their cannon, rather successfully than they had done at itton ; but after a few hours, night on ; the attack ceased and in the ing when it was renewed, there was sistance. They entered without op- on and found no one within. The had escaped by sea, during the night, n what direction, was not known. ng a small garrison here also, under command of Mr. Cavendish, Lord meaky returned, with the remainder s force, to Bandon, bringing an im- e booty of cattle, and other necessa- or his distressed countrymen. He was ble to get rid of many hundreds of the es, by quartering them in this and castles, which were captured from to time.

CHAPTER IV.

THE place to which M'Carthy directed his course, with the remnant of his forces, was the island or peninsula of Dunworly, corresponding with the old Head of Kinsale on the opposite side of the bay, and stretching out in a narrow headland.

It belonged to the O'Cowigs, and had been used as a stronghold by them from time immemorial. For this purpose it was well adapted by nature, as the coast was of the most rugged and dangerous character, with only one place where there was a safe landing ; but this was defended by strong towers on either side. The entire compass of the island or rather peninsula, presented a broken and precipitous girdle of rocks rising to a considerable height, and here and there indented with deep caves, into which the waves dashed with violence ; and on the landside, it was defended by a strong wall, which with its

towers, when even tolerably well manned, was deemed sufficient to prevent any hostile force of the time from crossing the isthmus.

Here O'Cowig had collected whatever prey he could, and hence he and his followers made occasional excursions to procure corn and fodder, deeming themselves safe from invasion. He received M'Carthy and his friend with rude hospitality, and promised his aid in endeavouring to replace him in his possessions; a promise which however sincere, he was not likely to have in his power to fulfil, for the English now began to extend their conquests to the surrounding districts, capturing all the strongholds in the neighbourhood, and carrying their arms even into Bantry, where the Bandonians took O'Sullivan's principal castle of Carriganess, after an obstinate resistance.

Thus, a few brave men, under skilful and determined leaders, were fast achieving the pacification of the south of Munster, which they would have fully effected, had they received that support from the ruling powers they had a right to expect; but these pursued the same vile policy, which had been

the means of kindling the flame of civil strife, and kept watching the progress of events, with the eyes of vultures on their prey, expecting that the confiscations on every side would be so extensive as to realise for them princely domains, and enable them to revel in abundance, out of the wrecks which they had caused.

It was a few days after his arrival, that Melville strolled out alone along the verge of the rocks which skirted the island, and wrapped in his own gloomy thoughts, regarded little the surrounding objects, till he came to a solitary creek, near which stood one of the keeps which were erected at different points along the shore. Here his attention was arrested, by hearing some one speak near him ; and looking round, he saw a group of persons seated on a ledge of rock, looking anxiously on the expanse of ocean which spread before them. This consisted of a matronly lady, a younger one who might be her daughter, and a fine manly boy with a little girl. In this group the reader will recognise the missing family of Mr. Cavendish ; but for what purpose they had been conveyed thither, it was not easy to ascertain. Melville stood with his

fixed upon them, till Alfred, observing
essence, started up to defend his mother
ister from intrusion, and whilst his
ecame flushed with passion, asked in
ried tone, who he was and why he
here? Smiling at the boy's earnest
irited manner, Melville approached,
low to the elder lady, and assured
s presence there was entirely acci-
and that if it were disagreeable he
immediately retire.

as ! Sir," said the lady, " we have
er to forbid any one's approach ; we
e, by the most cruel violence, torn
ur home and friends, our habitation
, and ourselves subjected to brutal
ce ; but I am, perhaps, wrong in
g thus to one who appears by his
be an associate of the Irish, though
gue and manner bespeak him of our
ce."

unhappy circumstances have indeed
ted me with the Irish," replied Mel-
' yet do not from this suppose that I
either from inclination or necessity,
nnexion with their cruelties."

am scarcely able at this time to enter
rticulars ; we are only permitted to

come thus far from our prison, under strict engagement not to go to any quarter of the island, or converse with any of the natives who are about us; and this we have pledged ourselves, in order to procure even the small boon of breathing the free air of heaven. But what is to be our fate I know not; for myself it matters little; but, my poor, helpless children, what is to become of you? Oh! my God, grant me patience to endure this trial, and save my children from these blood-thirsty men!"

Moved almost to tears by this afflictive scene, Melville gazed in silence on the children crowding round their parent; and Emma, seeing his eyes fixed on her, hid her face in her mother's bosom, whilst Alfred tried to console her by asserting, in simplicity, that he was sure he would be able soon to contrive some means of escape.

Melville again broke silence, by saying with an earnestness of manner, that carried conviction of his sincerity,

"Believe me, Madam, I sincerely sympathize in your sufferings. Much is not in my power; yet I shall do my utmost

deliver you from this thralldom ; it will, however, rest with you, to inform me, so far as you think proper, of the causes and circumstances connected with the outrage committed upon you."

"I have no hesitation on that subject," she answered; and she then briefly detailed to him what we have already related concerning the burning of her house, and the subsequent events, stating further, that they had been, a few days after their capture, conveyed to the coast and brought to the island, where they had been detained ever since.

On hearing this story, Melville felt deeply affected, and assured the afflicted family that he would use his utmost endeavours to effect their deliverance, and soon after left them, promising to return the next day.

His first business was to seek out M'Carthy, and detail to him what he had just heard, adding an entreaty that he would assist him in procuring the captives' liberation. M'Carthy was much surprised by his narrative, and expressed himself strongly against such outrages ; but declined interfering with O'Cowig, on the

ground that being his guest he could venture to pry into his secrets.

Disappointed in this hope, Melville spoke rather warmly, and said,

“They were all compromised in such barbarity, which had already brought a curse on the cause in which they were embarked.”

“That may be, my friend,” replied the other, “but you know little of O’Cowig’s disposition, or indeed of the general character of our oppressed nation. Violence and robbery have roused their natural fierceness to savage fury, and the retaliation of our oppressors, in their recent successes, has excited feelings of animosity which will never die. I dare not interfere with our host ; he has, no doubt, private reasons for this act, and his having kept this family concealed from us is a proof that he will not be meddled with.”

“I will then myself remonstrate with him,” answered Melville, hastily, “and let me see whether he dares refuse my request.”

“Forbear, I pray you, and do not tempt his violence ; it would only cause your own ruin ; for think you, he would enter into

personal quarrel with you, and not rather summon some of his brutal followers, and cast you into a dungeon, where you may, at leisure, reflect on your own rashness? Give up these people then to their fate, and let us rather consult for ourselves and consider our future prospects."

"Never," answered he, "I doubt whether I shall ever again draw the sword in this heartless enterprise; but I am resolved to rescue this suffering family, and I only ask you not to divulge my intention. The rest shall be my care."

"Be it so, then," said his friend, "but I bid you beware lest your own life pay the forfeit."

They separated, M'Carthy to brood over the result of his rash ambition, and Melville to devise plans for effecting the object on which he was so earnestly bent.

That day passed, and he could arrive at no feasible resolution; he strolled along the beach meditating on the subject and watching to see the captives again. He did see them as before, and for several days in succession, ere he could devise any likely means of deliverance. Meantime he felt himself gradually gaining on their regard,

and began to persuade himself that the younger lady, in particular, looked on his daily visit with pleasure. An interval of two days, however, occurred without meeting them, and he began to dread that his visits had been discovered. His heart sunk within him, at the thought of what the captives were perhaps subjected to. He could not rest, and after tossing about and courting sleep in vain, he rose early and walked forth towards the gate. He was surprised to see O'Cowig, with a select party manifestly preparing for one of his predatory expeditions, and by no means in a quiet or agreeable mood. He looked displeased to find his guest abroad so early, and seemed to suspect him of some private reason for prying into his affairs, and addressed him rather sharply ; the other replied in a careless manner, so as to turn his attention from himself to other objects, and after a few words passed on, but not without observing close at hand the spy who had been imprisoned by M'Carthy at Kilbritton, and who was conferring with O'Cowig, just as he came up. This man looked at Melville in such a manner as to intimate a desire to make some communication ; and it immedi-

struck him that such an agent might be useful in what he was meditating. He, therefore, strolled on a little till the party had set off, and was soon overtaken by the spy, who bowed to him respectfully, expressing a hope that he was not intruding on his privacy. Melville had been before surprised at his manner and address, so much superior to what might have been expected in a man of his odious occupation, and uttered a few words expressive of his astonishment, that one like him should lead such an uncertain and degrading life.

"You need not be astonished," said the other, "and did you know my history you would not. I am now different from what I once was, for a youth spent in dissipation compelled me to adopt a wandering life, and support myself as I could, by being useful to any who want my services, and if I mistake not, I can be useful to you."

"Perhaps so ;" replied Melville, "but I think you can scarcely know the subject of my thoughts."

"There you are wrong," he answered. "I know you desire to deliver Mrs. Caven-

dish and her children from the barbarians."

"Well, suppose it is so ; though I can conceive how you discovered it, how could I trust you in the business?"

"There again you are wrong, good Sir, for I am as trustworthy as any gentleman you have ever met."

"It would be difficult to convince me that, for I know that you have acted as a spy to the Irish leaders, and, perhaps, had a hand in entrapping this helpless family."

"No, good Sir, not so bad quite, and I have rendered the Irish a little service, which was all in the way of my honourable profession, which you know must be practised by some one. Now those fellows pay badly, and, besides, are very easily offended; witness M'Carthy's treatment of me at Limerick ; but I am disposed to adopt another service, one likely to be more profitable."

"Does M'Carthy know you are here?"

"Not at all, noble Sir, nor does O'Connor desire he should, for the little affair which I have sent him, is a delicate one and must be kept secret ; besides, I do not care to come again into the hands of the

uncivil gentleman, and must, therefore, keep out of sight ; but if you are desirous to effect the purpose I have mentioned, I can not only aid you, but give you such proofs of my faithfulness, as to satisfy your scruples."

Disgusted though he was at the unprincipled conduct of this man, yet Melville determined to use him for his present purpose, as he could not devise any better mode, and, therefore agreed to go with him to a retired spot where he could open his plan, without danger of being overheard, and so satisfied did he become of his ability to effect what he promised, that he engaged to give him a handsome reward for his services.

In a few hours after this, Melville went to the spot where he had met Mrs. Cavendish, and had the pleasure of seeing young Alfred come towards him. The lad said that his mother had been very ill, and on that account the family could not come out, as they had been accustomed, but that she was now much better, and had sent him to meet the stranger, if possible, and see whether he had been able to do any thing towards their deliverance. "And, oh Sir," said he,

“ I would not care for myself, but I cannot bear to see my poor mother and sister pining away in this horrid place ; if I were a man I would fight the savage who keeps them here, and if ever I meet him when we are out of this, I shall find a way to make him pay dearly for his cruelty.”

“ Cheer up, my brave boy,” replied the man, “ you will be a man, and a brave one too ; and your friends shall not be long here, for I hope this night to be able to deliver them.”

“ Oh ! how my mother will rejoice to see Emma too, when we meet our dear father again. If he had known where we were he would have delivered us long since, but perhaps he is dead, and the rebels have murdered him.”

“ No, my young friend, he is not dead ; you shall soon see him, or I am a false prophet. But go back and tell your mother not to be surprised, if she finds visitors in her chamber when she least expects it ; that she must trust to my guidance and follow implicitly my directions.”

“ That I shall ;” said the boy cheerfully. “ but mind you bring me arms, that I may defend them if we are attacked.”

Smiling at his youthful ardour, Melville said he should have his request, and then having bade him adieu, returned hastily to the castle, where he had another conference with the spy, which seemed so satisfactory, that he felt impatient till the time of trial arrived.

About two o'clock the next morning, he repaired to a spot at some distance from the keep, where Mrs. Cavendish and her children were confined, and at the base of a low rock overspread with bushes, he waited for a short while, looking anxiously about in the glimmering twilight, which just then commenced. It was not long before his emissary made his appearance, rising amongst the brushwood and putting aside the bushes which hid the entrance to an excavation partly natural and partly artificial, extending to some distance from the keep, and opening on the other extremity towards the sea. This and several other headlands or islands on that coast had many such excavations, used in the earlier times as places of retreat or stores, by the turbulent proprietors of the district. It was usual to erect a castle over a certain part of them, and to have a communication from some principal

apartment to the cave, so as to aid escape in case of the inmates being hard pressed. They served also for prisons ; and many dark and bloody deed was perpetrated there, and many a poor victim there sigh his last, far from human aid and kind sympathy. Into this gloomy and noisy den Melville followed the spy in silence and holding his hand, was led onward to a large chamber, where he had left his light. They then proceeded cautiously along a dark and narrow passage, till they reached a strong oaken door which remained ajar. Here the spy desired Melville to wait a few minutes, till he should ascend a rugged stair which led to the principal apartment and see if all were quiet. He soon returned and motioned to his companion to follow, which he did, until having passed through the hall, they ascended another staircase to the wall, and came to the narrow chamber in which the unhappy family were confined. The spy undid the bolt which externally fastened the door, and both stood in the presence of Mrs. Cavendish and her children. Alfred's eyes glistened with joy at seeing them, and more especially when Melville placed in his hands a small :

light sword, which he flourished and wielded with all the delight of a young warrior. Poor Mrs. Cavendish trembled, and could scarcely articulate, but Emma supported her, with a fortitude called forth by the trying circumstances in which they were placed.

No time could be lost in useless conversation, did they even feel disposed for it, for the day was beginning to appear and might prove the ruin of their enterprise. The spy descended first, followed by the females, and Alfred with Melville brought up the rear. Just as they reached the entrance of the stairs leading to the vault, the door was opened, a rush of wind from below extinguished the light, and they were left in total darkness. To proceed was impossible, to retreat ruin, and, after a hurried consultation, the spy desired them to wait there till he should try to procure a fresh light. His absence seemed to the impatient captives an age, and they imagined the slightest sound an indication that their enemies were aroused and searching for them. He soon, however, reappeared, but his look and manner were hurried and fearful.

Motioning to them to be silent, he resumed his place and descended the stairs, but scarcely had Alfred and Melville entered the doorway, when the sound of footsteps and voices approached nearer and nearer. Several men rushed towards them, guided by the light which issued from below in a faint stream.

“ Bolt the door,” cried the spy, “ or we are all lost,” and as Melville turned round to comply with his direction, a hand was laid upon his shoulder with an iron grasp ; at the moment, Alfred raised his sword, and struck the arm which held his friend. The man staggered back a pace or two, impeding his companions, and that slight interval afforded time to close the door and shoot the heavy iron bolt.

“ We are yet safe,” exclaimed the spy, “ hasten for God’s sake and support this poor trembling lady or we shall be undone, they will soon be round at the creek and intercept us ; the whole castle will be roused.”

Melville ran to Mrs. Cavendish, who almost fainting was trying to totter onwards with Emma’s aid, and Alfred hastened to assist his younger sister. With what speed

they could, all hurried onwards in the direction pointed out by the spy, who led the way, and in a few minutes arrived at the extremity of the cave, which extending to the sea afforded a kind of anchorage for boats, but was very unsafe except in the calmest weather. Here was moored one of Cowig's light vessels; into this the spy hastily directed them to go, and in it they and two stout oarsmen, whom a little gold and large promises had induced to aid in their escape. Melville and the spy took each an oar and four stalworth arms soon followed them at some distance from the shore; but they had not rowed far, when, round another creek, they saw a boat put to sea, well manned with double the number of men, making after them.

Their enemies had concluded the captives would endeavour to escape as they did, and without any delay had made for the shore, and launched a large craft and were now on their track. The pursued put forth their utmost strength, but in vain, for the others pressed on them, and death or captivity stared them in the face. In this dilemma, the spy took the helm and quickly swung the boat's head round towards the

shore, steering for a narrow creek, between two projecting lines of rock, near the place whence they had started. His companions, perceiving this movement, imagined they were betrayed, and began to remonstrate with him, but he regarded not their words, but urged the boatmen to exertion, as the other boat had tacked and followed in their track. Looking cautiously on both sides, and closely examining the surface of the stream, as the day-light was now sufficient for this purpose, he steered on till the boat ran into the shallow tide, grazing against the sand, where the rowers ceased their labours and looked anxiously to their pursuers, who now, within one hundred yards of them, plied their oars with the utmost exertion, fearing their prey might escape. The spy gazed, with painful anxiety depicted in his countenance, watching every stroke of the oar, till a sudden check stopped their progress, a crashing sound of timber was heard, and he jumped up in a kind of ecstasy, crying :

“ Now, friends, take to your oars, they are disabled, their boat has struck against the Needle rocks, they will not be in haste to pursue us. On, boys, shove her off ;

the way ; now pull for your lives, or warring Philistines will try to scramble for you."

Acted by his words, Melville and his companions saw indeed the boat had struck the rock, from the haste or ignorance of her crew, and this was the only mistake the spy had, in running into the trap ; as being well acquainted with the coast about the island, he expected they would, in their eagerness of pursuit, strike as they did against the rock. They succeeded fully, for as they passed within ten yards of the disabled vessel, they could see her settling down fast by the force of water rushing in through the broken plank, whilst her crew stood in confusion, some foolishly striving to thrust her on, and some looking wistfully for a chance of escape. To secure this, even to the swimmer, was a perilous undertaking for the shore was so broken, and precipitous, that the chances were one to one against his climbing to a point of safety. The adventurous little vessel, however, passed safely by, the experienced spy followed on, and casting a glance back saw the first boat go down stern foremost ; her

crew in this extremity jumped into the swelling surge, and with all their might endeavoured to reach the shore. Some few succeeded in scrambling up the rocks, where they clung trembling and unable to gain more than a temporary footing ; others in the effort were precipitated backwards. Again they renewed their attempt, again failed, and finally sunk to rise no more.

Saddened by this event, though it secured their own deliverance from immediate danger, the captives safely pursued their route, steering for the opposite promontory, where was situated Coolmain Castle, recently captured by the English, and now in their possession under the command of Mr. Cavendish ; who all unconscious of the proximity of his wife and family, though anxious and painful thoughts on their account distracted his mind, lay slumbering in his chamber, dreaming of his days of domestic love and happiness, when suddenly he was aroused by the same harsh and coarse voice, which he had twice before heard, laughing fiendishly at his ear. He started up, and searched the chamber round, but there was no one there, and he fancied that this time, at least, he must have been

ived by a dream. He, therefore, laid n again, and was endeavouring to com- himself to sleep, when he was again sed by the same sound. Sleep was effectually banished, and the painful l. of recollections, which this sound d up, distracted his mind almost to ness.

e rose, dressed, and ascended to the ements, whence he looked over the nsive bay. It was now six o'clock, and sh breeze had sprung up which threat- a storm. The waves dashed sullenly ist the rocks, which ran near the base he castle, and the sea-mews skimmed g the deep, uttering their sharp shrill . Far off in the bay, a boat appeared g and sinking with every swell, and ntly making towards him. He watched rogress, for more than an hour, till it e within a mile of the shore, and then ind rose higher, and he could perceive her crew laboured hard to gain the , but were nearly exhausted, as the y and rolling sea broke over them and ned every moment on the point of en- phing their little bark. Still they made e progress and strove manfully against

it, but now they approached the shore, and he could see the forms of two females drenched by the dashing billows, and cowering together, whilst two younger persons, the one a girl, also clung closely to them. His heart bounded, and he looked more intently on them. Could they be wife and children? The very thought filled him with terror, whilst it delighted his soul for they would soon be within the breakers and once there, but little chance of life remained.

He hurried down, and having summoned some of his followers, hastened to the beach, making signals to the boat, to stop for a particular spot, but they either understood him not, or were unable to follow his direction, for they were driven quickly towards the most dangerous part of the coast. Looking on almost despairingly, he could only watch the event, and be ready to render aid, should the boat be driven against the rocks, which now seemed inevitable, they were within a few yards of them. The crew saw their danger, but seemed stupid and incapable of exertion, the oars were useless, and they allowed them to float away with the tide. One moment the boat was

on the advancing billow, the next she was driven against the rocks, and when the wave receded she was not to be seen. Mr. Cavendish gazed in agony on the spot, and soon saw some of her crew rise ; the two female forms were observed to float buoyantly by means of their clothes, and were quickly grasped by the strong hands of two of the crew ; the boy also rose and was seized by another, so was the younger female, by the spy. Ropes had been brought from the castle, and Mr. Cavendish, with his attendants, now hastened nearer to the spot, where the men struggled with the billows, and succeeded in casting to them each an end of the ropes ; by means of which, they were quickly drawn to land, and in the insensible forms before him, he recognised his wife and children. Thus the whole crew, with their precious freight succeeded in reaching the shore in safety. The helpless party were quickly conveyed to the castle, and soon recovered from the effects of their late dangerous voyage. Mr. Cavendish once more embraced his long lost family, thankful to a gracious Providence which had not afflicted him more.

The spy, who had been the means of this

deliverance, was received into special favour and invited to remain with Mr. Cavendish, but he seemed undecided and reluctant to leave the wandering and unprincipled life which he had led for so many years. Mr. Cavendish had kept aloof from his host, and when he did meet him, appeared rather to avoid conversation; but on the day subsequent to his arrival, he came and announced abruptly his intention to depart immediately. Mr. Cavendish was rather surprised at his resolution, and ventured in a kind manner to entreat him to stay.

“No,” replied he, “this is no place for one who has been in arms against the government; nor, would your duty permit you long to shelter me.”

“Say not so, you have preserved my peace, and restored to me a loved wife and child. I have influence with the government, and your pardon is certain.”

“I will never,” said he, bitterly, “pardon or allow any one on my behalf to surrender pardon to that unprincipled tribe, who have cursed and blighted this unhappy land by their baneful influence.”

“Yet, think again,” answered the other earnestly, “your honour shall not be

promised, for I will guard it as my own. I seek not to know your cause of offence against our rulers ; who, I fear, in many instances, deserve the censure you pass on them : let me but know your name, and all shall be well."

"I cannot make known to you a name which is coupled with the odious epithet of rebel, nor can I easily be reconciled to those who have driven me into rebellion. The die is cast. I have embraced a cause which, originally just, has been unfortunately stained by the most brutal enormities, and I cannot at once abandon it. I shall, however, leave this part of the country and join the standard of Lord Muskerry ; he, I understand, is making head in the northern part of the country, and will be glad of an able recruit. But, ere I go, I would see once more my late gentle companions on the ocean, to whom I must now bid farewell, perhaps for ever, and thus terminate the only bright moment of my existence."

"I would fain prevail on you to change this resolution, and abide with us for some time, till you can resume those rights from which, you tell me, you have been excluded.

Be advised, then, and abandon this ill-omened confederacy."

"It cannot be. I am no weather-cock, and must not thus change sides, but shall at least make trial of the power and abilities of the leading men in the north of the country."

Mr. Cavendish ceased to remonstrate, and led the way to his wife's sitting apartment, where Emma and the children were in attendance on their mother. He announced to them their deliverer's intention, which they heard with deep regret. Mrs. Cavendish ventured to entreat him to forego his resolutions, but he gently, yet firmly, refused. Alfred burst into tears, and would not listen to his friend's farewell; but Emma scarcely raised her head, when he approached to bid adieu. Melville respectfully took her hand, which he held for an instant, but she hastily withdrew it; and, as she faltered out an adieu, a deep blush crimsoned over her face.

Such a circumstance could not escape the watchful eyes of her father, and he looked on her, for the first time in his life, with a glance of stern displeasure. Could

it be, that his loved and idolized child had formed any attachment to this stranger, who was, at best, a suspicious character; and that so suddenly, and on so slight an acquaintance? No, no; he endeavoured to banish the thought almost as quickly as it entered his mind. But he knew not how soon the insidious flame spreads, and how readily two young hearts beat responsively, when, amidst the varying scenes of life, the gallant conduct of man brings him in the interesting light of a deliverer, before a susceptible bosom.

Brief as the interval was since Melville first saw Emma, it had not passed without leaving some impression on the hearts of both, which perhaps the lapse of years would not erase. They had been mutually struck with each other. Emma felt sensations strange and new which she could not account for; and Melville, the first time for years, thought there was something in the world worth living for. There was a soft and gentle power in her look and words which flowed like oil on the troubled waters of his spirits, and soothed for a brief space the rankling wound within.

He had indulged this feeling, during the

few days since he had first seen her, and cherished it not for its novelty but the ecstatic pleasure which was by its influence conjured up in his mind. He had scarcely allowed himself to think of aught but her until her deliverance was accomplished and even when he snatched her faintly from the ocean, whilst he buffeted the swelling billows, he had felt a rapture deep and so entrancing, that all his past years were but a blank in comparison with the triumph of that moment ; but, when restored her to the arms of her father, the weight was again laid upon his soul, and all his gay visions floated away. He returned to a full consciousness of his degraded and almost forlorn condition, exile, a wanderer, and a rebel, to scorned and despised ; to be apprehended perhaps, as a felon by the father of her who began to reign paramount in his heart. Oh ! it was too much ! and he cursed, in the bitterness of his heart, the instrument of his degradation.

In this state of mind he was, when he met Mr. Cavendish after the rescue of his family, and all that gentleman's kindness and gratitude could scarcely induce him

even to hold the unavoidable intercourse of the evening's meal with him ; and, pleading fatigue, he retired to his chamber. His own powerful mind, and the influence of repose, towards morning, had tended to calm his feelings, and he met his host the ensuing day, with a somewhat more cheerful air than he had exhibited the preceding night. He had steeled himself against fate, and was prepared to bid adieu to the fair and interesting being who had, for a few brief hours, won him from himself only to sink back into the darkness of his own brooding thoughts.

It was in such a state of mind, that he came to bid farewell to the family ; and it was not without a pang, which chilled to the heart, that Emma heard the word pronounced, which told her that her deliverer was going, perhaps, for ever. "Yet," she said to herself, "what is he to me, now that I have again my father to protect me ? Nothing. Yet, I am ungrateful in thinking so. I never can forget his kindness towards us. I wish he would stay a little, only a little longer ; I am sure I shall never see one whom I shall like so well."

Such was the current of Emma's thoughts,

when Melville came to say farewell, and the pressure of his hand spoke more forcibly than words the state of his feelings.

Though Mr. Cavendish endeavoured to dismiss from his mind the startling supposition, that his daughter entertained any stronger feeling than that of gratitude for her deliverer, yet the thought having once found an entrance into his mind was not so easily removed; and he had his own private reasons, independently of the mere dread of her forming an attachment under such unpleasant circumstances, which induced him to think that Melville's departure was desirable, lest such an event might occur. And, therefore, he no longer opposed the young man's resolution, but having accompanied him to the gate of the castle, bade him a kind farewell, and saw him take the road which led northwards.

In a tumult of feeling, more overwhelming than any which had yet come upon him in his unhappy career, Melville pursued his route, wrapped up in his own sad thoughts. The crosses and evils which had hitherto beset his path, he had manfully resisted or bravely endured; they were such, for the most part, as a brave spirit loves to en-

though some were of a character from covert malice. Therefore, saw the tide of evil setting strongly him, he had sought, in what he could prove a field of daring enterprise for his troubles and from the chagrin of disappointed in an evil hour, he joined the rebel; but, to his great mortification, instead of a powerful confederacy, a band of petty ravagers, unorganised, discontented, and headstrong. Kept in the back ground by those petty ambition induced them to re- themselves the sole command of this horde over which they presided, the paltry jealousy caused them to influence of knowledge, which they do not appreciate, and abilities which could not rival. At the same time, he reluctant, that a Sassenach and a should reap any fruits from an enterprise which they looked upon as suited to their own aggrandisement.

More, although he had been commanded by the principal leaders in the organisation and set on foot the south-west, he found himself disregarded or

hated by those whom he came to guide. He saw he was powerless and without influence, and, therefore, had almost come to the resolution of abandoning the insurrectionary cause, when the events, which we have already narrated, occurred to him. He could not, however, finally decide on this step, without balancing contingencies; and the implacable resentment of powerful enemies, combined with the fact of his having acted in the cause of rebellion, deterred him from returning to his allegiance, as the result would have been ignominy and degradation. Another course was open to him—that of foreign service; but he was reluctant to embrace it; for setting aside any difficulty which might attend his escape from the country, he was desirous, not merely to punish those who had injured and maligned him, but to vindicate his honour in the sight of those before whom he had been degraded. There was now an additional motive for his remaining in the country, if he dared to admit it, namely, his incipient attachment to Emma Cavendish. And hopeless as it might seem, still her image remained so deeply impressed on his heart, that time was not likely to erase

It was the first pleasing sensation which he had felt for years, the first bright vision which had floated before his mind, the first vista of happiness which had opened on his weary path. He could not, therefore, nor did he feel inclined to overcome the agreeable sensations which crowded on him: they were too pleasing, and too strongly contrasted with the blighting influence of previous events of his life, for him to cast away the slight gratification which they afforded.

Scarcely considering whither his road led, he walked on rapidly, still dwelling on the image of the gentle and amiable being whom he had left, and banishing for a time all sadder thoughts which now and again intruded on his more agreeable reveries. Still thus engaged, he passed the Castle of Breton now occupied by the English. The sight of this fortress recalled to his mind the reality of his condition, and awakened him the necessity of making some decision relative to his future movements. He, therefore, reluctantly turned his thoughts to a consideration of his immediate safety, and was employed in balancing in his mind the reasons for joining the in-

surgent force under Lord Muskerry, who he heard the tramp of horses close behind him, and turning about, saw a party of the town cavalry quickly approaching. Retreat was impossible, and resistance useless. He, therefore, prepared himself to meet and confront them boldly. They soon came to him, headed by Captain Stawel, who was going to receive directions from Lord Kinmeaky, previously to his departure to Coromack, to hold, in conjunction with his father and others, general sessions for the trial of the rebels.

When he reached the spot where Melville stood, he looked sharply at him, reined in his horse, and asked him his name rather abruptly.

"I am not aware, Sir," said Melville, "that you have any authority to interrogate me on the high road."

"This will not serve your purpose, Sir," said the other, "I am the King's officer, and must know, not only who you are, but whither you are going. These are not times in which we can scrupulously adhere to ceremony; and now, methinks, I have seen you before, and at the siege of Kilbritton too. Is that the case?"

“What if I refuse to answer any of your interrogatories?”

“Then you are my prisoner, and will be obliged to render an account of yourself to the authorities.”

“Be it so. Lead on; only let me not be tormented now with questions, for I shall answer none.”

Captain Stawel gave brief directions to his party to keep a close eye on the prisoner, and then continued his route to the town. The reflections of Melville, as he walked on, took altogether a gloomy cast; the pleasing visions, which he had dwelt upon during the previous portion of his journey, were now entirely banished; he saw himself in the hands of enemies who were not likely to be merciful; he was too proud to appeal to Mr. Cavendish, the only friend who was disposed to be of service to him, and, therefore, he resigned himself to the fate which he supposed awaited him. They entered the town, where the Governor, having made preparations for his departure, merely waited to give a few brief directions.

Captain Stawel introduced his prisoner, who confronted Lord Kinalmeaky with a

haughty and unmoved look, and refused to reply to his question, who or what he was? Reluctant to delay his journey, his Lordship gave directions, that he should be imprisoned under a strong guard till his return, and then set out. Accordingly Melville was removed and placed in confinement, but Captain Stawel returned to his command at Kilbritton. On his arrival there, he heard of the restoration of Mrs. Cavendish and her family, and immediately after hastened to congratulate his friend. His arrival was gratifying to the inmates of Coolmain; and his own joy at the happy event was such as to manifest the deep interest he felt in persons so deservedly dear to him. He did not, in the rapture of the moment, perceive that Emma looked sadder and paler than usual; but when the first congratulations were over, and the pleasure of once more seeing his attached friends began to subside, he entreated they would tell him the particulars of their adventures and escape.

“Come,” said he, “Emma, you used to amuse us often with invented tales, and I know that you love the marvellous; we have, in the present case, however, no need

vention ; do tell me the story of your trials and deliverance."

Emma expressed great reluctance to go on the subject, and only complied at request of Mrs. Cavendish ; even then her narrative wanted that animation and interest which one so deeply interested in its details must have felt. Captain Stawell was surprised ; but, as she proceeded, he thought there was a greater degree of confidence about her description of Melville's conduct than the subject required. When she first mentioned him, there was some hesitation and faltering of voice, but she soon overcame this and went on calmly. He watched closely her word and look, feeling by no means surprised under her description of Melville's conduct. When she concluded, he sat for some minutes in a silent and abashed mood ; then suddenly asked what had become of the young man she called Melville, and how he was dressed. The question made him pause awhile, and then he

"I much fear the young man you mention is now a prisoner in the town. I met him this morning, and when he refused

haughtily to give an account of himself, thought it necessary to take him to Governor, who has directed him to be in custody till his return."

All listened in breathless silence to announcement, and Mrs. Cavendish claimed,

"Good God, can it be possible, Edward! Oh! he must be saved at any cost, any means. I shall never know a moment's peace, if he be given up to the dreadful which I know awaits all that are taken up arms against the government."

"I regret exceedingly," said her husband, "that such an untoward event occurred; but he was headstrong and obstinate in his conduct. What can be done for Edward, to save him?"

Captain Stawel scarcely heard the declaration; for his thoughts were occupied with Emma, who, when she heard the dread tidings, first started, then, became deadly pale, and leaning her head on her hand trembled in every limb; but she, by a great exertion, assumed a kind of forced tranquillity, which contrasted strongly with her trembling frame and heaving bosom. Captain Stawel could scarcely remove his

from her; and Mr. Cavendish had to repeat his question, before he understood the import of it, and then he answered incoherently,

“Why—yes, to be sure—he must be saved—though I don’t know what—how are we to act?”

Mr. Cavendish looked at him with surprise, then at his daughter, and comprehended the matter at once; his former suspicions again recurred, and he decided quickly on the course to be adopted.

“Come,” said he, “Edward, let us walk out and consider this matter by ourselves; the ladies may, in the meantime, rest assured that their deliverer shall not suffer, if we can help it.

“My dear,” said he, addressing his wife, “I fear neither you nor Emma is well, do try and compose yourself and we shall return soon.”

Thus saying, he led his young friend out, but forbore to take any notice of his embarrassment till he should recover his self-possession.

A few words will be sufficient to explain the cause of Captain Stawel’s acute sensibility of Emma’s interest in the stranger.

He had been almost brought up with her, though several years older, and had been from her infancy, marked out by both her parents as her husband.

Emma liked him well enough as a playmate, so long as he remained at home; but his departure, to join the army, before she reached womanhood and his absence for several years, had tended to erase any impression which had been made on her mind. On his subsequent return, her father had intimated his desire that her former playmate should be received as a suitor; and Emma having no predilection to any other, and being quite unsophisticated, as well as remembering her girlhood regard for him, had quietly submitted to the arrangement, without feeling any particular interest in the matter. Edward Stawel found her all that his most sanguine expectations had painted; he was delighted with her guileless innocence of manner, her cheerful vivacity, her playfulness and wit. Her beauty, though remarkable, was the least striking attraction, and he at once expressed to her father his desire to fulfil his early engagement. On this her father acted, and, with Mrs. Cavendish's full con-

currence, opened to his daughter the plans he had formed for their happiness. Her tacit compliance satisfied him ; and indeed he did not suppose it possible for her to reject a man, young, handsome, wealthy and agreeable as Edward Stawel was.

The intercourse between them after this was but little, and the period was brief, before the rude alarms of war called the father and lover away to receive directions, and assist in defending their lives and liberties from the insurgent Irish. Their return was just in time to show the ruin of all their hopes, as they then supposed, and the horrible death of those they loved. Captain Stawel had been scarcely less shocked by the event than his friend ; the feelings of both had taken the bent of vengeance, deep and complete vengeance, as a duty owed to their murdered friends and the well-being of their country. It was not a time to analyse closely the nature of their feelings, nor did the cruel circumstances of their bereavement admit of due deliberation. On the appearance of hope, both felt a similar desire to sift the mystery to the bottom, and both eagerly seized the slight chance of attaining their object. Now that their

hope was realised, and their desire gratified almost to the full, some envious fiend seemed to have stepped in to blast the prospect which lay before them, and wither the opening bud of happiness. Scarcely could two men, so different in age, so harmonised in thought and sentiment, find a greater degree than Mr. Cavendish and his young friend ; and scarcely had any allusion occurred from the latter's childhood which could, for an hour, interrupt that harmony. It was not, then, the mere prospect of a handsome independence which induced Mr. Cavendish's father to think of this match, nor yet the many good qualities of Edward Stawell which gave the firm persuasion that, in providing a husband for his daughter, he was in the wisest manner consulting for her happiness—that his young friend was not only calculated to promote the felicity of any woman whom he might choose, but that Emma's disposition, being similar to her mother's, the harmony and comforts of his own married life were a kind of guarantee that his daughter would find happiness with a position similar to his own. In this calculation he had made two mistakes ; the one, not consulting the young lady's inclina-

whether she would choose as her mother had done, and the other in not considering that Emma, though like her parent in many respects, was yet possessed of much more firmness and resolution in any course she chose to adopt. It may well be imagined, with what feelings of anxiety and pain the father witnessed the signs of her prepossession in favour of a stranger, and that on so slight an acquaintance, and how painful it was to the devoted heart of Edward to perceive that she looked on another with a kind of feeling nearly akin to love.

"Have I then," said he to himself, as he walked from the apartment, "deceived myself in thinking she loved me, or is she so fickle as to give me up for a rebel and a renegade? No, it cannot be. Had she not loved me, she is too ingenuous to deceive! She cannot have thus suddenly given her heart to a stranger; true, he saved her life and the lives of her family, and gratitude is nearly allied to love, in the female breast! But, perhaps, it is only the modesty of her nature which thus shrinks into itself when she has to speak of another's gallant conduct before me. I know not what to

think, but I shall put it to the proof, and if I find my fears realised, I shall quit her and this country for ever."

Just as he had arrived at this resolution, which was far more easily formed than executed, his friend had apparently formed his; for he addressed him in a quiet and, at the same time, a determined tone, and said,

"Edward, my friend, and I hope my son, also, you have asked me for my daughter, and I told you candidly that she should be yours, for it is the dearest wish of my heart to see her united to one, who is in every respect worthy of her. Is it your desire to adhere to that engagement?"

"Assuredly," said he, "but her inclination—"

"Pardon me for interrupting you; she is young, and not devoid of understanding. Her mind may be warped for a moment by some romantic notion of gallantry, but it will soon recover its proper bent, when she views the case at her leisure as I shall set it before her—"

"But, my dear Sir—"

"Nay, I will not be interrupted, I will

once more take the liberty of a parent with you whom I have reared. I have seen, as well as you, the signs which you have noticed of Emma's apparent change of mind; but I have seen them as a parent; you, as a lover; I, as one who have experience of the world, and you as a hot-headed young man, who will not brook slight or contradiction: this constitutes the difference. I say then, that Emma's own good judgment will soon set her right, and that she will learn again to appreciate your merit, and see the folly of the whimsical partiality she appears to have momentarily run up for this stranger, and that my positive commands shall be laid upon her to comply with my desire—"

"Nay, my dear friend, I must speak. I never can consent to force her inclination. I love her too well, and desire her happiness too ardently, to think of using a father's power to enforce my suit. I could never expect happiness in such a union. Heaven alone knows how earnestly I sought her hand; how anxiously I hoped for the happiness of being called your son. I desire it still, I would purchase it with my

blood, but I cannot consent to wed a reluctant bride."

"Enough, Edward, far be it from me to urge the matter; it would neither become my character nor disposition. I may appeal to you, with what care I have watched over my first and most amiable child, with what anxiety I have trained her in the path of moral rectitude and honour. I trust in God, that my pains are not thrown away; and I will not believe her capable of rejecting the blessing that Providence has provided for her, until I have more fully ascertained the state of her feelings; nor shall I think you so unwise or unmanly as to turn away from the object of your affection, for what is no more than a mere surmise."

"I am willing to be guided by your counsel in this, the most important concern of life, as I have been in others; promising only that no inducement shall make me a party to any violence to her inclination."

"Edward, you speak unkindly. I have already expressed my views, and I only ask of you to promise me, that you will not fi

any hasty pique, resign my poor Emma to a wayward fancy ; but should even a barrier appear in the way of consummating our mutual wish, you will wait for time and my persuasions to overcome it. Do you promise me this ?”

He hesitated, and Mr. Cavendish resumed with more earnestness, tears started to his eyes, and he trembled with excessive emotion.

“You refuse me then, and disregard a father’s prayer, who sues to you to assist him in securing the happiness of a beloved child. Oh that it should come to this ! I had not expected from you the conduct of a boy ; believe me that even should a foolish partiality, such as you surmise, exist in her mind, the subjugation of this to her better judgment will render her more suited to become the wife of a man of honour ; and she will more fully appreciate the safe haven of happiness provided for her, by seeing the tempest she has escaped.”

During the progress of the preceding conversation, they had walked to the verge of the land, and now stood on the spot

where Emma had been placed in the of her father.

“I have seen her, Edward,” continued Mr. Cavendish, “overwhelmed by troubles beneath us. I have thought would never again call me father; rather would I, were it the will of Providence, see her sink to rise no more, consign her to the arms of an ally; savage marauders who have filled the country with blood, a rebel to his father and perhaps a renegade to his religion. Oh! great God in thy mercy, spare me this trial; and though man forsake me, thou, in thy goodness, succour me! you then, Edward, once and only more, to make me the promise I asked.”

The young man greatly moved by the deep emotion of his friend, and unable to withstand the appeal made to him, replied

“I promise what you wish, trusting to your discretion and love to act kindly towards her.”

“Enough, Edward, fear not that I will deal harshly by my gentle Emma, or that I will promise your honour; and now that

mind is at ease on this head, for something tells me that having your promise all will be well, we must not forget him who is the cause of this conversation. I cannot allow the preserver and restorer of my family to linger in a dungeon, or, perhaps, die a felon's death, though there were even a chance of his stealing my most precious jewel."

"I scarcely can see," replied Edward coldly, "how I can be of service in this business: it cannot be expected that I should enter into the feelings which influence you and Mrs. Cavendish towards this man. I know his Lordship's orders were very peremptory, and I should not choose to be the man to counteract them."

"Come, come, Edward, it is a work of gratitude and humanity; far be it from me to counteract the Governor's commands, but you know he did not examine into the case, or he might have released him. Will you tell me to whom he has delegated his authority during his absence?"

"To able hands, then, though many may smile—to his noble partner, the Lady Elizabeth."

“ Well, that is indeed strange, yet her namesake wielded the sceptre of kingdoms ; and why should she not undertake the conduct of a petty fortress ? Think you she will listen to entreaty on behalf of Melville ? ”

“ I much doubt it ; she is all gentleness and kindness, where distress and suffering are concerned ; but in the case of Irish rebels, whilst she sincerely pities their infatuation and has often entreated mercy for the wretched kerns, she is resolute and unbending in not interfering with the course on their leaders. ”

“ Well, I must, however, hie to the town and plead his cause with her ; and now it strikes me 'twere better not to take you thither, but to put the matter on the score of gratitude and plead my services. So, my dear friend, you will, I trust, stay with my family till my return, which cannot be sooner than to-morrow, for though there is little to be apprehended now from the Irish in this quarter, yet the wound was too recently inflicted on my feelings for me to think of leaving them here without my presence or yours. ”

Captain Stawel readily complied with his wish, and agreed to await his return on the ensuing morning, and then both hastened back to the castle, Mr. Cavendish to prepare for his journey, and Captain Stawel to visit the ladies.

CHAPTER V.

CAPTAIN STAWEL found Emma and her mother together and apparently occupied in indifferent matters ; but, on his entering, Mrs. Cavendish commenced a conversation with him relative to Melville's deliverance, which he joined in, with some reluctance, yet succeeded in sustaining so long as she chose to converse on the subject, watching closely the manner in which Emma received the opinions which he delivered ; but he could perceive no signs of any emotion important enough to be attributed to an attachment towards the subject of their discourse. She had either schooled her mind, to bear it without betraying her feelings, or she did not in reality love the man. Inclined to believe the latter, Edward felt in better spirits than when he entered, and gradually recovered his usual cheerfulness. Even Emma was induced to chat somewhat in her wonted manner, and every thing seemed

restored to its former channel. As evening was fine, a walk was proposed. Mrs. Cavendish, and all strolled out to the beach. The only token of a change in Emma's manner, which manifested during their walk, was an unusual air of pensiveness and an apparent effort to be alone with him. This, however, was frustrated by the playfulness of the children, who drew away Mrs. Cavendish to view some marine production, they had found. She probably was seized of the opportunity, as her husband's conversation with her, previously to his departure, in which he explained his motives and views relative to Emma's supposed elopement, was a session for Melville. Silence ensued, for some few minutes, between her and her husband, when they were left alone, which was broken by Edward, who felt intensely anxious to obtain from her own lips a confirmation of his hopes or fears.

"Emma," said he, taking her hand, "I have loved you from childhood, oh, how dearly! I have flattered myself that your father's wishes would be soon fulfilled in my favor. You have not rejected my suit. Tell me of any thing of late occurrence to

contribute to it."

Thus urged, she said with a voice : " Captain Stawel, I have regarded you as a dear, a very dear esteem you for your many noble and the wishes of my parents shall be complied with."

" What ! Emma, I am no longer Edward, and you love me not ; of your parents—fool that I was on myself. Think you, Emma, that I am satisfied with cold esteem where I love—with mere friendship which expected the fond affection of the would perish, I would allow my heart torn piecemeal, ere I would wed, in such circumstances. You are free ; and for yourself, I shall not again urge :

Edward, leave me not thus in anger ; I am not indeed worthy of your love, my wayward destiny has involved me in a sea of trouble. I would not for worlds wound your feelings, but my own are deeply, I fear, irreparably, involved. Would that I had never been born!"

"You love another then ;" said he bitterly, "and you have cast off, for a strange adventurer, the long-tried affections of one who adores you. It is enough ; I should be lost to myself and to honour, did I longer pursue one who scorns me."

"This is indeed cruel, Edward," said the tortured girl, bursting into a flood of tears, "you deal unkindly by me ; I said not that I loved another. I cannot, I dare not, analyse my own feelings ; I only know that I am wretched beyond measure."

Moved by her manifest suffering, Edward repented the harsh words he had used, and tried to soothe her wounded feelings. He was thus employed when Mrs. Cavendish and the children approached, and Albert ran to her, with joy, to show the curiosities he had collected. Looking at her, he saw she was weeping, and turning to Edward who stood by, he said, "Cap-

tain Stawel, why does Emma weep? I hope you have not done anything to vex her."

Mrs. Cavendish hastened up, and kindly drawing her daughter's arm within hers, led her towards the castle, whither Edward followed in silence, feeling like one guilty of an offence, though he was not conscious of having committed any. Emma retired to her own room, and did not again make her appearance that evening; but her mother had a long and confidential conversation with Edward, in which he fully explained to her the cause of his own distress, and his suspicions of Emma's attachment to Melville.

Whilst Mrs. Cavendish loved her daughter and would almost agree to anything which was likely to gratify her, she had too much regard for her husband's judgment and authority to think of fostering the pernicious whim which appeared to have entered Emma's mind, and she had sense enough to see the propriety of discouraging a passion which was likely to prove the ruin of her child's peace. She had, therefore, come to the wisest conclusion which, under the circumstances, it was possible to adopt.

lowing up her husband's designs, and encouraging Emma's confidence in her, so as to induce her, by kindness and affection, to entrust her feelings to the maternal bosom, and seek there advice and support. Nor was she without strong hopes, that Emma's own good sense would eventually overcome the influence of casual excitement from the showy qualities of Melville, when she had leisure to contrast with them the steady and brilliant light of Edward's virtues. In this expectation she conversed with her young friend without reserve, and succeeded in persuading him, notwithstanding his recent chagrin, to adhere to the promise which he had made to Mrs. Cavendish, and be guided by their interposition.

That gentleman, in pursuance of his grateful purpose, lost no time in reaching Bandon, and seeking an interview with the Lady Elizabeth. He was, at once, admitted and cordially received; when he unfolded the object of his mission, she paused awhile, and told him her fear that it would be inconsistent with the duty which she owed to her husband and her King to permit the escape of a traitor; and when he urged his suit more earnestly, she replied;

“There is scarcely anything which Lord would refuse to so good a friend and loyal a subject as Mr. Cavendish ; and were he here in person, I should make suit for him for the rebel’s life ; but I scarcely violate his express command for the custody of this man.”

“But, my Lady,” replied the petitioner, “he is of our own country and blood, astray by the infatuation of the time and persecution.”

“The usual excuse of traitors, Cavendish, and his being an Englishman only enhances the unnatural character of our enemies.”

“Will you not then, Lady, even see him examine him in person. I warrant your own mien and appearance will win him over.”

“You plead earnestly, my friend ; but I much doubt whether these reasons change the current of my thoughts towards him ; yet as you express a wish, I consent to see him.”

She then gave orders to have the prisoner brought to her presence, and he soon came escorted by his guard. He entered the room with a haughty step, bowed low

Mr. Cavendish, and then fixed his eyes on the Lady Elizabeth who was seated on a low chair at the extremity of the room, the most remote from the door. On his first glance at that lady, he started involuntarily, but quickly recovering his self-possession, he folded his arms across his breast, and remained looking stedfastly on her. The lady was much more moved. She arose suddenly, then seated herself again, her face became flushed and quickly again pale as death; her bosom heaved, and her whole frame was agitated. Exerting herself, she tried to assume the appearance of calmness, and only partially succeeded. Mr. Cavendish observed, with surprise, the emotions of both parties, but ventured no remark.

Her Ladyship soon gained sufficient command over her feelings, whatever they might be, to say to him: "I would have speech of this gentleman in private, good friend, and you will pardon my request, that we should be alone for a few minutes."

Cavendish rose, bowed, and retired.

Lady Elizabeth paused an instant after his departure, raised her eyes, and looking

sorrowfully at Melville, said in a low voice
“Malcolm, is it thus I see you?”

“Even so, Elizabeth,” replied he
“I am as my enemies have made me

“Alas, Malcolm, there was a time
I hoped better things of you; when
few years past, you entered on life
high-wrought hope and noble daring
with qualities which might dignify
and endowed with an aspiring genius
my heart bleeds to see you fallen
the associate of rebels, the oppressor
helpless, herding with Irish cut-throats

“You excel in description, not
countess,” said he, interrupting her
you may spare the contrast on which
have entered. It were well, however
you appreciated my good qualities
scornfully rejected my proffered hand
drove me into the meshes of their
have robbed me of my property and
fair fame.”

“I cannot,” replied she, with a look,
“I cannot suffer the injustice
ing your faults at my door. I shall
deign to enter into a vindication
choice I have made. It was a de-

choice, and one of which I am justly proud. I have, perhaps, done wrong in abruptly alluding to what you once were, and what you are now ; but, believe me, it was not to wound, it arose solely from my sorrow for your unhappy lot, which I would wish to alleviate, and place you once again in that position from which you have fallen."

"You are kind, noble lady," said he, sneeringly ; " but I need not your help, and scorn your compassion. You may now desire to repair the ruin you have caused, but it comes too late ; the fragments of my peace are too widely scattered ever to be restored by you. I must not, indeed, speak of your choice, noble Viscountess ; but, let me whisper one word on the subject, and I have done. A coronet and a title were too strong temptations for Elizabeth Fielding to resist, when put in competition with the humble lot of a commoner. Was it not so, my Lady ?"

"I disdain to reply to your degrading insinuations. Elizabeth Fielding is now what she ever was, un aspiring and humble. But 'twere better to put a stop to this unavailing recrimination. I need not say, that having

been in arms against the government, your life is forfeited."

"True, Madam, and you, I suppose, have sent for me to enjoy a pleasing triumph before I am ordered to execution?"

"Peace, Sir," said she, in a tone of authority, "your untimely ribaldry can produce as little effect on me as your ungrounded reproaches. May I presume to ask, if you were now free, whither your course would be directed?"

"Promptly shall I answer you—to the camp of Lord Muskerry, or any other potent leader, to try if there I can win, by my sword, what I have been robbed of—name and honour."

"You are then determined to adhere to that unholy cause?"

"I might—perhaps I did waver for a time; but my resolution is now taken: I shall rise or fall with that cause which you call unholy. And, I only long to try my sword in a fair field against the oppressors of this unhappy country."

"You deceive yourself; but no, why should I interfere with your plans. You are free to go whither you please. But, I am loth that we should part thus; yet,

what reeks it? If, however, you should want a friend, Elizabeth Fielding would desire to prove that you have wronged her."

She spoke the last sentence with deep emotion, tears started to her eyes, and it was with difficulty she restrained the powerful feelings by which she was actuated. Melville relaxed a little of his sternness and scorn. It was scarcely in man's nature to withstand the tone and look of the generous and high-minded woman before him :—her words and manner bore the stamp of truth and sincerity ; kindness and benevolence marked her features, and the independence of her mind was distinguished above all. He had falsely attributed to her rejection of his suit the evils in which he was subsequently plunged ; and, having adopted this notion, it was scarcely possible to remove it. Hurried on by his own passions, he had plunged into excesses which involved him with those in power, until at last he had adopted the cause of rebellion as a means of retrieving his ruined fortunes. He possessed many noble qualities, which still remained like a few unbroken columns towering amidst the wreck of the building which they once adorned, and now standing

in marked contrast with the desolation which reigned around.

It was the power, which the high-minded woman before him exhibited in controlling the sense of indignation which naturally arose in her mind at his language, that brought into activity the more generous sentiments of the heart, and subdued his sterner purpose, and caused him to feel he was not acting a manly part in opposing obstinacy to kindness. He, therefore, turned towards her with a softened look, saying in more gentle accents :

“ Perhaps I have wronged you, Lady Elizabeth. I have not been myself for years. I am now an outcast and an outlaw ; and, if I look back with bitter feelings to that day when my miseries first commenced, and trace the lowering storms, which now impend over me, to the darkening cloud which then first appeared on the brightness of my dawn of manhood, you must forgive the wrong I have done you, in consideration of the misery I have endured.”

“ It needs not to ask forgiveness of me,” replied the lady, quickly and cheerfully. “ I have been grieved but not offended ; and I would fain endure tenfold more, could

fore you to that rank and honour
you have so thoughtlessly cast
.”

Too late, Lady, too late ; my choice is
; and my spirit could never brook to
for mercy from my enemies, or crouch
ty tyrants for grace and favour.”

It needs not that you do so ; my good
and his father have much influence ;
I'll take on me the responsibility of your
on to the throne——”

Nay, nay,” said he impatiently, and a
cloud lowered on his brow, “ not that
mention it no more. I stay here and
my fate. I will neither sue nor plead,
can I expose you to censure for my
ation.”

I fear no censure,” said she, earnestly ;
I press you no farther. I shall state to
Lord the reasons why I have set you
and Lord Kinalmeaky will not be
eased with what the cousin of Mal-
Crofton does.”

Then farewell, noble cousin,” said he ;
I have spoken unkindly, forgive me ; if
I've acted rashly, do not harshly con-
n ; and if my future career be as un-

happy as the past, I shall endure the event, at least, without shrinking from the responsibility which I incur."

Thus saying he retired, and was escorted to the gate by Lady Elizabeth's direction, and left to choose at leisure the course which he would pursue.

Mr. Cavendish was summoned to the lady's presence, and though much astonished at the commencement and result of the interview, ventured not to make any remark on the subject, but waited to see whether any explanation would be offered. Lady Elizabeth merely said,

"Be not surprised, my friend, at what you have seen. I recognised in the prisoner, for whom you pleaded, a person who was once my friend; and have taken on myself the responsibility of setting him free. And now as the evening wears, you will not return home to-night, I pray you, therefore, sup with me, and let me hear the history of your dear family's restoration."

Cavendish bowed in acceptance of the invitation, and the evening was spent with much satisfaction to both parties, till the lady chose to retire for the night, having

rst bade a kind farewell to Mr. Cavendish, who purposed to return home early the ensuing morning.

It would be no easy matter to pourtray the state of mind in which Melville was, when he issued forth from the town ; past, present, and future, rushed upon him at once, and almost overwhelmed him with a tide of painful feeling. It was impossible for him not to look back with bitter regret at the times when he fondly flattered himself, that the high-minded woman he had just left would have shared his lot and adopted his name ; and her preference of another, whilst it seemed humiliating to himself, tended to establish a hostility to a successful rival, equally unreasonable as was undeserved. He was now an outcast, rebel, and a wanderer, yet he had learned to unbend the sternness of his purpose and bow to woman's charms. Yes, he had indeed seen that Emma Cavendish was possessed of attraction sufficient to make him again hope for happiness, and seek, almost unknown to himself, that happiness in her. What could she ever be his ? Could the man with which he was impressed ever be used, and the haughty royalist maid

stoop to join herself with one like him ; and would her high-minded father tolerate such a union ? Scarcely did the thought cross his mind, when he felt all the degradation implied, and he endeavoured to banish further reflection on this topic by turning his thoughts to some other subject. It would not do ; her image returned again and again, each successive time in colours more attractive and brilliant than before ; and the very desolateness of his condition caused him to cling with more tenacity to the agreeable visions which accompanied her image.

It was the feeling of a drowning wretch clinging to the frailest support, or the fainting wayfarer in the desert looking at the last rays of that sun which he knew shall never rise on him a living man. In this state of mind he walked on for some miles, reckless whither his road led, until the shades of night began to close around and the necessity of shelter forced on him some consideration as to what part he should direct his course. He had heard that the rebels were engaged in the siege of Limerick and was desirous to join them there if possible ; but the great distance and danger

of the road induced him rather to think of attaching himself to some of the chiefs who were endeavouring to raise a force to recruit the insurgent army on their return into the county of Cork, which was expected soon. For this purpose, he pressed on eagerly, expecting to be able to reach Cork before midnight. But darkness set in, and there was danger of mistaking the way. It was not long before the darkness increased so much, that he found great difficulty in continuing his walk over a rugged and broken highway; and after toiling on for an hour or two, he became quite uncertain of the locality in which he was, and hesitated to proceed further. He, therefore, looked about for some token of a human habitation, where he might remain till morning.

After a while, he observed a slender light glimmering at some distance, and hastening towards it, found the hut of one of the poorest peasantry, a small and miserable habitation. He entered, and saw a woman about the middle age seated, or rather squatted, before a small fire, which burned on a rude hearth. She was a coarse-featured savage-looking female, and when

she first observed his entrance, looked on him in no very friendly manner. However, when he explained his situation and his wish to obtain shelter for the night, offering to pay her for it, she became a little more civil, and proffering him a seat, applied more fuel to the fire, and hastened to procure such rude fare as the cabin afforded. Long abstinence, and the fatigue he had undergone, induced Melville to taste a little; and after quenching his thirst with a draught of pure water, he leaned himself back against the rude wall, and again began to ponder on the events of his life. He was desirous to keep awake, not knowing who the inhabitants of the hut were, or what might be his fate amongst a savage race in the disturbed state of the country. He, therefore, inquired of his hostess, whether she was married, or had any male relations residing with her, and was answered in the negative; but not satisfied with this, he watched her motions, pretending at the same time to be drowsy and falling asleep; but perceiving nothing remarkable, he gave himself up unreservedly to his own thoughts. Interesting as these were, it was not in man to bear the harassing

ty and fatigue he had recently under-
without yielding to nature's sweet
er; and though he struggled against
some time, he was at last overcome,
ink into a troubled slumber. Various
ntastic were the images which floated
his imagination, and continued for
hours to haunt his dreams. How
e slept he could form no idea; but
rious confused images which had oc-
l his fancy, at length began to assume
e defined form, and he thought him-
gain in the castle of O'Cowig at Dun-

The Cavendish family were there,
mma leaned upon his arm; her father
ached, and insisted on her quitting
which she firmly resisted. The father
attempted to withdraw her; but she
the more firmly to him; when a third
l, whom he thought he knew, joined
and after a few words of conversation
Mr. Cavendish, attempted to seize him;
rovoked beyond endurance, he raised
m to strike the offender, when several
came up and assisted to capture him.
ruggled violently to break away, and
struggle awoke, but found it was not
dream, for round him stood a number

of savage-looking men, some of whom held of his arms, and were on the point of passing a cord round them. Melville started violently to his feet, in the effort prostrating two of those nearest, and striking the man who stood before him a heavy blow, dashed him to the ground. He then made towards the door, which stood open, but ere he could reach it, was surrounded and borne to the earth, where the assailants soon succeeded in binding him hand and foot.

As he lay motionless, he could perceive the leader whom he had struck down, and approach him, and with diabolical scowl look triumphantly on his helpless condition ; and in that leader he recognised the nephew of O'Donovan, from whose castle he had liberated Mr. Cavendish. This man had become the head of a band of lawless freebooters, who roamed the country at night, plundering wherever prey was to be had. One of his gang was the husband of the woman who had betrayed Melville and then betrayed him into the hands of the party who happened that night to arrive there. The reason O'Donovan had adopted this course of

was, that, on the return of his uncle, after the defeat of the rebels at Bandon, chagrined and vexed he learned the escape of Mr. Cavendish and his nephew's late exploit, and being in a furious passion he vented his anger on the nephew. A quarrel ensued, and the latter was driven out to seek subsistence as he best could ; a few adventurers attached themselves to him, others were collected, till he became the leader of about one hundred men, who shifted their quarters from place to place as best suited their predatory life.

When he found Melville in his power, a thought struck him, as he was nearly tired of the dangerous life he had lately led, that such a prisoner would be the means of making his peace with his uncle, or if that failed, of recommending him to the good graces of O'Cowig, whose fury and anger he had heard of, in consequence of Melville's share in the escape of the Cavendish family. He, therefore, resolved to open a negotiation with both, at the same time, that if one failed he might secure a refuge with the other. He did not confine his exultation over his prisoner to looks, but commenced taunting him in the most brutal

and insulting tones, to which he deigned not to reply, but fixed his eyes on him with a steady and contemptuous look, from which the other thought better soon to turn away.

It was not long before the party were put in motion; and Melville, bound and helpless, was placed behind a mounted horseman, to whom he was firmly tied, so that he could not move without drawing the man with him. O'Donovan rode on one side, his most confidential partisan on the other, and in this manner they passed over several miles, in what direction he neither knew nor cared. His spirit was too much galled at the ignominy he endured in being carried thus like a felon by the savage horde, to think of noticing any object, did even the darkness of the night permit. At length day began to dawn, and the party struck into a wild and unfrequented track of country through difficult bridle paths.

They at length halted in a mountainous district, and the prisoner was carried into a wretched cabin, where he remained closely guarded during the day. Food was offered to him, but he scarcely tasted anything, so bitter and galling were the feelings which

tured his mind, now that he was in the hands of the most relentless and brutal as well as the most contemptible enemy he had ever met, anticipating the ignominy and insult which would be heaped on him.

Messengers were despatched by his captor, and one of them returned soon after night, bringing, it would appear, no agreeable tidings ; for O'Donovan, on the receipt of them, was violently agitated, and gnashed his teeth in rage and impotency. He waited, however, till next evening ; and after being absent during the whole of that day, prepared, on the return of his second messenger, to set out at midnight, his prisoner being mounted and secured as before.

Quite unconscious of what route they were taking, Melville unresistingly submitted to the fate which he could not prevent, inwardly resolving to die rather than endure the degrading treatment which he anticipated at the end of the journey. They continued to travel all night, through bye-roads ; and arriving towards morning at another remote hut, the party halted,

taking care that their prisoner had not the power of injuring them or himself.

Here another day passed, during which O'Donovan was absent ; but he returned at night, apparently in better temper than before, for he drank immoderately, and sang some of the wild and barbarous songs of his country, and then lay down to sleep on a heap of straw, leaving a guard over his prisoner.

Towards morning, he was awakened by his emissaries returning ; on their report he prepared again to set out as before, and after a few miles journey arrived at the sea-coast, where a large boat was in waiting. Melville now recognised the coast near Coolmain, and saw that by a circuitous route he had been brought round to the shore opposite Dunworly, and was to be conveyed across to O'Cowig's stronghold.

Disdaining to remonstrate, he submitted to be placed in the boat, which was soon under weigh and standing off towards the opposite promontory.

CHAPTER VI.

THOUGH the embarkation took place unimpeded, it was not altogether unobserved ; for the spy, who had been lately employed, on various secret embassies, by Mr. Cavendish, was out in that direction during the night, and seeing the boat approach he ensconced himself behind a rock to watch what was in hand. He observed the party embark with a prisoner, whose person he thought he recognised, but could not be sure, from the distance and imperfect light. He quickly returned to his employer, and in addition to his other tidings announced this fact. There had been a plan concerted for subduing the western strongholds and freeing the royalists in that quarter from the devastations of the Irish. This was already partially achieved ; for O'Donovan's castle, amongst others, was taken, on that day, when his nephew first sent his mes-

senger to negotiate a restoration to his favour by delivering Melville into his hands; and it was the tidings of this which caused him to turn back on his course, and endeavour to gain Dunworly by sea.

The victorious royalists were following up their success by driving the rebels from all the castles in the west, and had determined to attack O'Cowig's retreat and break up that den of plunderers. Mr. Cavendish was made acquainted with the plan of operations, and engaged to assist in the enterprise. For this purpose he had armed a considerable number of the refugees, and waited only for intelligence from the scene of action on the other side, to lend his aid to this important undertaking.

It was not many hours after receiving intelligence of the event which the spy had observed, that he got notice to prepare his men, and make for the promontory that night. A sufficient number of large boats had been provided, and the party having embarked steered their course across the bay, whilst it was still night, desirous to get under covert of the shore, before day. This they succeeded in doing, under the

of the spy, who was well acquainted with every creek and bay round the A scattered fire of musketry announced at daylight, that the attack was commenced on the barrier towards the d, and the responsive fire of the s told that they were not disposed to give up their refuge without a struggle. Shots of the combatants on both sides, the booming along the sea, and the day looked on a fierce and bloody battle on the one side for victory, on the other for life. The attack did not come on unprepared; he too had his emissary who informed him of the intentions of the Irish, and he made every exertion in order to meet them manfully, and with advantage of overwhelming numbers. The combat continued, and the garrison almost entirely called out to aid in defence of the wall, when Mr. Cavendish and his party landed quietly and unobserved, and marching directly to the breach surprised and killed the few guards who remained, seized the gates and entered without opposition.

The plan was so well arranged and executed that the Irish did not perceive the

disaster, till a tremendous shout raised by the assailants, whose eyes were directed towards the castle, turned their attention, and they saw a bright broad flame shoot up in the sky from the ramparts. Fearing treachery, their leader was about to hasten back in person, to ascertain the state of affairs, when he saw a body of opponents hastening to attack his rear. Hemmed in thus between both, his men were panic-stricken, and looked in every direction whither they might escape, but the chief and his immediate friends made a desperate effort, broke through the English, who had already passed the wall by a breach, and succeeded in gaining the open country. But few of those who remained behind escaped ; no quarter was given, and it was only, by hiding themselves in the caves and creeks around the coast, that they were saved and got off by night.

In the commencement of the affray, O'Donovan had chosen to stay at the castle, rather than accompany his new patron in his endeavour to repulse the invaders, not aware of the dangers which threatened him there. When the attack began, he retreated into a remote chamber, and as he saw

sailants must soon carry the castle, nained cowering with fear in his place, till the English set out to the attack on the rear of O'Cowig's and then ventured out to see if there possibility of escape.

trated in this object, by seeing the rongly guarded, he returned, and, by a sudden thought, hurried to the where Melville was confined. He an instant at the door, which he then and cautiously looked in ; the pri- was pacing his cell with the impa- and passion of a caged lion. He cast nce at the door, and seemed at once prehend the object of his treacherous

His hands were tied, he was un- and helpless, yet even his look the coward to tremble and turn pale. red by seeing his defenceless con- O'Donovan clutched his skein and upon him, but Melville stood un- , keeping his eye steadily fixed upon assassin, till he came within such a æ, as to raise his arm to strike the low, when Melville suddenly started extending one foot a little to inter- im. The blow was aimed at his

breast, but its 'fury was spent on the air, and with the force of the unresisted motion the savage was precipitated headlong to the earth. Manacled as he was, Melville could only use his feet, and as the other rose and aimed a second stroke, which slightly wounded him in the thigh, he was again prostrated by a violent blow on the temple. Melville then sprung with the strength and fury of a tiger on the bosom of the prostrate wretch, stamped twice with the whole weight of his body ; blood gushed forth from his mouth and nostrils, the head sunk, the eyes glared wildly, the limbs quivered, and with one convulsive groan, the polluted spirit fled from its mortal tenement.

A dim and flickering light streamed in, through a grated window, high above, casting its feeble rays directly across the hideous face of the corpse, and as the perpetrator of this deed of death looked upon the distorted features, he turned away his face from the harrowing spectacle. His fury was spent, his vengeance wreaked on one who richly deserved the death he underwent, yet he wished the deed undone and almost grieved that he had not suffered

he assassin to rid him of a life, which he felt to be a burden. There was none of the ardour of a well fought field of battle to sustain his sinking spirits; there was no cheering voice, no congratulations of rejoicing friends, to shut out the sight of blood, and turn the thoughts into another channel. He was alone with the dead in a damp and noisome dungeon, and a flood of painful notions rushed at once over his soul. He leaned his head against the wall, which reamed with chilly moisture, and sought to cool his burning temples with its icy touch. In this state he remained, almost unconscious of existence for some time, till the victorious royalists, in their search through the castle, lighted on his dungeon; and he was roused to a sense of his situation by their roughly seizing him and demanding who and what he was. Melville required them to bring him before their leader, and said he would render to him none, any account of himself.

He was soon brought into the presence of Mr. Cavendish, who started with surprise on seeing who he was; nor was Melville much less surprised than he, though his pride was humbled, by the hu-

miliating condition in which he stood. His hands were soon loosed, and he gave briefly an account of the circumstances which had occurred to him, since his departure from Bandon.

This rencontre with Melville, whom he thought far removed, was a source of deep anxiety and serious thought to Mr. Cavendish. Fate seemed to throw him again in his way, as if to thwart his plans, and break in upon the peace of his family. He dreaded his again meeting Emma, lest the prepossession in his favour should be strengthened in her mind or, at least, renewed, when he was expecting it to fade away by absence ; and on the other hand, the double debt for his own life and his family's forbade the leaving him alone amongst the outraged Irish, or delivering him again into the hands of his countrymen. The struggle within was severe, but gratitude triumphed, and he resolved to act upon its dictates, leaving results to Providence. It had been previously resolved to dismantle the stronghold which they had taken and evacuate the place, as they had not men to garrison it ; and, therefore, the work of demolition was commenced, and

when they had rendered the castle and its dependences untenable, the one party returned home by land as they had come, and Mr. Cavendish, with his company, embarked in their boats, to return to Coolmain.

Melville's wound was of a more serious nature, than he had at first apprehended. He had lost much blood, and it was necessary, on his arrival at Coolmain, to have him carried to his chamber, where he remained for some days seriously indisposed. Mrs. Cavendish in person attended to his wants and frequently sat beside his couch. Whatever her fears might be in reference to her daughter's happiness, she could not, for a moment, allow them to interfere with the duties of gratitude and humanity; and when she looked on her husband and children, her heart swelled with kindly feeling towards him, who whatever might be his faults and waywardness, had restored them to each other's arms. As Melville improved and was able to leave his apartment, it became a subject of deep anxiety to both parents, how they should act towards the invalid; and they could arrive at no other conclusion than just to leave matters to

chance, merely taking care not to allow Emma and Melville to be alone together.

Since his departure, the young lady seemed to have made an exertion to overcome the regret which she felt, and had partially succeeded. She tried to appear cheerful, and busied herself in various household matters, so that her parents' hope continued, that her own good sense would enable her eventually to overcome any partiality she might have felt towards him. But there was manifestly an effort in all this, and then she was fonder than before of solitude, and frequently wandered by herself along the beach, seeming even not to desire her brother's society. Now, that she knew Melville was again under the same roof with her, all her cheerfulness vanished ; she was pensive and seldom spoke, but trembled even on the approach of her mother. When, at length, Melville made his appearance in her presence, she with difficulty rose to welcome him, and ask how he did ; and he on his part, was almost equally embarrassed. Her father watched closely the effect of this interview, and retired with a painful feeling that his daughter's affections were deeply

gaged by the stranger. It became, therefore, his object to separate her as soon as possible from her dangerous companion ; and for this purpose, he went to pay his respects to the Lady Elizabeth, and inform her of his desire that Emma should accept his invitation, which that lady had some time before given, to have her company during Lord Kinalmeaky's absence. He thought better also to state the unpleasant situation, in which he stood in reference to Melville, and to ask her Ladyship's advice and assistance in this strait, which he was persuaded, from her kind and generous disposition, she would readily grant. Having come to this resolution, he prepared to execute it, and departed the next morning for the town.

Mr. Cavendish's absence unavoidably afforded a better opportunity to Melville of being alone with Emma, and he now desired her more eagerly, for every day increased his passion for her, and he could not but see that she felt any thing but indifference towards him. The very fact of his being an outcast and a wanderer caused him to cherish more tenderly and cling more tenaciously to his

love for the only being who appeared to regard him in his desolation, and to forget he was a nameless and contemned stranger. He did not allow himself to think of the consequences which would ensue, did Emma return his love, and consent to be his ; but pleased his mind with pictures of happiness, which reason, were it allowed to act, would have told him, could never be realised. Hurried on by passion as he had always been, he resolved to disclose his feelings and plead his cause with the young lady, so soon as he could find her alone, and if he gained her consent, to trust to her parents' devoted affection, for their sanction to his suit, never reflecting that he was acting unhandsomely towards them in thus seeking to press his addresses, when he well knew they could not possibly approve of them.

An opportunity soon offered ; Mrs. Cavendish was unavoidably absent on family arrangements, and the young people were left alone. For a few minutes, neither spoke, and Emma was about leaving the apartment, on some pretence, when Melville, in a low voice, requested her to

She turned as pale as death, her knees
gave and she was obliged to seat her-
self where she would have fallen.

Miss Cavendish," said he, "will you
be a stranger and a wanderer in your
land? to speak a few words, ere he leaves
you for ever?"

"I cannot," replied she faintly, "refuse
to be a preserver of my parents' life and my
country a boon; but what is there which
you require at my hands?"

"Much more perhaps than you will deign
to give; my happiness, my life, my all
are on your lips, and do not hastily
refuse to cast me to utter misery and
death."

"You honour me too far by this lan-
guage, and I dare not listen to words which
at least the appearance of gross flat-

ter you wrong me. I flatter not when I
say my happiness depends on you. I saw,
I loved you—nay, hear me—
not at the word—I love you with a
deep, ardent, and lasting as man ever
before were are difficulties in the way, but
they are not insuperable; I am now un-
happy, under a cloud of obloquy, but I

pledge myself never to claim your hand till I can place you in that rank which I once held and will ere long regain ; and now, do not at once reject my suit and cast me again to despair from which my love for you has nearly rescued me."

Emma heard him in silence, her bosom heaved and her heart beat violently. "This, Sir," said she, "is folly, madness ; we never can be any thing to each other but friends. I cannot, I will not wound my fond parents by disobedience to their wishes, and I know they never will sanction your suit ; forbear to press this subject, you will find those who can return your love, which I never can."

"I am thus despised and scorned ; my evil destiny is looked on as a crime, and you will not cast aside the narrow prejudice which my unhappy circumstances have raised against me."

"You are mistaken," said she, eager to disabuse his mind of an erroneous impression. "I have no narrow prejudice. I know not that you are guilty of aught which could derogate from your honour, but—"

"But what ? speak out for heaven's sake and let me not hang in this horrible suspense. Your esteem, your love is all I seek

and desire, grant me but that and I am once more happy."

"It never can be, press me no farther ; in mercy spare me, I can scarcely endure more."

"There is some strange mystery here ; say you hate, you spurn me, but put me not off thus with hints and distracting doubts ; bid me quit you for ever, and bitter as the cup will be I will drink it ; but be explicit."

"This is not kind, you pain me—oh, how deeply—were I to say you were not indifferent to me, it would avail nothing, for—oh my God, enable me to fulfil the sacred duty which I have to discharge towards the best and kindest parents ! I have struggled to fulfil it, and it shall be done ; hear then and let it set this matter at rest for ever, though my poor heart should even break in the effort. I am affianced to another, and no power shall ever cause me to break my vow and with it my parents' heart."

Melville heard this declaration with feelings which it would be impossible to describe. His last hope of peace was crushed and broken, he saw the pain it cost her to come to the resolution which she had just expressed, and he saw that this resolution was not to

be shaken. He paced the room with hast steps, whilst, with beating heart, the noble minded girl roused up all her energies to stand this fearful trial.

Melville's resolution was speedily taken it was of little importance to him now whither his course turned, and he only wished to rush into the midst of danger, no matter what it might be, and lose there the pressing sense of his misery. He approached respectfully, took her hand and said: "Farewell, Emma, the die is cast and I am doomed to further wretchedness. May Heaven bless you! forget that you have ever seen me, be happy, and if the prayers of one like me are heard above, they shall be offered for you."

She looked up in his face; he caught her in his arms, imprinted one kiss on her pale lips, and the next moment hurried from the room. Mrs. Cavendish met him just as he passed out, but, without noticing her, he hastened on and stopped not till he gained the high road. He then cast one look back on the castle and turning again, quickly pursued his journey.

Mrs. Cavendish hastened to Emma, whom she found breathless and almost fainting

and taking her in her arms supported her head on her bosom. It was not long before tears came to her relief, and she returned the fond embrace of the most indulgent of mothers.

"My love," said Mrs. Cavendish kindly, "you are greatly agitated. I do not ask you what has happened, but you will ever find in me one who will sympathise in your sorrow."

"It is over now, dear mother," said she, sobbing as if her heart would break. "Thank God it is over; I have endeavoured to do my duty, and the Lord will strengthen me to keep my resolution."

"You are a dear good girl and my own Emma," replied her mother, as her tears mingled with hers, "and I knew you would do what is right; but now forget it all and do not mention it no more."

"I will try, dear mother, but I cannot at once forget; I have been very foolish, but, indeed, it went to my heart to entertain a thought which would grieve you and my dear father, and I could not sleep while I knew you were displeased with me; but now you look as you always did on your

Emma, and I shall try never to grieve you more."

"You are all I hoped and expected you to be, my dearest child," said her delighted mother; "do not then distress yourself by thinking of this topic, but come, let us converse on other subjects." Thus saying, she endeavoured to turn her daughter's attention to indifferent matters, and spoke of Lady Elizabeth's kind invitation, but all did not avail; the struggle had been too great, and the pain too deeply felt in making the sacrifice which she had made to duty, that she should at once be able to banish it from her mind. She, therefore, retired early and sought a refuge from her anguish in her solitary chamber. She sought repose, but it fled from her, and after a restless night, disturbed by disagreeable visions, she rose early and walked forth along the beach.

Here she was joined by Alfred, and in his playful gambols and amusing chat found for awhile ease for her troubled heart. Her father returned, as the family were seated at breakfast, and brought the agreeable intelligence, that she should forthwith set out with

him to see his noble friend, who had expressed the utmost pleasure at the prospect of having such a companion during her Lord's absence.

He was soon informed by his lady of the departure of Melville, and its cause, so far as she had ascertained it from the circumstances and the words of Emma ; and it was with unfeigned delight and the triumph of a fond parent, that he looked upon his child who had made such a sacrifice to duty. He exulted in the thought of being able to convey to Edward Stawel the joyful tidings, and to show him that in obtaining such a wife, he was certain to be possessed of more solid happiness than if she had, from mere passion or interest, at once preferred him to the man who had for a moment won her affections ; for a woman, whose reason and sense of duty enabled her thus to triumph over a strong prepossession, would be likely to be guided by the same principles in the married state, and always bend her inclination to the judgment of what was right. It was her father's intention that they should set out the next morning, and preparations were accordingly made, but it was observed that Emma looked pale and indisposed ; and she was obliged to retire early to her room.

On the next morning, she was too ill to rise, and her parents saw, with the deepest anguish, that the struggle she had lately undergone had been too much for her strength, and that she was threatened with a serious indisposition. For some days, she remained in a dangerous state, occasionally raving about the events which had recently taken place, and, in her incoherent wanderings, mentioning the name of Melville, with portions of the conversation which had occurred between her and him at the last interview. Mrs. Cavendish hardly ever left her bedside, preferring to take charge of the sufferer entirely, rather than allow another one who might misinterpret or abuse her ravings to an injurious purpose.

However, a good constitution and careful watching enabled Emma to overcome this attack, and in a week she was convalescing and able to leave her room. All Captain Stawel's former interest was revived and enhanced by this event ; he was constant in his attendance at Coolmain and his inquiries after her. The entire business, so far as he had ascertained it, was detailed to him by Mr. Cavendish, and though he, as on a former occasion, felt some reluctance at the idea of

taking to his arms an unwilling bride, yet he could not avoid being struck with the strength of mind and the filial obedience manifested in her conduct, when it was plain that the struggle had cost her dearly and was not effected without severe mental suffering. Still there was something not very flattering to pride in the idea that any preference, no matter what might be its cause, existed in her mind, and it was not at all gratifying to self-love to reflect that her sacrifice had been made rather to duty than affection.

He, therefore, was not at first disposed to follow up his pursuit of the object once dearest to his heart. He felt chagrined and vexed—his pride was hurt, and therefore he endeavoured to come to the resolution of abandoning her and the country for ever; but then he could not so easily silence the monitor, who told him, that he loved even to distraction, especially as he was not quite certain, but that she had been only momentarily led astray by an ignis fatuus which had dazzled her inexperienced eyes. He would then wait till she had recovered, and ascertain exactly the state of her feelings: he owed this to her parents,

to his own engagement to his plighted word. He was anxious to see how she would receive him, and whether he might build any well-grounded hope on recent events. In this frame of mind, he waited anxiously for her recovery and appearance in the family circle ; and it was with no slight perturbation of heart that he first looked on the pale and wasted countenance of her, whom he had last seen in the full bloom of health, and the excitement of deep and powerful passion. She was but a shadow of herself, even the brightness of its glance had apparently fled from the brilliant eye, which had so lately beamed with surpassing lustre. As she approached, with a slow and feeble step, leaning on her mother's arm, he started from his seat and would have caught her to his heart, had he dared to hope that she would look on him, as of old. His cold and prudential considerations fled, and all his former love, enhanced by the influence of sympathy, returned once more in a full and overwhelming tide.

Emma seated herself, after the first greetings were over, and continued a short while silent, looking on the ground in deep thought. An attempt was made by her

induce her to converse, but she only in monosyllables. Captain tried to induce her to speak on interesting topics, but her mind was elsewhere. He spoke to her in a more kindly and familiar tone, such as he was wont to use in happier days, but she only sighed faintly in return, and all three fell into silence. Feeling that this was injurious to the invalid, and fearing it might retard her recovery, Mrs. Cavendish apologized to Edward, again sent Emma back to her chamber, but conscious that her conduct might be unkind towards one so devoted to her, she held out her hand and, faintly requested him to pardon a wayward and petted invalid for giving a dear friend a poor reception. Edward caught her hand, which he fondly pressed, and then turned away to hide his warring emotions which struggled for mastery.

A shower of tears relieved the pent up feelings of Emma on her return to her chamber, and, soon after, a refreshing slumber gently on, and continued for some time. She awoke more cheerful and look-

ing better than she had done since her illness commenced. Her first inquiry was for Edward, but he had departed some time before in a mood between hope and fear, half resolved to resign all claim to her hand, yet drawn back by the existence of a feeling too deep for even the influence of pride and self-love.

CHAPTER VII.

As soon as Emma was sufficiently strong to travel, her father resolved to take her to his kind friend, the Lady Elizabeth, in accordance with her renewed invitation, and he deemed it better that Edward and she should not again meet until her health was restored and the tone of her mind, in some degree, recovered, which he hoped would be the case soon under the gentle and kindly care, which she was sure to meet with from his noble friend. In this hope he was not disappointed, for, in a few days, he found her so much improved in body and mind that he returned home, with a lighter heart than had been his lot for some weeks previously. Nothing could exceed the interest which Lady Elizabeth felt for her young friend, and this interest was increased by hearing from her father the circumstances in which she was placed, though at first she seemed startled at the intimation of

Emma's attachment to Melville. Whether her own knowledge of that gentleman's character and her sense of the danger which Emma was placed, from his unhappy circumstances, or her friendship for Mr. Cavendish and desire to gratify his wishes for his daughter's welfare, or these motives combined wrought on her, certain it was, that she used uncommon pains to lead the mind of her young charge to rational views of life and conduct, holding before her, at intervals, in the most gentle and insinuating manner, the dangers and evils which resulted from hasty, ill-sorted, and imprudent attachments. Her language on this subject was so well-tuned, affectionate and conciliating as not to appear premeditated or designed to apply to any particular case.

It was not long, therefore, before she won the entire esteem of the confiding girl, in whom her disinterested regard was as acceptable as it was sincere, and every feeling of her heart was gradually laid open to her, with whom it was as safely entrusted as with a mother.

Lady Elizabeth was sensible of the confidence thus reposed in her, and desirous

render the impression which her previous advice had made permanent on her young friend's mind, resolved to treat her with similar candour, in disclosing what she knew of the previous history of him, who had so strangely been the source of unhappiness to both, though in a different way.

"You will, my dear Emma," said she, "be surprised to hear, that I am no stranger to him, who has made an impression, though I hope not a permanent one, on your young heart ; and if you desire it, I shall give you a brief sketch of his previous career and my connexion with him."

Emma looked on her friend with surprise and curiosity : she blushed deeply but made no reply.

"Well, then," said the lady smiling, "I shall interpret your silence, as if I were a lover, and take it as a full consent to impart to you a little narrative which will, I trust, make you certain, that in me you have found a friend. I am not, my gentle girl, much your senior, but I have lived more in the world, and have unhappily more acquaintance with its prevailing faults."

“Malcolm Crofton, then, is the son of Hugh Crofton, a gentleman of respectable rank and property in the county of — ; you will thus see that Melville is only his assumed name. His mother was sister to mine, and therefore he is my first cousin. The union of his parents was by no means a happy one ; it was hastily formed, and without the slightest assimilation of temper or habits, in consequence of which a very short time elapsed, before both discovered that they were unfit for each other. Instead, however, of yielding to the peculiarities or feelings of each other, they were scarcely united, a week, when their tempers and dispositions proved incompatible with mutual happiness, and disagreements arose which ended, after some months, in a kind of polite indifference. They indeed continued to live together, but each pursued that course which was agreeable, without consulting the other, except when Mr. Crofton, who was a man of gaiety and pleasure, chose to entertain at his house the companions of his out-door enjoyments. On these occasions his lady was sure to have her own coterie to counterbalance her husband’s guests, so that there existed a kind

of rivalry in dissipation between them, which was quickly dispersing a limited property. Notwithstanding that Mr. Crofton cared little for his wife, he was proud of her beauty, and jealous of any marked attention shown to her; now she knew this, and loved to tease him by exhibiting in her train some of the most dissipated young men in that dissipated age. Quarrels consequently arose, which tended to sever every tie of regard and affection between them, and mutual upbraidings on each other's conduct occupied the time during which accident or necessity brought them together without witnesses.

“ Mrs. Crofton was virtuous, though her manners were light and afforded ground of suspicion. She, therefore, generally received, with cool indifference or sneering contempt, her husband's censures, retorting on him his well-known gallantries. This state of things continued for some months, till the lady was on the point of becoming a mother. Still the same scene of gaiety was kept up.

“ Amongst my aunt's guests was a young man of most prepossessing manners and

address, who was always in attendance on her, escorted her in her walks and drives, and sat beside her at table, and against whom her husband had an especial pique. There were not wanting those to stimulate his jealousy and foment his hatred to this person ; and when his passions had been wrought up to the highest pitch, he resolved on watching an opportunity of revenge.

“ For this purpose, he one day concealed himself in an adjoining apartment, while his wife was alone with her admirer. He had not been long there, when he supposed he had heard enough to satisfy him of the guilt of the parties, and unable longer to control his rage, he rushed into the room and called loudly to the young man to draw and defend himself ; he hesitated and asked to know the cause why he was assailed ; but on being taunted with cowardice, he no longer declined the rencontre. They fought, and Mrs. Crofton rushed forward to prevent bloodshed, but her husband dashed her rudely aside, and she fell to the ground stunned and insensible.

“ Roused by this brutal act, Mr. Crof-

ton's antagonist put forth all his skill, and being far more cool than his opponent succeeded in wounding him severely, thinking thus to terminate the contest ; but the other was not to be satisfied thus, and persevered, till he fell pierced through the body by his adversary, who immediately fled from the house. Mrs. Crofton revived slowly, and the first sight, which met her eyes on recovering from her fainting, was her husband dead and weltering in his blood. Her shrieks alarmed the domestics, who hurried into the apartment and found her lying on the body, calling on heaven to pardon her for the deed of which she was the cause. She was conveyed to her room, and was soon after delivered of a son, the very Malcolm, whom you have known under the name of Melville. She did not long survive his birth, and was buried on the same day with her husband, a shocking example of the evils resulting from hasty attachments and frivolity of conduct. The infant was taken under the care of my dear mother, who, though she had never held any intercourse with my aunt after her marriage, felt it to be her duty to attend to the poor little stranger, thus

ushered into the world, an orphan in the bitterest sense of the word. He was reared with all care and tenderness as a son by my beloved parent, and when he was about five years old, I first saw the light. No pains were spared on his education, the best teachers were provided for him, and he early manifested an acute and comprehensive mind; but there was a waywardness and a head-strong passion about him, which required strict care and continual restraint to which he submitted often with a bad grace.

“ Yet, whilst he was young enough to be controlled, my father would not allow any portion of that discipline, which he deemed necessary to curb so unruly a spirit, to be relaxed, and to this is to be attributed his possession of any command over a temper naturally unruly. As I grew up, we were much together as children, but my mother began early to teach me to discriminate the defects of his temper and disposition, and such was the love and respect I entertained towards her, that her words made more impression on my mind, than could be expected in the case of one so young.

"The time came when Malcolm should enter the university, and he departed not without sincere regret at leaving his home and friends; for he is possessed of deep and generous feelings, capable of contributing largely to his happiness, were it not for the headstrong and stormy passions which he inherited from his parents. We saw him only at intervals during the four years he continued at Oxford, but the accounts forwarded to my father from his tutor were, with few exceptions, most satisfactory. Previously to the termination of Malcolm's university education, I had become acquainted with my Lord Kinalmeaky, and I need scarcely say, my dear Emma, that he won my heart, and with the consent of my indulgent parents was admitted as my affianced husband. His high character, noble bearing, and personal favour with our gracious sovereign, rendered him an object of universal esteem, and a suitor of whom the highest in the land might be proud.

"From the hour I first knew him, I had no thought of aught earthly but him; nor was it possible that my heart could be so occupied by any other man. My dear girl,

there is a powerful charm in the idea that your affections are not thrown away on an unworthy object—there is a delightful feeling in knowing that every one around you is satisfied with the choice you have made — there is a proud consciousness of being loved by one whom the world is forced to esteem; and more than all, there is a bright and glowing prospect of happiness before you, which all the glitter and tinsel of showy qualities, whether of head or heart, can never furnish, unless they are based on sound principle, and connected with a course of upright and honourable conduct. Such was my feeling on ascertaining that one of the first men of the day, distinguished alike for public and private virtue, honoured me with a preference above the many more gifted women whom he had met, and from that day to the present, I have found no cause to alter my opinion of his worth, or to regret that he won my earliest love. He is all to me; and should these present troubles deprive me of him, and consign the idol of my heart to an early grave, my last of earthly happiness will enter the tomb with him, whilst I trust that the principles of loyalty which

actuate him, in his present career of duty and usefulness, are not without their due weight on my mind ; and though the blow would be to me calamitous in the extreme, yet it would be at least some alleviation that he fell in the cause of his king and country, his religion and his God.”

She paused, and tears streamed down her face at the supposition which she had made ; her bosom heaved, and choking sobs prevented utterance. It was the spontaneous flow of the best affections of the heart : the unavoidable outburst of surpassing love—it should have its way and be indulged—the object of it was far away in danger, or he might be a corpse ; and the mind which had stood firmly, when peril menaced and death stared her in the face, gave way to its softer emotions in the presence of one who could share in its gentle sympathies, and feel for its sorrows. But soon she rallied ; and, smiling at her own weakness, proceeded with her narrative, to which Emma listened with breathless attention, broken only by the intermingling of her tears with those of her noble friend, as she leaned upon her bosom, and entered into all the deep feeling which breathed forth in her words.

“Malcolm,” said she, resuming her narrative, “returned to us, previously to his last term in Oxford ; and, on that occasion, manifested towards me more attention than he had yet shown. I felt uneasy under this, and yet was reluctant, I scarcely know why, to tell him of my engagement, which he could hardly hear from any other source, as it had originated in his absence, and during a very brief visit which Lord Kinalmeaky had paid to my father, who was one of the earliest friends of the Earl of Cork. I know not whether my cousin took particular notice of my demeanour towards him ; certain it was, that he left us rather abruptly, professing an anxious desire to return to the university and complete his studies.

“Meantime, some rumours had reached my father that his diligence in the walks of literature and science was considerably slackened, and his company and expenses were unsuited to a laborious student ; yet, as he had no positive information on the subject, he avoided making a charge which could be easily parried by his ward, and trusted that the result would be such as he wished. But towards the close of winter, and some time previous to the day on

which he should graduate in college, as we sat together after our evening's meal, a loud knocking was heard at the great gate, which the porter speedily opened, when a gentleman, closely muffled in a cloak, entered and stated, that Lord Denbigh's nephew had met with a serious accident, and was brought home in a litter, which was outside the gate, and as he was aware that every attention would be paid by his relatives to the invalid, he would leave him in their hands.

"The gentleman bowed and retired ; and on the domestics going out to ascertain the truth of his announcement, Malcolm was, indeed, there desperately wounded, unable to move or articulate. He had lost much blood, and his wounds had been only clumsily bandaged. It is scarcely necessary to state, that the household was soon in requisition, crowding about the sufferer, whom we thought dying. He was brought into the castle, a leech was summoned, his wounds were properly dressed, but for some days no decided opinion could be given on his case. Still a vigorous constitution and great care, with the blessing of Providence on our own exertions, soon afforded hopes

of his recovery, and not many days elapsed ere he recognised his friends around him, and fervently thanked them for their care and attention. He recovered slowly, but kept a profound silence, with respect to the cause and circumstances of his recent disaster ; nay, he even seemed to shrink from it with dislike, if it were ever so slightly touched on. My father did not choose to speak expressly to him about it, as he was now of age and might not perhaps patiently bear censure or reproof. Yet he did not forget that duty which he owed to his nephew, but in a general though forcible manner, warned him of the direful results of domineering passion. This Malcolm bore rather patiently, and we were all satisfied, that whatever might have been the cause of his recent disaster, he had received by it a lesson of prudence not easily to be forgotten.

“ When he became convalescent, I was unavoidably a good deal in his company; and as he grew stronger, and the painful impression of his recent suffering wore off his mind, he conversed freely and cheerfully with me. I could not help being struck with the extent of his reading, and

versatility of his talent ; his powers of mind were, to my inexperience, almost superhuman ; and though I have since learned to value them less highly, yet have I seldom known one more gifted or more capable of applying his gifts for good or evil, though happily his natural disposition led him towards the latter.

Devoted as my heart was to another, his fascinating manners produced no further than admiration, with a fear that so great a talent would either be allowed to lie in inactivity, or be perverted to mischievous purposes. I do not say that, had Mr. Olm returned home and found me altogether disengaged, I might not for a time have forgotten the prudent suggestions of maternal love, and have been led to enter into something more than admiration for his rowess ; but situated as I was, and on the eve of being united to the man of my choice, there was not only a sufficient check over my affections, but I found it difficult to pursue such a line of conduct as would check any approaches to a passion, which, in its part, which could never be returned to me. I did not choose to inform him of my engagement ; and I can scarcely as-

sign a reason for it, further than the reluctance which the female mind feels in such cases to speak to any male on this the most delicate and engaging object of life.

“There was, however, an undefined apprehension on my mind in reference to the effect which such an announcement would produce on the violent temper of my cousin.

“This unpleasant task was spared to my father, who took an early opportunity of communicating with Malcolm on this subject. The announcement, as I frequently heard from my father, was received by him with the greatest astonishment and almost horror. He seemed altogether unprepared for such an event, and was rendered dumb by the tidings ; on which he made no remark, but the deep and powerful passions of his nature were poured out in the agonized look he wore.

“Taking advantage of my father having called out on important business, he had retired from the room in search of me. I happened at the time, to be walking at some distance from the house, and having searched for me on one of my usual walks, he came at

to the spot where I stood contemplating a noble cascade, and watching the dashing tide as it rushed, and foamed, and roared down a precipitous and broken line of rocks, into a deep ravine. I stood on the very highest projecting rock, gazing into the abyss below ; I had no thought, no feeling, save for the majestic sight before me, nor was I conscious of any living being in the vicinity, but myself. Unnoticed, therefore, Malcolm approached, and before I was aware that he was present, much less that he had spoken, his hand was laid forcibly on my arm. I started, and shrieked with sudden terror, not knowing whence the rudeness proceeded, and had he not grasped me firmly, I should have fallen into the torrent beneath.

“ Turning round, I saw his face, and oh, I shall never forget the terrific expression, which it wore ! It was not the look of an assassin or a murderer, nor yet of hatred or revenge ; no, it was a combination of all that is terrific in human passion, expressed through its index, the face. It was like a lowering thunder cloud—the bosom of ocean ere the storm rises in all its fury—like what one may suppose to be the

look of the incumbent skies, ere the cano bursts forth, and sends its red glow flood over the land. There were contained in it hatred and grief, anger and fear, desire and envy ; in fact, I can only give a faint idea of the terrific being in my presence I stood, and the effect which was produced on my mind. When I recovered sufficiently to articulate, I said,

“ ‘ Malcolm, what means this strange and alarming mood in which you address me?’ ”

“ Seeing that I was really terrified, I grew somewhat calmer, and looking at him, replied :

“ ‘ Cousin Elizabeth, pardon my rudeness ; did you know how I felt, and what a burden has just been heaped upon my heart, you would have understood me. Come then, seat yourself beside this rock—you tremble and look at me. Wretch that I am, my precipitant speech frightened you, forgive me ; and list a few brief moments to one who is on the very verge of ruin, almost on the brink of madness.’ ”

“ I seated myself as he desired, and looked inquiringly to him for a solution.

this mystery. He turned upon me a searching glance, and said :

“ ‘Elizabeth, Lord Denbigh has just told me you are engaged to another, whom you have met in my absence. Is it so ? Oh ! deny it, and my heart shall bless you. Tell me, it is not so. You know that I have loved, do love you, and that you are to me every thing ; I cannot, I will not part with you thus.’

“ Shocked at the abrupt manner of the question, I paused to collect my thoughts, and consider how I should best reply without adding to the excitement under which he laboured.

“ ‘You will not then answer me, or you would disclaim this connexion. You were forced to accept the offer of Viscount Kinalmeaky by ambitious parents, and your heart went not with your words.’

“ I felt that a reply, and a decided one, was called for ; and, therefore, assuming as much calmness as I could, I said :

“ ‘It is true that I have been affianced to Viscount Kinalmeaky not by the influence of my respected parents, but by my own unbiassed choice. I met, and loved him

dearly as man was ever loved ; and I cannot repent of that preference.'

" He started from the seat which he occupied beside me, and looked on me with a mingled glance of sorrow and anger. 'What,' replied he, 'and can you tell me this?—You, on whom my whole heart was set—you, whom I have ever made the object of almost adoration. And can you consign me to misery and despair for an acquaintance of yesterday, a mushroom nobleman?'

" Stung by this last ungenerous remark, I replied with haughtiness, 'I am not bound to render an account of my conduct to any one but my parents, much less can I respect the motives of a relative, who so ungenerously wounds my feelings by paltry taunts upon one, whose title is the least merit he possesses; nor, was I bound to divine a preference on the part of my cousin, which was shown only in the common civilities of life; and which, had I known it, though ever so flattering, could not, under any circumstances, have been agreeable.'

" "You speak coolly, very coolly, Madam,"

And he, with an ironical smile, 'you have been schooled in the court. I thought you had a heart, but, oh! how have I been deceived! You could not divine my attachment towards you; be it so: and my addresses could never be agreeable? No doubt, for a coronet was not on my brow to catch your wayward fancy——'

I interrupted him here by rising, and abruptly refusing to hear more. 'You have forgotten yourself, Malcolm, and sunk to the level of a low reviler. Farewell, and may come when you will think better of to whom you now impute such unbecoming motives.'

I turned and walked hastily towards the castle, while he stood as if stupified, incapable of motion. I saw him not again. That very evening he departed we knew not whither, nor did he bid adieu to a member of the family.

For some time we could not ascertain where he was, but at length accounts reached us indirectly, that he had arrived in London, and entered on a career of dissipation. We heard, from time to time, of his wild revels amongst the young nobility and gentry about the

court. His manners and connexions gained him access to the highest circles, where he became a leading star ; but his ungovernable temper brought him into many quarrels, and frequent duels were the result.

“ This might have passed off well enough, but some of the court favourites made unfavourable representations of him to our gracious Monarch. And, after severe reproofs conveyed to him by persons in office, he at length engaged in a quarrel in the very precincts of the court, and left his adversary severely wounded. The consequence was banishment from the capital under penalty of imprisonment, if not of death.

“ He retired chagrined and indignant, bankrupt in property, and almost in character, vowing vengeance on the persons whom he supposed to have injured him and eventually turning his hostility against the courtiers, on the Monarch himself ; he seized an opportunity of joining in some of those rebellious proceedings which were then just commencing in his native country ; but the arm of the law was then sufficient to reach the offenders, and Malcolm

against others, was obliged to fly to Ireland where he took refuge with some of the malcontents in the north; and from that period, to the day when he was brought to me a prisoner, I knew not what had become of his fate. He is now, I fear, irretrievably lost; for, he is determined to persevere in this unholy rebellion. And, oh! what a noble mind is wrecked in him by a verwhelming flood of passion which has overpowered his better reason! Yet, he can be prevailed upon, where his own immediate and natural feelings are not concerned, and, therefore, I fear he may yet cause the effusion of much blood ere this rebellion terminates.

"You see, then, my dear girl," said

Elizabeth kindly, "that your own sense has enabled you to decide on what is right in reference to my unhappy man; and, though the struggle has cost you pain, yet you have your reward in the consciousness of doing your duty to your-
your parents, your country, and your

Emma's ear had caught every syllable of his brief, but to her deeply interesting narrative of her friend. She had listened

with a beating heart to the gentle admonitions of that friend, and though she felt humbled, yet there was no degradation in her having loved one who, even with all her faults, possessed so many noble qualities and so cultivated a mind. Tears started in her eyes as she faltered out her thanks to Lady Elizabeth for her kindness in communicating to her this narrative, and she expressed a hope that she should not be found unworthy of the good opinion of her friend.

“Fear it not, my sweet Emma,” said she cheerfully, “you have already displayed a greatness of mind which may be well envied. But I will not flatter you. Come then, now that we have this matter over, let us walk, for the day is fine, and we shall look forth from the walls of this loyal little fortress. How know we but I shall see my good Lord coming, and how glad shall I be to introduce you to him! If you admire him half as much as I do, I fear me you will lose your heart as I did; but that must not be, Emma, and you are to look on him only as any common-place mortal. Don’t blush so, child; go, now, and let us prepare for our walk, the fresh air will

refresh us both after our tedious conversation."

Emma was soon ready, and both issued forth to enjoy the refreshing breeze on the ramparts, where they continued to walk and converse for some time. The longing heart of the faithful wife was, however, disappointed in its hope of seeing him who engrossed her whole affection. He came not that day nor the next, for the important affairs of the northern part of the county occupied his attention, and that of the old Earl and other loyalists, longer than they had expected.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE subjugation of the rebellious clans in the south and west was gradually proceeding, and for many miles round the town there was scarcely any opposition, save detached and predatory parties of rebels which acted without concert, and were influenced more by a desire of plunder than any other causes. Captain Stawel was active in subduing and dispersing these in one direction and Mr. Cavendish in another, and in this business the spy was of important service in tracing them to their haunts and frustrating their plans. He appeared to be now entirely reconciled to his countrymen, and though Mr. Cavendish or any man possessing an honourable mind could never feel any degree of cordiality towards him, yet the important services he had rendered to his family and the cause in which he was

interested, made him more friendly than he otherwise would have been.

It was at this period understood that O'Cowig, who had been driven from Dunworly, was with some others raising a force and endeavouring to make head in the west, and it was deemed necessary to crush them before they could attain sufficient strength to attempt any serious annoyance. For this purpose, Captain Stawel set out with a considerable body of horse and foot, to attack and disperse the rebels wherever they might be found. He was accompanied by the spy as one well acquainted with the country, and without whom he could not be certain of that complete success which was desirable. For some days they continued their march, till they penetrated far into the wilder part of the country, where they had information the enemy were, and here they halted, till their emissary should proceed to reconnoitre the Irish leaguer. He set out towards the evening in the disguise of a peasant, expecting to be able to bring tidings of the enemy, that if possible they might be overpowered and taken, ere they were aware of the English being in that quarter. The night, however, passed and

there were no tidings of him ; noon proaching, and Captain Stawel dread treachery, and fearing a thought better to move on, at all risk seek the Irish in their retreat.

Accordingly, preparations were made, and the party moved forward cautiously. But on that morning a scene enacted in the Irish camp which was one of those so prevalent in that barbarity. The unfortunate spy in charge of his dangerous office had betrayed amongst the enemy, who were more remote than he had anticipated as the hour was late when he had put himself on the points he wished to attain, he preferred taking up his quarters the night in a mud cabin, on the side of the rebel force, with a small party occupied it. Overcome by fatigue, thinking himself safe in his disguise, he went down to sleep, and continued so doing, when O'Cowig and others, who had received some information of the English in that quarter of the country, aroused their followers and endeavored to prepare for defence. In going round the different points of his scattered force

lighted on the hut where the spy lay still asleep with those who had sheltered him. The chief entered, and looking upon the sleepers, awoke them with no very gentle tones. The spy started up, his eyes encountered O'Cowig's, and he saw that his doom was sealed, for that brutal leader looked on him with a scowl of triumphant hatred.

"Seize that traitor," said he to his followers, "that is the reptile who has ruined our cause, and driven us from our homes and castles. By heaven, he shall feel all the fury of my vengeance this day, and every limb shall quiver with agony ; seize, and drag him forth."

The command was soon obeyed, the unhappy man was dragged forth from the hut amid shouts of savage triumph. He uttered no remonstrance, for his tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth, and in the agony of terror drops of cold perspiration flowed down his pallid cheeks. The tidings soon spread amongst the entire mass, and all came crowding round to look on and ridicule the miserable captive. He was dragged onwards to the centre of the encampment, where was a vacant space in which the

whole party stopped, till they should hear the decision of their leader in reference to the captive, who stood trembling in the midst of them.

The place in which they were was a wide and mountainous tract, for the most part barren and uncultivated. There was a kind of amphitheatre surrounded by craggy and irregular lines of rocks, rising up to a considerable height ; the ridges were bare and partially bleached by the rains ; here and there was a projecting cliff, covered with scanty moss and lichens, relieved at intervals by deep fissures and a few wild shrubs growing from them. The enclosed space was partially overspread with huge stones of different sizes, and supported by these, or scattered between them, were the temporary sheds or huts which the wretched kerns had hastily raised to shelter them from the weather. In another quarter were the cattle which they had plundered for their sustenance ; some cropping a scanty meadow amongst the rocks, and some lying down exhausted by hunger, and only waiting for the knife. The savage looks and half-naked figures of two or three hundred peasants, the hoarse laughter, the barbarous

shouts, the brandished weapons and the savage gesticulations, combined with the wildness of the scene, presented altogether a picture which could scarcely be equalled for engrossing interest.

O'Cowig, in a short and truculent harangue informed his auditors, who and what the prisoner was, and the crimes of which he had been guilty, and then told them they were at liberty to torment him as they pleased, so as to prolong his agonies to the utmost pitch. A shout of savage triumph was raised, and all prepared to avail themselves of the gratification offered to their barbarous appetites for cruelty. They soon rent off every particle of clothing from his body, and he stood before them naked and trembling. Once he appealed to the chief, and with a half choking voice entreated mercy, but he turned away with a sardonic laugh. The tormentors came around and pinched him till every part of his body became livid; this he bore with comparative patience; but then they took their skeins and other sharp instruments, and punctured his skin in every part, till he was covered with little streams of blood. The unhappy wretch groaned and writhed about in agony, while

the demoniac laugh of his tormentors drowned his cries. Not satisfied with this, they hastened to the fires which burned in the huts around, and bringing thence bits of woods and stubble, applied the burning points to his wounded flesh, till the fire was extinguished in the trickling blood. In the extremity of his sufferings, he cried to O'Cowig in mercy to shoot or stab him, to do any thing which would rid him of life speedily ; but he heeded him not, and continued to stand near exulting in the diabolical work. The victim next burst from his tormentors and ran a few paces, but was soon overtaken and subjected to renewed torture. His yells now rose piercingly above the savage shouts of the tormentors ; the wild birds were roused from their coverts, the crows and ravens sailed over head uttering shrill cries, and the babel-like din rent the air. The prisoner cast himself on the ground and writhed from side to side, while the torture continued unabated ; he started to his feet, and seized one of the crowd, whose face he rent with his teeth, but he was soon dragged away and his teeth dashed in by the blows of a club. Exhausted by his sufferings, he lay almost insensible,

and the barbarians slacked their tortures, thinking he was dead ; but when he manifested signs of returning animation the work of torture was renewed. They thrust burning brands into his eyes and scooped them out of their sockets, and when at length they were tired of their bloody work, some proposed to bury him still alive.

The suggestion was at once adopted : a hole was soon scraped out by many hands, and the prisoner was dragged towards it. When he felt himself placed in the earth, and the damp clay thrown over his body and extremities, he made one more effort and started up, but he was quickly forced down again, and two or three of the miscreants jumped upon his body while the others heaped the soil upon him. So intent were they on the work, that they had neither eyes nor ears for any thing else, and were quite unconscious of the approach of the party of English towards them ; but, whilst they were occupied as we have just mentioned, the discharge of fifty fire-arms, in a well directed and fatal volley, stretched at least a man for every bullet on the earth, so crowded were they

O'Cowig started, with a roar of agony, from his fiendish contemplation of the bloody vengeance he had ordered. But before he and his followers could recover from their panic, a second volley thinned their numbers, and the chief himself sprung from the ground and fell prostrate on his face, shot through the heart. The assailants now rushed on, but the wretched kerns fled shrieking in all directions ; they were pursued and cut down without mercy, and but few escaped to tell of that bloody day.

Captain Stawel rode up to the centre, desirous to ascertain the work on which the rebels had been so intently occupied. He looked on the half-filled grave, and saw the mutilated face still uncovered ; but, while he gazed on it there was a convulsive heaving of the clay ; it moved, and the horrible corpse raised a smothered groan, a convulsive quivering seized his limbs, and they sunk back again stiffened and senseless as the soil where he lay. Shocked at this horrible sight, Captain Stawel made inquiries of some of the wounded wretches who lay near, who the deceased was, as, in the begrimed and mutilated state in which he lay, it was impossible for him to recognise

the spy. When Captain Stawel ascertained the fact, he could only cover the poor corpse with earth, and hide the miserable remains. The league was now completely broken up, and the English returned to town to announce the perfect success of their enterprise.

Captain Stawel was received by the Lady Elizabeth with courtesy and thanks. She was aware of his attachment to her protégée, and, therefore, felt desirous to bring them together in such a manner as not to infringe the sensitive delicacy of Emma. This she was now able to do, by announcing to her the important service which her lover had just achieved, and stating that she had invited him to dinner that day.

Emma heard the announcement of her friend with calmness, but made no remark. She prepared to meet Captain Stawel as one whom she must respect and esteem, but persuaded herself that he could be nothing more to her, even though she should comply with her parents' wishes, and become his wife. They met without much embarrassment, and in the animated conversation of her lover, Emma began to forget

her troubles, and to admit the possibility that he might become something more to her than a friend. The evening passed with mutual satisfaction, and Lady Elizabeth was delighted to find Emma join cheerfully in conversation. Captain Stawel returned next morning to his charge, more disposed than he had been, for some time, to feel satisfied with himself and Emma.

Letters arrived next day from Lord Kinalmeaky, stating that the important affairs in which he was occupied, and the dangerous state of the northern district, together with the expectation of the return of the rebels from Limerick, so occupied his attention, that he feared it would not be possible for him to see his lady for some time. The tidings were a source of deep affliction to Lady Elizabeth. The separation from her husband seemed to be indefinitely prolonged, and the danger in which he was, enhanced the pain of absence. She would not have so much regarded the danger had she been present with him ; for real affection, though not accompanied with ability to be of service, will imagine its presence a safeguard, as the parent bird dreads more the approach of an enemy for

its young while she is away, though her presence could be no protection to them.

Thus it was with her, whose life and happiness were wrapped up in her husband, and whose sole ambition was to see him honoured and respected. She wrote, expressing her ardent desire to go and share his dangers, stating the important results which had attended the operations of the royalists in the southern district, requesting permission to join him in Youghal, and suggesting the propriety of committing the charge of the town to Mr. Cavendish or Captain Stawel. But, before an answer could arrive, certain tidings were brought that the rebel army, having taken Limerick, had returned into the county Cork, and had commenced the siege of Liscarrol. This was sufficient to decide the wavering resolution of Lady Elizabeth, and she resolved on joining her husband, at any risk. Mr. Cavendish was, therefore, sent for, the town given in charge to him; and a small, but chosen body of horse appointed to escort the lady to Youghal.

When her determination was made known, Emma expressed her desire to accompany her kind friend, and share her

danger. Surprised at such a wish, Lady Kinalmeaky endeavoured to dissuade her from it; but in vain, she was not to be moved by any thing but a positive command, which she would not enforce unless Emma's father required it, for her affection for her young friend was of the strongest kind.

Mr. Cavendish, who immediately removed his family into the town, was soon informed of this resolution, and though both the father and mother felt the deepest anxiety, and even fear on Emma's account, yet, on reflection, they deemed it better to let her go than to thwart her inclination on such a subject, just after she had given so decisive a proof of her superior sense and self-control. They, therefore, with much reluctance agreed to let her go, satisfied that but for the danger which threatened from the rebels in her journey, she would be not only as safe with her patroness as she could be at home, but in the hands of one whose prudence and discretion would confirm her in those honourable and delicate principles of action, which had already produced such important results.

Captain Stawel was invited to attend the

dy Elizabeth as far as Cork, and then to turn to his charge. And this trust he accepted with alacrity, not only on account of the honour it conferred upon him, but because it gave him an opportunity of consoling with Emma, now that he was on the point of being separated from her for some time. It need scarcely be said, that the very thought of separation, and the possibility of never seeing her again were sufficient to renew all his former love, and make him desirous of receiving from her some proof of restoration to that place which he might he once occupied in her esteem.

The departure of the little band was a signal to the whole population to assemble and express their esteem and gratitude to Lady Elizabeth and her noble husband. Hardly one remained within doors, and the murmuring voices of the crowd expressed a deep sense of obligation which they

Blessings were poured on her head as she rode along—the ground was strewn with flowers; prayers for her safety were uttered aloud, and tears of sorrow, deep and heartfelt, poured down the cheeks of many a wife and matron when they saw this tender and delicate woman, who had been to

them during her sojourn as a mother, a second time setting out, thus poorly escorted, to brave the perils of war and the fearful chances of marauding bandits, to join her husband.

She frequently stopped to salute or say a kind word to those whom she recognised amongst the crowd, and so many were pressing forward to kiss her hand, or to give her some farewell mark of recognition, that her progress was much delayed ere she could reach the gate. It was not without reluctance that she took leave of this affectionate people, and when she had passed the gate, turning round once more and gracefully bending her head, she bade them farewell, put spurs to her palfrey, and, attended by her escort, set off at a quick pace.

For some miles she was so wrapped up in her own thoughts, that Captain St. John, who rode by the side of Emma, had no leisure to press his suit. What progress he made, it is not necessary to state exactly; how ardently he pleaded his cause; but it would appear that he was so occupied with the subject, that he did not choose to enquire whether the Lady Elizabeth desired his company, but allowed her

her meditative humour. Nor did Emma reflect that her friend might be able to hear her voice to relieve the anxious weight which pressed upon her mind.

It was only when the lady herself, at length recovered from her reverie, and recalled the gallant leader of her escort, that he remembered there was another duty imposed upon him besides pleading his love with her beautiful protégée. He and Maria were soon by her side; and an animated conversation commenced, which was of such a nature as to exhibit Captain Stawel's powers in a very favourable light, so enable her Ladyship to speak subtly to Emma in terms most flattering to her lover.

The journey passed without molestation to the travellers, who arrived in Cork early in the evening, and stayed there for the night.

The next morning Captain Stawel reluctantly bade them farewell to return to their post, not however without a kindly word from Emma, and a whisper from her Ladyship that she would not be unmindful of his interest. The greater part of the baggage, which had come from Bandon, remained at that place, and their place was supplied by a

troop of horse from Cork, who were to convey their noble charge that day to Youghal.

Lady Elizabeth and Emma, now left to themselves, found sufficient food for conversation, with which they whiled away the tediousness of the road, in subjects of deeply engrossing interest connected with each, and in which they were both mixed up.

It was past noon, when they entered a narrow road enclosed between steep hills, and overshadowed by tall trees, under the shade of which they advanced slowly, enjoying the delightful coolness, after the sultry heat of a midsummer sun. When they had entered into the very heart of the mountains, unapprehensive of danger, the tramp of horses was heard behind them in full speed, and, turning round, they saw a dense body of well-mounted cavalry, nearly four times their number, following closely after them.

Lady Elizabeth's immediate friends pressed round, resolved to die in her defence; and the leader of the Cork troop drew up his men to face the pursuers, determined to make the best stand he could. Not in the least daunted, Lady Elizabeth

ed to view the approaching enemy, asked her friends if they thought there a probability of success against such a er. They replied cheerfully, that there but entreated her to ride a short distance in front, that she and her young might be out of the range of the fire. g the necessity of adopting this advantage and the folly of remaining where she be of no service, she was preparing to ly, when the pursuers halted, and one air leaders advanced, making demonstrations of a pacific character.

tain Herrick observed the movement, advanced to meet him, narrowly scanning his appearance ; but he wore his hat tied over his brow, and a military drawn up about his face, so as to only part of his countenance visible.

come," said he, "to prevent the on of blood. We are all a well-armed overwhelming force, and you have no e of resisting us ; I call on you, fore, to surrender."

Never," replied the other firmly, "le a man of us remains alive, shall we nder to traitors and rebels. Do your , we defy you."

The other smiled scornfully, and said, "You will speak in another tone should we put it to the proof; but I believe you have not authority to command here. May I speak with yonder lady, perhaps she may be more disposed to listen to reason."

"I cannot permit you to speak to her; she is entrusted to my care, and I must answer for her safety."

"I much doubt," replied he, "but a more prudent choice might have been made; yet I cannot waste time. Mark me, Sir Captain, I war not with women. I am alone amongst your men, permit me to speak to that lady, or bear the blame of the disastrous consequences."

Captain Herrick reflected a moment, and then said: "You may proceed Sir, I shall not prevent you further." The other, putting spurs to his horse, was in a minute by the side of Lady Elizabeth, to whom, as well as to Emma, he bowed low and said:

"You are but poorly attended, Lady, considering the perils of your journey; are you disposed to surrender yourself and your escort to the powerful force which I command, or let them try the chance of a bloody encounter with six times their number?"

"For myself, Sir," replied she proudly, "I fear nothing. I will share the fate of my gallant friends if they are disposed to contest the matter, for I will never agree to yield to any number of rebels, how numerous soever they be."

"Bravely spoken, Lady, and worthy of your name; but have you no concern for others; here is a young, and, methinks, more fearful damsel, does she share in your heroic sentiments?"

"Alas!" said she, looking fondly on Emma, "my sweet friend, that I should have brought you from your parents and plunged you into this danger; and yet if she possess the spirit of her ancestors, if her father's blood flow in her veins, she will not blench even from this peril; she has already felt what it is to be in the power of rebels."

"You may spare your ungracious epithets, Lady," said the other sharply; and then addressing himself to Emma, asked, "are you too resolved to sacrifice your life, rather than yield to an honourable foe?"

"I have had," answered she boldly, "but little reason to laud their honour or courtesy, and I am not disposed to trust them again."

No, rather let me die than fall into their hands! My dearest friend," said she, addressing Lady Elizabeth, "doubt not my firmness, and rest assured my father will not grudge his child in such a cause, but will deem her honoured in dying with her benefactress."

"Said I not so," replied the lady in tone of triumph, "my generous, my not girl, would that I could save you at the risk of anything but the honour of my King and country. Go, Sir, we are prepared."

CHAPTER IX.

THE envoy paused awhile, and then looking towards Emma, said, "Was there no redeeming trait in those men you picture in such harsh terms ; was there not one who could claim exemption from the general charge of dishonour and rudeness ?"

She blushed, held down her head, but made no reply. The speaker then looked at her companion, and said, in an altered tone, "Cousin Elizabeth !" The lady started, and exclaimed, "Good God, it is he again ; oh that I should live to see this day ! Do with us as you please ; would to God, however, that this base office had been in other hands than his whom I once so highly esteemed, and who has the same blood flowing in his veins as I have ! Go, Malcolm, complete your work, and may God forgive you."

Emma heard these words and trembled in

him. He then rode forward to join the ladies, and giving a signal, they advanced as before, followed by the insurgent force. For a time they rode on in silence, which was at last broken by Malcolm saying, "I presume, cousin, that you have taken this young lady, whom I see accompanying you, under your patronage. I was not aware you even knew her."

"I have known her and her gallant father for some time, and I value her as a sister. She is one in every respect deserving the highest esteem."

He sighed heavily, and then said; "I too know her to be what you say, and would crave a boon of you, fair cousin, it is the last, for we shall meet no more. I must have a few minutes' speech with that lady alone."

"'Twere better not," replied she quickly, "spare yourself and her so useless a pain."

"I cannot part without it; it is the last effort to—perhaps, make me what I should be."

"Be it so, then," said the lady, and she turned her horse's head towards the opposite side of the road, whilst Malcolm joined Emma.

"Miss Cavendish," said he in a soft and

ddued tone, "is the resolution you expressed to me final, or may I hope you will change it? I presume my cousin has informed you who and what I am."

Emma replied, composedly, "What I once pressed on that painful subject can never be revoked, press me no further. I can neither explain nor argue the matter."

And yet," replied he, "I know that I am not altogether indifferent to you; will you then sacrifice yourself to one who fills no place in your heart?"

"This is not kind," she answered quickly; "you have no right to answer for my feelings, and you take advantage of the circumstance which has placed me in your power to become arbiter of my conduct."

"I do not presume," said he bitterly, "to account for variable humours, nor will I venture again to subject myself to the generous charge you have made. Yet a day may come, proud girl, when you will regret it that you have judged me harshly. Well, I shall not again intrude."

He was turning away, when the tones of his voice again made him pause. "I would, indeed," said she, "feel my misery avated, did I suppose that you, my deli-

verer, and the deliverer of my family, let me under the unfavourable impression, that I could either forget your kindness or be ungrateful ; if, then, I have said anything which wounds your feelings, forgive me. I shall hope and pray for your welfare ; I shall rejoice to hear of your happiness, but—she paused, and he hastily supplied the rest : “ There it must end—enough ; the course is now decided. Adieu, may you never feel the blight over your heart, which for years has rested on mine.”

He reined in his horse, and allowed Emma to join her friend, and, during the next hour, he continued to ride at some distance behind.

They soon emerged into the open country, where the road diverged towards the north west, while the eastern branch led to Youghal. Here Malcolm gave some directions to Captain Herrick, who quickly closed in his files and caused his men to increase their pace. Meantime Malcolm joined his own force, and entered into a conversation with the other leaders, which before seemed by no means satisfactory to them ; and when they reached the town Captain Herrick and his party rode on in fi

on the Youghal road, whilst Malcolm's halted at his order. He addressed briefly, saying, that under the circumstances he deemed it more prudent not to detain themselves with prisoners, as their presence would be immediately necessary at Liscarrol, whither they must forthwith proceed, now that they had sufficiently retarded the enemy's proceedings in that quarter, and could bring important assistance to General Barry, in respect of the forces assembled by the royalists. Several leaders murmured something was being made accountable for his conduct, when he turned and said: "I have told you before, gentlemen, that I would refer to those who have authority to do it, but not to you."

Voices were now heard amongst the men, some audibly of "betraying the cause," owing to the loss of so many valuable horses, arms, ammunition and such important prisoners. The murmurs increased, and were grasped, with every demonstration of impending violence. Malcolm saw this and was prepared to meet it; he drew his sword and advanced towards the mutineers, who slunk back, each individual

fearing the punishment might fall on himself. Still the tumult was not appeased, and when the word was given to march, the more timid moved onwards, but some stood still; advancing to the nearest, Malcolm ordered him to proceed, and when he doggedly refused, he raised his arm and with one blow cleft him through the skull to the very chin. He fell, and the others began to put their horses in motion, save some few of a more resolute character, who drew their swords and stood on their guard. Irritated beyond endurance, Malcolm now rode furiously amongst them, and cut on every side. The men at first only parried his blows, but then one and another struck at him, whilst driven to madness he followed up his attack. The other leaders, seeing matters come to this extremity, faintly and tardily interfered but it was too late, the ill-fated young man fell covered with wounds, and breathed out his last without one pitying eye to look upon his dying struggle. Not displeased at being thus freed from the superiority of one whose religion and country they hated, the Irish leaders prepared to move their band forward, having first cast the body of Malcolm, and three, whom he had slain,

litch. It would have been dangerous to pursue the English, for, not miles distant, there was a strong garrisoned by the royal forces, and not unlikely that some of them might be in this quarter; therefore, they pursued their course, and in two days joined their army at Liscarrol, where they took an account of the affray, as excused themselves, and cast all the blame on the derided Englishman.

Elizabeth and her friend arrived at Youghal, ignorant of the fate of the man who had, in this last generous act, saved himself at the expense of his own. They were received with all affection by the aged man who showed, now that the sun of life was setting, if not all the vigour, at least the spirit and enterprise of youth, and at this moment, though in the greatest want of the common necessities of life, as honest and loyal to his sovereign, as when the tide of prosperity poured in upon him. The malmeaky had been for some time engaged in assisting the Lord President Inchiqualin, in collecting a force to attack the town now occupied in the siege of Liscarrol. He returned to Youghal the day sub-

sequent to his lady's arrival. Though surprised at finding her before him, his pleasure on account of her safety, and the gratification of meeting her, before he exposed himself to the danger of an engagement with the rebels and risked life and all in the great cause which he had at heart were sufficient to repay him for all his toils. The few hours, which they had to spend together, flew quickly by, and the moment of parting came. It was a deeply affecting sight to view that parting scene: the aged nobleman (whose two gallant sons, both peers, with a stripling youth, Francis Boyle, were engaged in that struggle), stood before the door of his mansion bare-headed, with his grey hairs streaming in the breeze; the beautiful and high-minded wife supported by her young friend Emma was there too; composed, indeed, and resigned, though her heart was ready to break. Other members of the family stood near, and the whole household with the most distinguished officers of the garrison of Youghal, came to see the well-beloved and dauntless young nobleman depart. Amongst the many assembled on the occasion, there was not one who entertained aught but affection

ards his person, and admiration of his
ted and chivalrous loyalty. He em-
d his father and friends, but he lin-
a moment ere he could bid farewell to
loved partner. At length, he summoned
tion for this scene, the most trying of
e cast his arms around her as she has-
to his embrace, pressed her fondly to
heart, and fearing to trust himself
r, committed the sobbing wife to the
of his father, into which she sunk
g and helpless, and the next minute
on the road to the army, attended
faithful followers.

castle of Liscarrol was situated about
iles west of Buttevant, on the borders
erick ; it communicated with several
strongholds by a line of fortifications,
extended some miles east and west.
ntire country, on both sides, was a
, perfectly impassible to any wheel
e, except in a very dry summer, and
y practicable at any time to men and
. The castle itself consisted of a
building of large size and great
, exceedingly strong ; around this, in
m of an oblong square, extending
ndred and twenty feet one way, and

two hundred and forty another, was a wall thirty feet high, with six towers at intervals, besides various other buildings. The gateway was situated in a large and strong tower, and besides these the spirited proprietor, Sir Philip Percival, who for many years maintained a garrison there at his own expense, had constructed a covered way, well pallisadoed, with a ravelin and entrenchment, all in the best style of fortification known in the day. So important was this fortress, and its contiguous line of castles for the defence of the country, that the Irish army, on their first advance, early in the year, to the siege of Cork, were afraid to approach it, and made a long circuit across the mountains to avoid the necessity of coming into collision with its garrison ; but on their return from the successful siege of Limerick, where they acquired both artillery and ammunition, they resolved to remedy this error, and determined on a regular siege. For this purpose it was necessary to dismount all their cannon, tie them on logs of timber, and drag them through the morass, with immense loss of time and labour. One piece of ordnance especially, which they took at the siege of Limerick,

which required twenty-five yoke of oxen to draw it, cost immense toil before it could be brought through the morass.

The siege had, however, been commenced, from the small number of men in garrison and the want of sufficient supplies, it was feared it could not hold out till the President could muster forces enough to relieve it. Notwithstanding all the exertion he employed, his levies went on slowly; and on mustering the entire force, he found they did not amount to more than a thousand foot, and four hundred horse. With this small force he marched, with all speed, to the relief of Liscarrol; but, as he approached it, he heard that the castle had been obliged to surrender on honourable terms, after a gallant resistance of thirteen days against an overwhelming force.

On the third of September, the day after the surrender, he came early in sight of the enemy's army, which was very advantageously posted, and consisted of seven thousand foot and five hundred horse. The enemy's right wing was near a fortification on a hill well manned with shot; their left, near the castle, defended by another fortification, in which their artillery was planted. The

main body, consisting of pike-men, composed the centre ; and their cavalry were on the right near the brow of the hill, where the infantry were posted.

Lord Inchiquin, the Lord President, desirous of drawing them from this advantageous position, made a demonstration with a party of horse ; but the Irish detached a body of marksmen to line the hedges, who galled and drove back this party to the main body. On this, his Lordship resolved to make a general assault along the entire line. The word was, therefore, given, and the English advanced in a firm and compact body, the Irish steadily keeping their ground, but opening a fire of artillery on the English right, whose cavalry were in the centre opposed to the pikemen and main body of the enemy.

The front rank of cavalry advanced boldly, and discharged their carbines on the compact line of Irish, then wheeled round to gain the rear and reload, leaving the second line to do the same, expecting thus to break the dense phalanx opposed to them, and be enabled to dash through and trample them down ; but, by some unaccountable mistake, the others, supposing

these were flying, fell into confusion, and began to retreat. Lord Inchiquin was thus left nearly alone, engaged hand to hand with Captain Oliver Stephenson of the Irish, whom, after a brief struggle, he cut down; but, being severely wounded, he must have perished, had not Captain Jephson come up in time and rescued him. Both, then, succeeded in rallying the horse, and the battle was renewed. Meantime, Viscount Kinalmeaky, who had been detached with a party of horse to co-operate with Colonel Myn, who commanded the left wing of the English, was briskly engaged with the enemy, who, seeing the confusion of the main body of the cavalry, had boldly advanced to the attack, which they sustained for some time vigorously, but were forced to give way principally from the impetuous bravery of the Lord Kinalmeaky.

Colonel Richard Butler of the Irish army, and some others, seeing this, resolved if possible to cut him off; and feigning a retreat, drew him almost alone into a dense body of infantry, where he was assailed on all sides. His brother, Richard Boyle, then only nineteen years of age, perceiving

his danger, dashed forward, attended by a few horse, to succour him ; and cutting his way through the Irish, stood by his side : but just at this moment, a chance shot struck the gallant nobleman, and he fell mortally wounded.

A fearful struggle now commenced in defence of his body which the Irish endeavoured to seize ; but Richard Boyle at length succeeded, with the aid of the infantry, who now came up, in rescuing his brother's body and horse from the enemy, and in disarming and taking prisoner Colonel Butler. This dauntless youth, now powerfully seconded, drove back and pursued the right wing of the enemy, whilst Lord Inchiquin completely routed the cavalry. On the left, the Irish were driven from their position, and their guns taken by Sir Charles Vavasour. They fled to a neighbouring bog, through which they floundered, closely pursued by the English. The whole army of the enemy were now in precipitate retreat, flying in every direction, and a scene of horrible confusion, dismay, and carnage, ensued. The shouts of the pursuers, the groans of the wounded, the shrieks and cries for mercy, and the rattle

rms, mingled in a horrible din. Terrified flight, many of the fugitives fell into the morass, some to rise no more only to meet a speedy death at the sword of the enemy, as they rolled about in the muddy and staggering, with which their life blood ran in copious streams, lending a still darker and hideous hue to the already blood. No quarter was given, nor a single prisoner taken, save Colonel O'Reilly, already mentioned. The victory had been more decisive, and the whole Irish army almost complete, had not Inchiquin been mistaken in reporting the defeat of their right wing, and ordered a retreat.

Inchiquin's body had retired nearly a mile; he discovered his error, and in the meantime the fugitives had gained another three miles distant, whither it was impossible to follow them.

The English lost comparatively few men, some wounded; whilst the loss of the Irish is by some estimated at fifteen hundred killed. Yet, though important as the victory was, it was considered dearly bought, by the death of Lord Kinal-

meaky, whom every one mourned as a brother and the brightest ornament of the English settlers. Liscarrol was repaired, and again garrisoned ; but Lord Inchiquin was forced to break up his army, and disperse them in different garrisons, from the want of provisions, ammunition, and other necessaries. The body of Lord Kinalmeaky was conveyed to Youghal, with all due honour and military pomp, where it was met by the Earl and other relatives of the deceased, and carried to his Lordship's residence, (B) there to be laid out in state.

It would be impossible to describe the grief of the Lady Elizabeth ; it was not loud nor clamorous, but deep, settled, and overpowering. She uttered no cry, shed no tear, made no lament. She sat beside the couch on which he was laid, kissed his pale lips, and now and again, in very childishness, arranged the dark clustering locks on his marble brow. She took his icy hand in hers, and laid it on her bosom ; and when it fell heavily from that seat of affection, she started involuntary, as if unconscious of the cause.

The Earl stood beside her, gazing alternately on her and the insensible remains,

at the big tears coursed each other
n his furrowed cheeks, and Emma, the
le and faithful Emma, sat near her
id, weeping to see that wreck of love
happiness.

ady Elizabeth would suffer herself to be
ow and then from the chamber by the
and her friend. She offered no oppo-
n to anything they bade her do, but
gentle and complying as an infant ; so
they began to fear her reason was un-
ined, and, therefore, resolved to ex-
te the funeral solemnities, which was
more necessary, as some days had
sed since his death.

ll the nobility and gentry, who were at
able to attend, were present on the
nn occasion ; and the garrison, with
military from the neighbouring coun-
were under arms. The mortal remains
removed from the chamber where
had lain, and brought forth into the
st. They were carried on a bier by the
her officers of the deceased, and his pall
supported by six noblemen. The aged
and his remaining sons followed in
mourning, and the sad cavalcade began
move forward.

Just at this moment, the Lady Elizabeth, who had been hitherto, while the preparations were being expedited, kept apart by the careful and affectionate attentions of Emma, insisted on going to the chamber of death. She was not to be thwarted, and her friend walked with her to the spot. She cast one look around; and seeing that the room was empty, uttered a piercing cry, and sunk senseless on the floor. That cry was heard by those who were occupied in carrying the dead to his last resting-place, and caused the arrow to enter more deeply into the hearts of the mourners, as they moved onwards towards the ancient and venerable church, where the remains were about to be deposited.

The reverend clergymen met them at the entrance of the sacred edifice ; and as the solemn words of the burial service were uttered by him, there was not a dry eye in the assemblage. The procession moved onwards to the chapel, where the Earl had constructed a gorgeous sculptured tomb, and monumental effigies for his family ; (C) and whilst the thrilling words were uttered—

“ We, therefore, commit this body to the ground,” the corpse was lowered into the

It; the cold earth rattled upon the
in, which was soon hidden for ever from
sight of the living, and the mourners
turned slowly and sadly to their several
res.

Months passed away; the distractions of
country increased: the Earl recovered
the degree of equanimity; for the dire
necessity of the times compelling him to
exert all his remaining powers, he lost, to a
considerable extent, in the busy toils of war,
the sense of his personal sufferings, and his
noted loyalty caused him to consider no
sacrifice too great which served the cause
of the sovereign.

The Lady Elizabeth, too, acquired some
degree of composure, and gradually became
reconciled to her lot, though the deep sense
of the bereavement was too powerful for
her tender frame, and sent her to an early
grave. Emma remained with her friend
some months, and only left her at the
pressing desire of her father, whose anxiety
to see her settled in life caused him to wish
for her return. After the lapse of a year,
she consented to become the wife of Cap-
tain Stawel, who fully realised all the anti-
cipations of her parents, in his continued

and successful efforts to secure her happiness. He never had reason to regret his compliance with her father's wishes in trusting to her sense of propriety, her judgment, prudence, and native delicacy of feeling, to free her from a prepossession hastily formed and founded on partial views of character. Her share of happiness in the married state was as much as falls to the lot of the most fortunate of the human race ; if there was not all the ardour of intense passion, there was the more permanent feeling of well-grounded esteem ; if there was not the dazzling glare of a first love, there was the steady light of wedded affection, which lasted undimmed and undiminished through life. Captain Stawel kept as much as possible aloof from the distracting politics which rent the country, for several succeeding years, during the usurpation of Cromwell, contenting himself with domestic happiness, and viewing his children growing up around him, remote from the troubled waves of civil discord.

Albert was permitted by his father to indulge his propensity for martial enterprise ; he entered the service of his King, shared in his misfortunes, and eventually rose high

the army, after the Restoration. Mr. Cavendish built a new mansion on the site at which had been burned down by rebels; the voice, which had before so unpleasingly in his ears on that was not again heard; the superstitious interpreted it as the cry of the guardian-spirit, or banshee of the Irish family, who had possessed those domains, and so long as there was a chance of bringing them to their forfeited possessions, heeded over their interests; but now, the last hope was fled, had retired in silence, leaving the new inhabitants thenceforth to enjoy, undisturbed by supernatural agency, their dangerous acquisitions.

Others were more disposed to attribute this cry to a well-planned scheme on the part of the Irish, who, availing themselves of particular occasions and circumstances, endeavoured to banish the English exception, when force was found unavailing.

NOTES.

(A). P. 42.

COMMISSION FROM THE KING.

THE English force, under the Lord President, were posted at Ballyhoura mountain, when the rebels approached; but instead of giving battle, a trumpeter accompanied by a lawyer, named Walsh, was sent to demand a parley, and on the Lord President requiring to know their object, Walsh refused to communicate it to any, but himself, in private. On which, Lord Cork's sons and other English leaders present, withdrew to a little distance. Walsh then declared, that the Irish had the King's commission for levying forces, which he would produce the next day, if a safe conduct were given him. He was assured of obtaining the safe conduct, and retired. He returned again and brought a large parchment, formally signed and sealed, empowering Lord Muskerry to levy forces for His Majesty. The Lord President then informed his friends, that he would act no farther in the business, for he would rather die, than be a rebel; but Lord Broghill persisted in, saying the Commission was only a cheat. However terms were entered into with the rebels, which left the country

their mercy. The President's forces were dis-
l himself returned to Cork."

(B). P. 282.

EARL OF CORK'S RESIDENCE AT YOUGHAL.

As the celebrated College at Youghal founded
by Thomas, Earl of Desmond, the income of
is not only considerable, but there were at
the house, several valuable church prefer-
[This establishment enjoyed its revenues some
the Reformation, but eventually fell into the
the Earl of Cork, who fitted up the College
as his residence. The transactions between him
Earl of Strafford, in reference to the revenues
document, are deeply interesting, and show the
character in no enviable light. It was one of
critical points which pressed very heavily on
his trial, and in which it appears that the Earl
indicated his own upright dealing to the satis-
almost every one, who felt an interest in the

(C). P. 284.

EARL OF CORK'S MONUMENT.

South wing of the Collegiate Church of Youghal
erected from the Mayor and Corporation of the
the Earl. He repaired the chapel, and in his

life-time erected a handsome monument for his family in marble and alabaster. On the monument are the effigies of this nobleman who is lying at full length on his left side in armour, his head supported by his left hand; below, are the figures of nine of his children, with the dates of their births on the pedestals. Over the effigy of the Earl is a long Latin inscription describing his birth, marriages, honours, &c.; and beneath, the epitaphs of several of his children and near relatives.

END OF VOL. II.

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THE
LAST OF THE O'MAHONYS.

VOL. III.



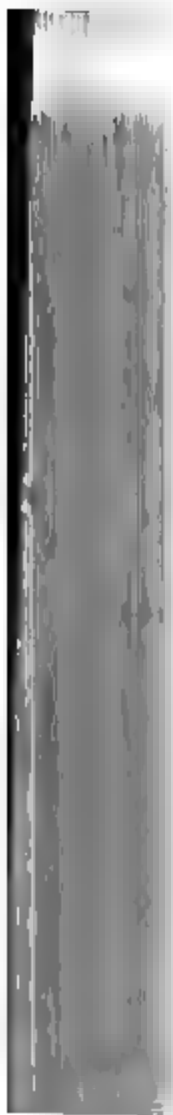
THE
LAST OF THE O'MAHONYS,
AND OTHER
HISTORICAL TALES
OF
THE ENGLISH SETTLERS
IN MUNSTER.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:
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1843.

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THE PURITAN.

VOL. III.

B



THE PURITAN.

CHAPTER I.

THE eventful period, from the breaking out of the great rebellion till the arrival of Cromwell in Ireland, had not been without its due share of influence on the character and sentiments of the Bandonians. They had suffered much in the Royal cause, and fought well ; they had, almost single-handed, subdued the principal Irish leaders in the south and east of the country, and captured their castles, most of which they continued to hold ; and they had defrayed expenses in the maintenance of the King's authority, which would be almost incredible were the fact not well authenticated. And what was their reward from the Executive of Ireland ? Contempt and neglect ! For the worthies, who then presided over the destinies of this unhappy country, were too

busy in securing their own private interests, to regard any services however important or any sufferings however great. The cause they had passed from the stage ; the cause had been weakened by their selfishness and imbecility, and was now at the point of utter destruction. Notwithstanding the noble Ormond and the gallant Inchiquin, with a few more faithful men, still strove to keep it alive. Lord Broghill, the devoted attached adherent of Charles (and the deceased Earl of Cork, who had been in a good old age whilst striving to maintain his gracious master's interests), strange to say, declared himself in favour of the Parliament and the usurper Cromwell, and was now using all his influence, which was considerable, to gain over to the royal side all the southern towns. Many reasons might be assigned for this act, and many excuses devised ; but none that would appear satisfactory to a grateful mind, when one recollects the honours heaped on his family by Charles and his father. The town did not, at this period, present the same appearance as before the breaking out of the war. It was then a scene of industry, quietness, order, and prosperi-

ne in these few years comparatively a
of idleness, disturbance, disorder and
. Its resources had been greatly
ed, and its trade diminished, by the
rous events of the times. An im-
e number of persons, from all quar-
had taken up their abode, many of
i, having been plundered of their all
e rebels, chose to subsist by practising
ere retaliation. The young people
growing up in idle habits, many
ge and wild principles were afloat
gst them, while the agents of the pre-
t fanaticism flocked thither in con-
ble numbers, and emulously propa-
their fantastic notions of religion and
nment. The calm and rational ser-
of the Church of England was decried,
rochial clergy brought into disrepute,
ome ranting enthusiasts preferred be-
hem. There was, at this period, only
parish minister in the town, for the
died a short time previously, and no
ssor had yet ventured to occupy his
Still a great body of the elder in-
ants adhered to old habits and prin-
; but the younger were more or less
ured with the novel doctrines of the

sectaries, and these, joined to the tented and idle refugees, constituted the majority of the population.

Cromwell had besieged and taken the town, and with cold-blooded atrocity committed there that massacre, which is sufficient to stamp his character with infamy. The news of this had just reached the town, and caused such a degradation of spirit, as might be expected among an idle and turbulent crowd, whilst they were still disposed to adhere to the royal cause, heard the tidings in silent sorrow.

There had been that morning a "pouring" and "a refreshing season" and the fanatics were pleased, impiously to signate the crude and almost blasphemous addresses of some of their preachers, who had harangued the people in the market place; and now the word went round for another gathering and a thanksgiving. "the late mercies graciously bestowed upon us by the glorious victory obtained by the arms of God over the prelatists and malice of the papists." It was not long before the summons was obeyed; and crowds flocked to the usual place of meeting. The Reverend

Thoroughgood was requested to hold forth ; and he, nothing loath, came armed for the spiritual contest. He had arrived amongst them a few years previously, as the Presbyterian population began to increase, and he received "a call" to minister to them : but though he was considered, in the commencement, as a rather sober-minded man, he gradually degenerated into the wild enthusiasm of the times, both in religion and politics. He was a man possessed of considerable learning and a remarkable power over language, when he chose to address himself to the passions of an audience. His person was tall and thin, almost to emaciation, his face pale and haggard, his forehead bald, but having some of the long and half-grey hair, which grew behind, drawn forward, so as partially to hide his baldness ; his eyes were grey and twinkling, and his gait unequal, sometimes quick and sometimes slow, according to the mood in which he happened to be at the time. When he held forth in public, his voice was loud and sonorous, his gesticulations violent, his arms waving alternately, like the sails of a windmill, and beating the air with repeated blows, as confirmatory of his sentiments.

One might suppose that he was under the influence of insanity, were it not that there were method and perseverance in his madness, seeming to be directed towards the one object of self-exaltation and ascendancy over the dupes who listened to him as to one inspired. This became palpable when others encroached on his province, and several enthusiasts started forward to contest with him the palm of inspiration, and claim a portion of spiritual dominion. From that time forth his temper grew more sour, his habits more morose, and he became, in great measure, estranged from his fellowmen, unless when called on to appear in the public "exercises," where he exerted all his powers to secure that spiritual influence which was the great object of his life.

He ascended the stairs of the market-house, and from a balcony addressed the expecting multitude, commencing with a kind of prayer, which was nothing better than a blasphemous talking of the Almighty and a perversion of scriptural phraseology to the purpose of rebellion and murder. When he had spent about half an hour in this "exercise," he took breath for a few

minutes, and then gave out his text—Ps. 102, 18, “This shall be written for the generation to come, and all the people which shall be created shall praise the Lord.” He commenced by a kind of daring apostrophe to Cromwell, in which he addressed him as a second Moses to deliver the Lord’s people ; a Joshua, who could arrest sun and moon ; a David, the slayer of the Goliath of Prelacy. “As for thee,” continued he, “gird thy sword on thy thigh, thou most mighty in the might of the Lord of Hosts : ride on prosperously upon the word of truth ; meekness and righteousness, and thy right-hand shall make thy friends to see and thy foes to feel terrible things.” Such was the gross perversion of scripture ; but he turned to their late fears and apprehensions, saying, he had recently addressed them as if from the valley of Baca, the valley of tears in their mourning and humiliation, whereas, he had now to address them from the valley of Berachah, the valley of blessing ; to praise God for his mercies vouchsafed unto Zion ; and he welled with rapture on the recent slaughter. After debating for some time between two applications of the text, he divided it into

slumber not nor sleep, put your hand to the good work till this town be purged from Prelacy and self-seeking. I hope there is a good stock of charity amongst us ; but let not this be lavished and wasted in symbolizing with the ignorant and profane, and admitting them to a participation in special gospel privileges ;—to bear all differences would make charity blind. God's little ones must not be offended by carnal ordinances, much less must a great one, a Paul, a Stephen, or an Abraham be offended. When we see faith budding out and flourishing in noble and generous fruits of holiness ; when it hath so purified the heart that it keeps hand and life clear as it doth in his highness, and acts visibly ; surely a millstone is not heavy enough ; he shall have a mountain of millstones strung together for his neck, who knowingly and willingly offends such a one. Away, then, with the accursed thing from among us. God hath given us a clear light to pull down the pillars of Babylon ; beware lest he give such thick darkness that with our own hands we pull down the pillars of Zion. Her wall has been built in troublesome times ; beware, lest you help by supineness, again to

ing her low, even to the dust. If you
ue the precious word and the high pri-
ges bestowed upon this once dead town,
ish the rags of Popery and Prelacy ;
re not for old age and grey hairs ; cast
the bond-woman and her son, for the
dren of the bond-woman shall not be
s with the children of the free. Is it
written, ‘ Let his habitation be desolate,
let another take his office.’ ”

ong ere this mischievous and fanatical
ngue was ended, there was a visible ex-
ment amongst the hearers, who re-
ded audibly to many parts of it ; and
n the preacher, through sheer exhaus-
, sat down, an universal murmur ran
ough the assembly. His hints were
l understood, and there was many a
ng hand ready to act upon them. There
e, however, some who had not as yet
ved at that degree of heartless cruelty
ch would induce them to join in the
secution and banishment of their aged
ister, for this was the object aimed at.
l the great majority were prepared to
ow up the preacher’s suggestion, and only
ted for some one more daring than the

rest to speak the word and lead them on. There was one, in particular, amongst the assemblage, who, though he listened with much attention to the address just delivered, yet more than once started at the truculent sentiments it contained ; and more especially at the conclusion, when allusion was made to the aged Doctor Mansfield, the minister of that parish for more than thirty years. He stood fronting the speaker, and looked inquiringly and fixedly on him. This was Charles Hawthorne, nephew to the preacher, who had come thither after his parent's death, about a year previously. He was connected with the Parliamentary cause, rather from education and prejudice than principle, as having been bred up in his earlier years by his uncle, from whom he had insensibly imbibed these views without considering their tendency. Yet the death of the King, and the rapid strides made by Cromwell toward the supreme power, had considerably shaken his attachment to the cause ; besides the wild ravings of his uncle and the other fanatical preachers rendered him by no means easy under the yoke of such a system.

There was another reason which we shall presently see gradually tending to shake his religious and political opinions.

On that evening, Doctor Mansfield sat in his little parlour, meditating on the fearful events of the time, and inwardly praying that the Lord would visit his people in mercy, and not allow them to be utterly trodden under foot. He was a venerable looking man, about sixty, with a mild and placid countenance; but having been for some time an invalid, he looked worn down and feeble beyond his years. Near him sat his daughter, a beautiful young woman, whom it was impossible to look upon without interest. Her face beamed with intellectual light, but so softened and mellowed by traits of gentleness and benevolence, that the entire expression was one of perfect amiability. Her only brother, to whom she was strongly attached, not merely by natural ties, but by similarity of taste and sentiment, had, in the commencement of the troubles in England, solicited and obtained his father's permission to enter the Royal service as a volunteer; and though his departure was a source of poignant grief to both father and daughter, yet such was

their ardent attachment to the sovereign, that they saw him with pleasure go to lend his aid towards the establishment of their beloved monarch's right. For some time subsequent to his arrival at the scene of action, they had heard from him regularly, but since the battle of Marston Moor, which decided the fate of Charles, there had been no communication from him, and the impression on their minds was, that he had fallen on that bloody day. Still a lingering hope that they should yet see him remained to cheer them when depressed by the unfavourable aspect of the times.

"Are you aware, dear father," said the maiden, timidly, "that the friends of the new state of things are holding a thanksgiving for the conquest of Drogheda?"

"God forgive them, my child, for the impiety. Oh it is a fearful thing for sinful mortals to dare approach their heavenly father with the mockery of thanks for the shedding of blood, and so shed, in such an unholy cause."

"But you must allow there were many grievances, dear father; and the refusal to redress these, has led to the present state of things."

“No, Rose, no ; the grievances were not any, nor important ; and no grievance could warrant their raising an arm against the Lord’s anointed, and imbruing their hands in his blood. Do not, my beloved child, allow any one to mislead you in this matter. Could I imagine a child of mine to be in sentiments with the Regicides, I could tear that child from my heart though ever so dear ;—but I know you only want to induce me to talk to you ; yet there is a weight at my heart which chains down my speech ; I cannot account for it, but I have a resentment of evil.”

“Indeed, my ever honoured father,” replied Rose, “you need not fear for my sentiments ; but it is my painful duty to inform you that I have heard rumours of violence from these infatuated people, and I apprehend you will be an object of their insult. God grant that I may be mistaken : but if they do come to our humble dwelling, what shall we do, for they are bent on mischief ?”

“Into the Lord’s hands I commend myself and you ; He will protect us. I have wronged no man, I have injured no man, but faithfully, though feebly, preached the

gospel to them, whether they would hear or whether they would forbear ; and whatever insult they may offer to me, they will scarcely venture to annoy you."

"Believe me, dear father, no selfish feeling prompts me ; they may take my life, if they please, but I could not bear to see your grey hairs insulted."

She burst into tears at the thought, and casting her arms round her father's neck, wept upon his bosom ; whilst he tried to console and cheer her. It was, indeed, an afflicting sight to view that aged minister and his unprotected offspring thus exposed to cruel hardships, which it is well-known the infatuated bigotry of the times inflicted on all who would not utter the "Shibboleth" of the revolutionary party, or cry down the most salutary and venerable institutions in church and state. They had no connexions in the town, and their friends, for they had many amongst the old and respectable inhabitants, were too much in dread and danger of violence themselves to be capable of rendering them assistance. In fact, the revolutionary spirit had spread so widely, that all the lower order, and a considerable portion of the more respect-

the class were infected by it. After the lapse of a few minutes, the venerable parson spoke,

'Dearest Rose, we are indeed, I fear, beleaguered on every side, yet not distressed ; persecuted but not forsaken ; ' cast down but not destroyed ;' and where, my heart's desire, shall we seek succour and comfort in this crisis, but at a throne of grace, where we shall not be disappointed. Come then, my child, we shall offer up our evening prayers, and then seek repose under the shadow of the Lord's wings."

Thus saying, he took his well-worn prayer-book, and both knelt down ; whilst the father, in a solemn and audible voice, read a select portion of the holy and heart-reviving prayers of our liturgy, choosing out such as were most appropriate to their circumstances, and the state of the church and country. He had not concluded, when a sudden knock announced a visitor ; the young man, whom we have previously noticed, entered, and seeing the exercise in which the father and daughter were engaged, he knelt down and joined in their prayers. When their evening service was concluded, Mr Mansfield rose, and approaching the

young man, held out his hand to him in a kind and affectionate manner. Rose's salutation was more reserved ; but a cordial smile played on her lips whilst she bade him welcome. He was scarcely seated, when he addressed the old man in hurried and earnest accents ; and his whole appearance and manner showed that he laboured under violent agitation.

“ Reverend Sir,” said he, “ pardon me for being the messenger of displeasing intelligence. I shall not ask you to consider me as a friend, for that I know you do ; but it is my unhappy lot to be obliged to announce to you my fears, indeed more than fears, that some outrage will very probably be perpetrated against you by the misguided populace, perhaps, this night.

“ Well, my friend,” said the old man, calmly, “ the Lord's will be done. I can only say, and may God forgive me if I am presumptuous in using the expression, as my divine Master said before, ‘ they could have no power at all over me, unless it were given them from above.’ ”

“ True, my venerable friend,” replied the youth, quickly ; “ but we are not to tempt the Lord our God ; and you know our

aviour's own injunction to his disciples, if they persecute you in one city, flee ye another.' "

" This is well, Charles, and a proper injunction it was for those holy men in the beginning of their mighty work ; but you will bear in mind that my years are drawing an end, as a tale that is told. I have, I trust, faithfully discharged my duty towards my gracious Master ; He will make allowance for my poor understanding and weakly frame ; and could I be of further service in his glorious cause, I would not hesitate to leave this place : but it is too late ; and it would become me to abandon those who will adhere to the form of sound words, for the few days which it may please my God to spare me on this side of the grave."

Rose had heard, not unprepared, the dreadful tidings. She had hoped her father would take advantage of the time, and escape ; but now, when she listened to the quiet, determined tone of his words, she saw it was hopeless to urge him, and her feelings being wrought up to the highest pitch, overpowered all her efforts to restrain them, and she sunk, fainting on the floor. Charles and her father hastened to raise

her ; and after a few minutes succeeded in restoring animation, when she retired with her servant, by her father's express request, leaving him to discuss the important subject of his future movements with his friend.

Charles was the first to resume the conversation, by saying,

“My revered friend, I tremble to think what may be the consequence to you and your amiable daughter, if you remain here. You are not aware of the infuriate acts which the excited populace are capable of committing, urged on, as I know they are, by secret agents ; but, if you are guided by me, I shall endeavour to place you out of their reach, ere they can have time to harm you.”

“Young man, I know them well ; ‘the beasts of the people’ are the same in all places, and much I fear your misguided uncle. But I forbear to wound your feelings ; come what may, I and my daughter will abide here : the result is in the hands of God, ‘who killeth and maketh alive.’”

“If not for your own sake, at least for your daughter's. Oh ! do consent to fly. How will her weak frame and tender feel-

be overwhelmed if any evil should
pen to you?"

Urge me no farther ; there are few to
whom I would listen, soliciting me to
perform my duty ; but I have loved you,
Charles, and hoped one day to see you em-
brace sounder views than these. I hope dis-
appointment does not await me, as in many
other things. Go, boy, let us meet no more
happier times, or till you shall have
abandoned the party of fanatics and regi-
ments to which you have unfortunately
attached yourself."

I shall not presume to dispute your
further," said the young man, sorrow-
ful, "except in the instance of not see-
ing you again. Would to God that I may
be mistaken in my apprehensions for your
departure ! Farewell, and may the Master,
in whom you have served, be your safeguard."

When he retired, the old man was left alone,
and remained for some minutes in deep
thought, when he summoned his daughter,
and was delighted to find that she had, in
that measure, recovered her usual tone of
spirit, and he tried to re-assure her by an
attempt at cheerful conversation ; but it soon
failed, and both sunk into silence.

Meantime, Charles had proceeded to reconnoitre the doings of the Republican party, and to ascertain, if possible, what intentions they entertained in reference to the clergyman, to whom it will be easily perceived he was bound by more than the ties of ordinary friendship. He had formed an intimacy with the worthy rector soon after his arrival in the town ; and his frankness, ability, and thirst for knowledge, had won the old man's heart, particularly as he entertained hopes of drawing him over from the latitudinarian principles of his sect, to the sounder views of religion and government which he himself entertained ; but in the interval, an attachment was growing up between his daughter and his young friend which was scarcely suspected by her parents. This was no slight stimulus to Charles's exertions to save them from the insults likely to ensue from the mob, although his generous and kind heart would have prompted him to the act, had Rose never existed. He had not long departed, when he discovered reason to conclude that the night would not pass over without his fears being realised ; for the malcontents had not forgotten the afternoon's sermon, and

were congregating in different quarters, listening to some ill-affected orators who harangued vehemently concerning the popular subjects of complaint amongst the rabble of towns and cities ; and there was not wanting a sufficient sprinkling of abuse and vituperation against the authorised clergy, or Mass-Johns, as they were called. The leaven was working, and Charles knew not how to prevent it. It was useless to apply to the provost, a timid man, favourable to the new state of things, and put into the office by my Lord Broghill, who, for reasons best known to himself, did not choose that the revolutionary party in the town should be interfered with. There was no military force but a few soldiers, who supported the same views ; and to apply to the more sober portion of the townsmen would be to ask help from those who wanted help themselves. He could only watch the progress of events, and determine to be guided by whatever would turn up. He was a general favourite with the people ; but was already suspected of being a Cavalier, because he would not join their extravagant movements, nor adopt the ultra opinions by which they were in-

fluenced. Therefore, some danger would accrue to himself in case he should attempt to restrain them; but this he regarded little.

The evening was fast closing in, when the different groups began to collect together; and as if some lingering feeling of shame, on account of the disreputable outrage which they meditated had an influence on their minds, they spoke together in whispers, till some, more daring than the rest, raised their voices, and began to shout in praise of the parliament and its general, and to cry out, "Down with the prelatists," "Death to the malignants." Once set in motion, they rolled onwards like a torrent, and in their way broke in the houses of some quiet townsmen, whom they considered disaffected to the cause; but they did not long delay in their course to Dr. Mansfield's house, where they soon arrived. Charles was there before them, and stood in front of the door, well-armed. A check was, for a moment, given to them when they heard him declare aloud, that he would shoot the first man who ventured to approach nearer. The foremost drew back, and paused a moment; but the

nour from behind urged them on, and vociferated that he should, at his peril, oppose them.

"This one fellow," said a snuffling mob-ster, "came in to sojourn, and he needs be a ruler over us."

"Down with him," cried another, "he is a veritable scoundrel."

The clamour increased; and a stone, well-aimed, struck the young man on the head, felled him to the ground. He was then dragged aside; while the infuriated mob rushed forward to break the door, which was quickly accomplished, and several entered in. They returned, dragging with them the feeble old man, who made no resistance but intreated them to spare his daughter, who clung to him tenaciously, despite their efforts to separate them. She uttered no shriek, no cry; but seemed to have made up her mind for the worst, deciding only to go with her father. So soon the victim was brought into the street, shouts were redoubled,

"Slay the Amalekite." "Bind the sacrifice with cords; yea, even unto the horns of the altar." "Smite the priests of Baal; not one of them escape," with many

other similar perversions of the sacred word.

Meantime, Charles had recovered from the stunning effects of the blow he had received ; and seeing the futility of attempting to stem the torrent, he made the best of his way to his uncle, knowing that the only chance of rescuing his venerable friend rested with him. He entered hastily, his head streaming with blood, and his dress torn and disordered ; so that even the cold reserve, and stoical firmness of his relative, were broken in upon by the startling figure before him.

“ I am come,” said he, abruptly, “ to require at your hand a deed of justice ; that you would rescue the venerable Doctor Mansfield from the hands of the infuriated rabble, whom you have been instrumental in stirring up against him.

“ Boy,” replied the other, sternly, while a dark cloud passed over his sallow brow, “ how dare you beard me thus ? What know you of the deep things of God ? Is it not written, if a man hate not his father and mother, and wife and brethren, for my sake, he is not worthy to be my disciple ? ”

“ This is a gross perversion of the sacred

, and you know it," answered the young man, boldly ; " think not, that on a shocking murder is about to be perpetrated, I shall longer endure this stable cant?"

What ! dare you utter this in my presence, I, who am a father in Israel," said the fanatical preacher, rising up and confronting him with a demoniac scowl. " Be-ware, base ingrate, and herd with the heathen, you, whom I hoped to bring into the true fold."

I dare utter this and more ; and I now warn you, if you do not speedily interfere, the murder of this innocent man will be laid in judgment against you at the last day."

Hah ! I see it," said the other, in a stern and sarcastic tone. " You are taken captive by a Midianitish woman, even as Samson, the son of Salu, was beguiled, in the power of Cozbi, the daughter of a prince of the Midian ; and you love chambering and dalliance more than the cause of God."

It is well," answered the young man, calmly, " that you are the brother of my deceased parent, else had that base and disgusting language been your last ; but I

leave you in your cold-blooded bigotry, and never more shall I pollute my name by connexion with so detestable a cause. You are the brother of my sainted parent; I have obeyed you, been guided by you: but could she look upon your present conduct, her voice would bid me yield no further obedience to one who can act so inhumanly."

He turned to depart; but the other was moved, and calling him back, said,

"You have recalled to my mind my only sister; for her sake I will forgive your intemperate language, on one condition, that you swear to me to exert yourself in our holy cause, and then I shall do my best to rescue this old priest and his daughter."

"I shall never bind myself under so odious an obligation, nor allow you to deceive yourself relative to my sentiments. I have long seen the enormities of the fanatical party to which you belong, and am determined to abandon them. It was only the regard which I entertained for you, as my nearest and almost sole relative, which hitherto prevented me from quitting this scene of violence and folly; but I have now an adequate reason; and it is for you to

“Decide quickly whether we part amicably, or whether I am to bear the impression that you have committed a coldly and coolly instigated murder.” Obadiah was shaken in his resolution by the calmness and decision with which this was spoken ; and, after a brief deliberation,

“I shall for once comply with your wishes, perverse boy ; but urge me not too far, lest I clip the wings of your ambition, and yield you up to those who will deal harshly with your folly.”

Charles made no reply, too well pleased to have gained his point, to mar it by a refusal, but preceded his uncle into the street, with all impatience to rescue his friends. During the brief interval which this conversation occupied, the mob had hurried the man and Rose through the street, taunted and insulting them with the most opprobrious epithets, as they proceeded, till they were near the market-house, opposite to which was Obadiah Thoroughgood’s dwelling. And as they passed along, many a stolen glance was taken, and many a kindly tear shed to see the brutal treatment inflicted on the most harmless and innocent of men, the most attentive of pastors. But such

a panic had seized all the more sedate portion of the townsmen, that they had not the courage to raise a hand in his defence. The mob seemed to have no particular object in dragging him forth ; for scarcely one amongst them was audacious enough to propose his death ; and just as Obadiah Thoroughgood, followed by his nephew, reached the spot, they began to deliberate what should be done with him. Obadiah ascended the stairs, and, from his customary stand, proclaimed, in a loud and piercing voice, “ Silence.” He was obeyed ; for his remarkable gifts had still vast influence amongst them.

“ Men and brethren,” said he, “ what do ye ? All things are lawful unto the people of God ; but all things are not expedient. The harvest is not yet ripe for the sickle ; but the time cometh when ye shall slay and spare not. Know you not that the saints shall judge the world ; but the time is not now. Yet a little while, and he that cometh will come and will not tarry. Wherefore, gird up the loins of your mind, and wait patiently for the day of the Lord ; for he shall avenge his own elect, who cry day and night unto him. Yea, I say unto you,

he will avenge them speedily ; then shall your foot be on the neck of your enemies, and the tongues of your dogs shall be red through the same ; one man of you shall chase a thousand, and two shall put ten thousand to flight : wherefore, brethren, comfort one another with these words, and say not at present that Mass-John Priest ; for, verily, his time is not yet come. Still, lest the precious word be tainted by the vision of his carnal ordinances, reserve him in chains, even as his master, Satan, until the day of his judgment come ; but let that Midianitish woman go free."

This address was received with loud cheers by the infatuated multitude, and they forthwith agreed to the proposal ; but Charles stood beside his uncle, boiling with indignation, both on account of the atrocious sentiments uttered, and the repetition of the offensive allusion to the gentle and affectionate being before him. He dared, however, to express his feelings, lest the object of his interference should be frustrated ; and, therefore, he remained silent till some of the rabble again attempted to tear Rose from her father, and then he exclaimed indignantly to his uncle,

“Is this the way in which your promise is to be fulfilled? Bid your besotted dupes not touch that angelic being, or, by heaven, they and you shall rue the consequences. Unhand the lady, ruffians, or I shoot the first man who offers further violence.”

The face of Obadiah again darkened with a deadly scowl, and his voice was heard exclaiming, in harsh and grating tones,

“Peace, son of Belial, and offend not my ears with your blasphemies.” And turning to the rabble, he said: “Let the damsel go with her father to prison; they are both in the gall of bitterness and the bonds of iniquity, and see that they be kept close until the mind of the Lord is known concerning them.”

At this moment, the venerable ecclesiastic attempted to speak, entreating them to hear him but a few words. It was vain; his voice was drowned in clamorous cries of “Peace, Mass-John; silence, babler.” “Away with such a fellow, he is not fit to live.” Bowing his head in meekness, the old man was silent, and was soon hurried away, leaning on his affectionate child. They

took him with his daughter to the common Bridewell, and thrust both into a damp, noisome, and dark cell, where they left them for the night, having placed a guard to see that they should not escape. After this, they dispersed to their several abodes. Charles, also, retired to his home, if home it could be called, where he was harboured under the roof of one whom religious bigotry had manifestly robbed of almost every kindly feeling, and who thought, in persecuting the helpless, he was doing God service.

CHAPTER II.

For more than an hour, Charles paced up and down his chamber, in a tumultuous state of feeling, and swayed by a tide of contending passions, which totally prevented rational or continuous thought.

At length, he began to cool a little, so as to reflect on the occurrences of the evening, and to consider what course ought to be adopted for rescuing his friends from their thralldom and the consequences of fanatical zeal. It was not likely that any immediate act of violence would be committed on them, yet he feared the effects of imprisonment in such a place on the old man and his devoted child. He concluded that they must be rescued at any risk, and the only difficulty consisted in devising the means, for he did not doubt, that now his friend saw he could be of no use to his refractory or timid flock, he would consent, at least for

ghter's sake, to escape from the town. : care was to slip out of the house, ived by his uncle or the domestics, the door on the latch, that he might ain without notice. This he easily ished ; and his next object was to t an agent suitable to assist him in rprise. For this purpose, he bent s towards a remote quarter of the where he knew there was a house of nment, the resort of idle and disso- racters ; and which, in consequence unrestrained license introduced by l war, was much frequented, espe- : night, by all who were desirous of g license, unrestrained by fear or

When he arrived at the house, he he door closed, but listening a or two, the sounds of revelry broke ar, and he concluded that he should ere the person whom he sought. knocked, the door was cautiously by the proprietor of the house, who reconnoitre his visitor before he d him ; and when he recognised him, not at all pleased to find such a there ; knowing from his character did not come to share in the enjoy-

ments of the place, but rather fearing that his object was to bring him and his guests to an account for revelry at unseasonable hours. Charles saw this, and quieted his fears by assuring him, that his design was to seek a particular person, on business of importance. He was at once admitted, and the host requesting him to wait a moment, till he should see if that individual were in the house, stepped to the apartment where his company were sitting. All was soon quiet ; there was indeed a sound as of the huddling together of flagons, and a hasty adjustment of chairs and tables, but in a brief space the landlord returned, and told him, that the gentlemen having had some slight refreshment were engaged in religious exercises.

Charles could scarcely help smiling at this account, and looking straight in his informant's face, saw that he had much difficulty to preserve the gravity he had assumed. He made no remark, but followed him into the room, where about a dozen men were seated round a table, which bore the marks of liquor recently spilled, and wiped hastily ; whilst the fumes of brandy and tobacco loaded the close atmosphere. The swimming eyes of

pany, and their unsteady motions, the maudlin gravity of their looks, that their serious exercise was rather . . . At the head of the table sat one older than the rest, but having a kind of comic look, which irresistibly attracted attention. He was a stout square man, whose person showed that mortification of the flesh was not one of his aims, and a slight squint in his twinkling grey eyes added a degree of cunning to a face already sufficiently remarkable by a sharp turned up nose, low forehead, and prominent chin. He appeared so occupied by the subject on which he was engaged, that at first he took no notice of Charles's entrance, but went on in a low tone, dwelling with much fluency on the grievances of the land, and their remedies. "Nevertheless, brethren," said he in conclusion : "this truth is plain, that if the land maketh Heaven barren, for the wickedness of them that dwell therein : by His mercy the desert shall bloom and be as a garden, and those who sow in it shall reap in joy. Let us not be faint-hearted, for in due season we shall reap if we do not.—But I perceive the nephew

of that precious saint, Obadiah Thoroughgood, is here ; would he had engaged with us the season of refreshing which we have just had ; but, perhaps, he comes to offer a word of comfort to the few poor saints here assembled." A sign from Charles, which the speaker understood, here stopped his harangue, and he hastened to dismiss his colleagues, by saying ; " That as the hour waxed late, they should retire, in order to be ready for the morning's outpouring by brother Zachariah Holdenough ;" and as all felt it would be more advisable to take the hint, it was not long before they were in motion, and quitting, with all the speed their addled heads would allow, the scene of their debauch. The pious chairman, pretending to follow his own suggestion, rose also, and bustling about, managed to delay till all the rest had quitted the house. He then reseated himself ; and addressing Charles in the same snuffling tone which he had just before used, said : " Master Hawthorn ; no doubt you come on some special ambassage from that God-fearing man, your uncle—a burning and a shining light to this poor land. I have rejoiced in that light, yea, and I will rejoice."

“A truce with your buffoonery, Oliver rubb,” said the young man, hastily, “and y not to deceive me by this mockery of ligion.”

“Verily, you speak profanely, young an,” replied the other, still preserving s assumed gravity; “know you not that am no longer he whom they styled Oliver rubb, after my carnal nature, but Allbe-ving Heavenborn.”

“All cheating Devilborn, call yourself, d that will be a more appropriate name. it, come, I am not here to trifle; time esses, try to overcome the fumes of your bauch, which I fear have muddled your ains, and see if you will listen to what I a about to communicate.”

“Albeit,” replied the other, in the same ne; “you speak and judge according to e flesh; I would have you to understand at creature comforts are not to be ne-ected; is it not written, ‘eat the fat and ink the sweet;’ and, again: ‘let thy ul delight itself in fatness.’ And if the itward man, after the labours of the day, require refreshment, it is not for thee to re-roach the elect; when it is again written:

‘ take a little wine for thy stomach’s sake, and thine often infirmities.’ ”

“ Beast, or fool,” said the other, provoked beyond measure by his profanity, “ I know you well ; a rakehell, unprincipled debauchee, with cunning enough to impose on the simple ; but play not your tricks on me.” He turned, and was moving away in disgust, when the other recalled him, by saying in his natural tone and manner:

“ Come, Master Hawthorn, that is rather too severe ; but I forgive you, because it was said to Allbelieving Heavenborn, and not to Oliver Grubb. Why, man, I did but try how I could practice the saint, for that is the order of the day ; and even you, who are so well instructed, must acknowledge that I am an apt scholar.”

“ Too apt, God knows, in such abomination. But, come, now answer me. Can you be silent ?

“ As the grave.”

“ Can you be faithful ?”

“ Yes, to my own interest.”

“ Humph. I shall make it your interest in the only way you are accustomed to appreciate it, money.”

“Right ; you are a nice judge of character.”

“Have you any objection to use arms, if necessary ?”

“I have seen some service ere now, and though a man of peace, I can strike a blow self-defence.”

“Well, then, you know what has happened to Doctor Mansfield, and if I mistake not, you were present at the rude treatment shown him ?”

“Know you not good Sir, that it is written : ‘Cure ye Meroz, who came not to the help of the Lord against the mighty.’”

“Pshaw ; I know your practices : do not vainly profane the sacred word, or I leave you ; I want to rescue him, if possible, from the hands of the fanatical mob, and place him in safety.”

“And his gentle daughter, fair Sir, what of her ?” said the libertine, with a knowing wink.

“Beware how you mention her name disrespectfully : she too, must be saved from their violence.”

“Too late, master, she is already given up for a prey and for a spoil to a God-fearing man.”

Charles allowed him not to finish the sentence, but starting up, caught him by the throat, exclaiming: "Ruffian, unsay these words, or I terminate your beastly existence." The other was a strong man, and succeeded in removing the hands from his throat, but whilst Charles felt for his sword, he cried out;

"What, would you murder an unarmed man, and not serve your cause either; be quiet but a moment, till you have heard what I have to say, and then act as you please."

Ashamed at his own violence, he sat down again, saying: "Proceed, but see that you speak cautiously of that lady's name, or your life is not safe."

"Be it so;" said the other, "and now hear me. I tell you but the truth; brother Aminadab Lovegrace has cast his eyes upon her; and even now he waits to consult your humble servant on the best means of securing the precious prize."

"What! that walking skeleton—that mass of corruption; to dare cast his libertine eyes on the purest, and the best of her sex; and did you engage to assist him in this nefarious deed?"

"Not so fast, Master, I always look before I leap, and I guessed you would be on

“I am alert, therefore, I played the gudgeon, but I should have the felicity of meeting you in your worship.”

“It is well; but how am I to be assured that you do not play me false?”

“Easily enough. Give me your word that you will be quiet and commit no violence on him, and I shall place you in such a position, that you shall hear it from his own lips.”

“I pledge myself not to molest him this night; but further I will not go.”

“Enough. Now follow me, and be content.”

Thus saying, he led the way up stairs to a small closet, where he desired Charles to follow, and place his ear to a chink in the partition, which separated it from another apartment. Charles first looked through the chink, and saw the individual named, seated at a table with a flagon before him, nearly empty, seemingly far gone in inebriety. Oliver entered, cautiously closing the door behind him, and saluted the drunken libertine in the religious slang of the day. The other replied in a similar tone, but his voice was thick and husky; so that it was not easy to understand him. Charles, how-

ever, caught some part of the conversation between these worthy associates. He heard Lovegrace say, "Hast thou well weighed the plan I told thee of, brother, respecting the Midianitish damsel; and wilt thou help me to possess her, for my heart yearneth after her beauty."

"It is a dangerous matter," said the other gravely, "and I am not quite satisfied that the saints, who are the salt of the earth, are authorised to seek carnal enjoyments."

"Know you not," said his companion, "that the word says, 'to every man a prey of divers colours, to every man a damsel or two;' now I seek but this one, and if the saints shall inherit the earth, how much more the daughters of earth."

"Well, be it so; but I must get an earnest of sincerity on your part, that you will deal kindly by the damsel. Have you brought the purse you promised?"

"Verily, here is a purse containing twenty broad pieces; take it as a pledge that I will reward thy service."

Oliver seized the purse, and carefully deposited it in his pocket, then turning to his companion, said: "Mind, there are to be fifty more, when you get the maiden

your hands ; and now I go to the
, you have said that the watch
limit me."

f a surety ; to turn this old man from
ror of his ways, and to pluck him as
d from the burning."

n to-morrow, then, we meet to re-
ogress. Now, therefore, hasten home,
te hours and the wine cup bring a
d on the church."

egrace complied with the suggestion,
eadying himself, as he best could,
the door, and hobbling down stairs,
l the house.

ing this conversation, Charles had to
all his self-control to keep down the
ation which nearly choked him, and
Oliver entered the closet, he found
riously pacing its narrow compass.

Well," said the emissary, " are you
atisfied ; and what think you of the
lover ?"

et us hasten," replied he quickly, " to
her from this monster's devices.
lose no time : if there were twenty
s, she must be rescued, if possible, this
"

lot so fast, fair Sir, she is in no dan-

ger for the present ; you heard him mention to-morrow. But what of the old man, you seem to have forgotten him," said he coolly.

"Torment me not, I know your object, here is gold, all I have at present ; but you shall have more—double, treble the sum, if you are faithful, but death, if you are not."

"A bargain, Master, you promise fairly in either way," answered Oliver, pocketing the cash. "And now we go to the prison. I shall first prepare the guard to admit you to the parties, and then arrange your plans, as you best can." He led the way into the street, and both hastened towards the Bridewell.

Oliver Grubb was a specimen of a character not very uncommon at that time, and which may be found in almost every period of civil commotion. Originally reared in the lower rank of life, he was never fond of industry, and had taken advantage of the civil war to engage in military service, in which he reaped some laurels but small gains. His ideas of right and wrong, had never been very accurately defined, and, therefore, he was not over scrupulous about the means of acquiring money, which was

squandered in licentious pleasures, more quickly than it was acquired. He was daring, bold, and resolute, and when his purse ran low, he had no objection to replenish it by engaging in any service which required courage and address. If he felt attachment to anything, it was to the royal cause. Yet, he found this at a low ebb; and he had no hesitation in accommodating himself to Puritan habits, so far as he found them profitable. In fact, he was a citizen of the world, in the widest sense of the word; and though possessed of much good nature, if two services presented themselves to him, his choice was generally decided by ascertaining who was the highest bidder, unless he had an opportunity of fleecing both. To such a character, then, did Charles entrust himself and his friends; but, as he knew him well, he feared not to be deceived, so long as he could pay for the services he required.

The night was dark and stormy, and the wind howled mournfully through the empty streets, which sounded hollowly to their quick and heavy footsteps. In the course of their walk, as they came to the turning of a street, loud words and violent imprecations

tions met their ears, and they paused to listen. A sound like a heavy blow and a groan were heard; the next instant two men dashed past them, ran on with the utmost speed; and one of them striking against Charles, threw him on his back on the pavement. He rose quickly, and turning the corner with his companion, found a man lying senseless, and when he had raised him, saw that his skull had been dashed in by the blow of an iron bar, which lay beside him spattered with his brains. When they ascertained that life was extinct, his companion urged Charles to depart, lest an alarm should be raised, and they should be seized for the murder; seeing that his further stay would not only be useless but dangerous, and perhaps frustrate the object of his wishes, he complied, and laying the corpse down, continued his route. They soon arrived at the Bridewell, and when Oliver had sounded his way with the guard, both were admitted. Oliver kept the watch in discourse, whilst his companion obtained admission to the cell, where a sight met his eyes, which filled him with disgust and horror at the perpetrators of the uncalled for and brutal outrage on his friends. The

ed clergyman lay, in a troubled slumber, a handful of straw, in one corner of the , his faithful nurse sat near, watching her loved parent, and by the light of a small lamp reading a pocket bible. Ever and anon the old man would start up, call for his beloved Rose, and when she took his hand, and assuring him of her presence, allayed the agitation of his mind, the salt tears poured down his cheeks, and he exhorted her to try and take sleep, and offered fervent prayer for her welfare.

‘I shall, God willing, my dear father, rise in the morning, and you shall then watch over me ; but I cannot sleep now. I have sought and found comfort in this precious volume ; and I know, that the Lord, in whom we have trusted, is able to preserve us.’

‘His holy will be done, my child ; and may He forgive our persecutors, for they know not what they do.’

He had just uttered these words, when Charles entered, and stood contemplating them both, till Rose raised her eyes, expecting to see before her one of her enemies, but started on perceiving who it was, and exclaimed,

“ Oh ! Mr. Hawthorn, why are you here ; you see us in great tribulation, as you foreboded last evening ; and my poor father, may the God whom he has served support him ! ”

“ Calm yourself, dear Rose ; I am come to devise a means of deliverance, if my revered friend will only permit me to serve him. ”

“ I have seen, ” said the old man, rising himself from his straw, “ the inutility of trying to serve my refractory flock. God knows, that I would lay down my life for them ; but here I can do nothing ; and if my deliverance be effected, without injury to any one, and secures the safety of my poor Rose, I shall no longer oppose your kind wish. ”

“ I trust we shall be able to accomplish these objects, ” replied Charles ; “ but you must not, in any case, remain here. Nay, hear me, my revered friend, ” and he spoke in a low and earnest tone, so that Rose should not hear his communication.

The old man started, shuddered, and then said, with deep feeling,

“ Oh ! God of my fathers, look upon me in my affliction, and spare me at least this

al; put forth thy hand to check the tide
this iniquity. Charles, I see you are
ht, and I shall no longer demur; only
cautious, and touch not a hair of their
ads: 'Vengeance is mine, and I will
ay, saith the Lord.'"

Soon after this, Charles bade them a
id farewell, and retired for the night;
found his emissary without, edifying the
ard with a most emphatic harangue on
: carnal backslidings of the time, and
t some difficulty in withdrawing him
m his pious vocation. When they had
: the prison, the mode of effecting their
ther object was finally arranged between
m, and they agreed to meet at the
rning's "exercise," where one of the
ted saints was to hold forth.

Charles threw himself on his bed, and
er a short time fell asleep; and when he
aked, the full light of day poured in
ough his windows. He hastened to
ss himself, and keep his appointment
h Oliver, fearing that he might have
pt too long. He now observed, that his
rt and clothes were stained with the
od of the man murdered in the streets,
: preceding night; and fearful, in such

treacherous times, to trust himself abroad with these tokens on him, or to let his uncle know aught of his nocturnal adventure, he hastily undressed, and locking up the soiled clothes, equipped himself in another suit, and issued forth to the preaching. He was just in time to see the reverend spouter of rebellious and unchristian sentiments mount the stage, and to perceive that it was his rival for the hand of Rose ; but scarcely could he restrain the indignation and disgust with which the sight affected him. It was only a sign from Oliver, and the unusual tumult which prevailed in the assemblage, that caused him to turn his thoughts from the worthless libertine who presumed to assume the sacred office. Murmurs, not only deep but loud, ran through the multitude, and muttered threats from some, with openly declared violence from others, showed that an extraordinary event had excited, almost to madness, their already frantic passions. Looking in front of the market-house, he saw a kind of stage, and on it the corpse of the murdered preacher exposed to view—a ghastly spectacle, on which the eyes of all were fastened.

After a rhapsodical prayer, the agent ofarchy, pointing to the corpse, gave out text: "And shall he not avenge his elect, who cry day and night to him judgment." He then burst into a furious rage against the malignants, designating them by all the odious terms his vocabulary could furnish, stating that a beloved brother had been by them waylaid and murdered; that his blood cried aloud for vengeance; that he had been cut off in the midst of his holy career, and now lay a mutilated corpse in the streets of their town; that sinners, the Amalekites, should be cut off by hip and thigh, with a great slaughter, and their houses be made dunghills.

In this strain he went on, for an hour and a half, till the passions of his auditors were kindled up to the highest pitch, and they all rushed to the houses of the unflinching royalists, with shouts and impressions. Most of these fled at the commencement of the tumult, and concealed themselves till the storm should blow over; whatever few they caught at home were beaten and abused in a shocking manner; some were left for dead, their property plundered, and their houses shattered.

that he might never see her again ; here, indeed, was the knot and trying difficulty of the case. Yet he could not be so selfish as to purchase his own gratification at the expense of her comfort, her life, and perhaps, her honour ; for the ruthless fanatic, who had fixed his eyes upon her, knew no law but his own libertine passions, no restraint but his own will, no bounds but his own gratification. Charles well knew his dark, cold-blooded, and sordid soul, and he shuddered to think that such a wretch should even approach the purity of innocence like hers.

“ It must not be,” said he, rising and impatiently pacing the floor, “ I may perish, but she must be saved ; the die is cast, here she cannot remain. I will rescue her, or lose my life in the attempt.” He became more and more impatient, till the hour approached for his departure ; and then, cautiously passing out of the house, bent his course towards the prison. His plan was to send the wanderers, in case he succeeded in rescuing them, either to Cork, where, being unknown, he expected they would find a shelter till some other asylum offered, or to the Earl of Inchiquin, who

was at the head of a considerable force in the northern part of the county. And for this purpose, Oliver Grubb had prepared two of the most determined royalists, who were to wait outside the northern gate, with horses for the father and daughter, till an appointed hour, at which, if the prisoners did not make their appearance, they should retire, and wait for further orders. He had, also, a trusty agent, who engaged to manage the guard at the gate, a matter not difficult to be effected, as, in consequence of the complete subjugation of the neighbouring chiefs, in the recent struggle, there was little to be apprehended from the native Irish, and the watch was not very strictly kept.

The adventurous youth, wrapped up in his own reflections, did not perceive, when he walked forth from his uncle's house, that a person, closely muffled, issued from behind a projecting wall, and followed him at a short distance in silence, keeping in the dark shadow of the houses, and walking with almost noiseless tread. Arrived at the Bridewell, Charles waited a few minutes for his associate, giving the appointed signal, by a loud hem. Oliver soon

came forth, and informed him that all promised favourably. The guard were so overcome, both by his edifying discourses and the refreshing of their outward man, that little was to be apprehended from them. They entered ; the door of the cell was opened, and Charles found himself in the presence of his friends, who were anxiously expecting his arrival and prepared to depart. A silent greeting was interchanged ; he conducted them forth, and his companion, quick as thought, turned the key in the outward door, thus securing the intoxicated watch. The old man and his daughter hung on Charles's arms ; and as the trembling maiden leaned on him for support, the young man felt that, if he had ten lives, he would risk them all for the enjoyment of that hour. They had scarcely passed three paces on their route, when a hand was rudely laid on Rose's arm, and the voice of Aminadab Lovegrace exclaimed—

“Tarry, Delilah ; and thou, audacious youth, think not I will suffer thee to indulge in chambering and wantonness : proceed another step, and thou art but a dead man !”

Charles hastily turned to confront the
maker, whose voice he recognised ; but
he could disengage himself from his
little companion, a blow fell crashing on
the head of Aminadab, and he sunk to the
ground.

“Fly !” said Oliver ; “he is quiet for a
while. Fly ! or we are all lost ; there is
not a moment to be wasted ; he may re-
turn, or his associates may be at hand :
fly, for God’s sake.” Seeing them hesi-
tate he said, “This is no time for trifling.”

Charles urged on his friends, and they
hurried towards the gate, where they
found the wicket open, as had been ar-
ranged, and were soon beyond the precincts
of the town.

“You come with us, my young friend,”
said Doctor Mansfield ; “you have no longer
any place in yonder town ?”

“Alas ! sir,” he replied, “it must not
be so. I cannot leave my uncle until he
release me from him ; my word is pledged to
my deceased parent ; and with all his faults
my uncle has been to me hitherto as a
father.”

“But surely you will not risk your life,
and your immortal soul, by continuing to

act with those blood-thirsty men? Charles Hawthorn, I hoped better things of you."

"This is no time, my respected friend, to debate the matter; my resolution is taken, and I cannot swerve from it."

"Well, may the God of heaven be your guide; and if we never meet again on earth, may we yet meet in the mansions of the blessed!"

Rose heard this short dialogue, in silence; she trembled violently; and at length said, in a low and faltering voice,

"Surely, Mr. Hawthorn will not expose his life to the vengeance of the party, whom he has irreparably offended by rescuing the helpless; there are those who will know how to value his kindness, and feel unceasing gratitude. My father and I will not consider ourselves warranted in receiving our lives, whilst yours is in danger."

"My life is, I hope, not in danger; and even so, it matters little to one who is nearly alone in the world."

"This is not kind," said Rose: "there must be many who regard you with interest; and surely your kindness to my poor father and to me will never be forgotten."

"Farewell," said Charles, hastily, fear-

Along the conversation, "farewell, God be your protector." He took, which trembled in his ; he drew y and unresistingly towards him, l one burning salute on her lips, next moment was on his way back wn.

w you, Master Hawthorn," said who walked beside him, whither we ;?"

l out of his reverie by this ques- turned to the speaker and said, he town, certainly."

so sure of that, either. I have ivings about our adventure ; that inded Lovegrace, if he recovers knock I gave him, and it was no e, will be upon us with his Philis- nd I am not anxious to fall into the hands."

e ; but now our friends are in I care little for his hostility. The usiness, as regards them, was so violation of justice, that he will dare to assail me publicly ; and I ly guard against his private machi- as I best can."

it may answer your purpose ; but I

doubt his bearing the blow I gave him, with Christian meekness ; and so I have a notion of rustivating for a while, as my purse, thanks to your generosity and his, is pretty well stocked for some months to come."

"As you please ; where shall I hear of you ?"

"At mother Humphrey's, in the glen of Kilpatrick ; she keeps a snug house, and a good flagon ; and there, peradventure, I may enjoy a season of refreshing, and sow some good seed amongst the benighted malignants who frequent her house."

"Be it so ; farewell. Should your purse want to be replenished, let me know."

They parted, and each proceeded on his own route. Charles found the gate still open ; for the guard had been so well plied with the bottle, that they were not likely to awake for some time.

He let himself into his uncle's house ; and having gained his chamber, threw himself on the bed, and wearied both in mind and body at last fell asleep.

CHAPTER III.

THE morning was far advanced, when Charles was awaked by his uncle, who stood at his bedside and in no kindly accents desired him to get up. He complied, and begged to know the reason of this unfriendly greeting.

“ You will know soon enough,” replied he, sternly ; “ you have wrought folly in Israel, and your life may be the forfeit.”

“ I have done only what any man of common humanity would do, and they dare not touch me for it.”

“ Peace, boy ; what know you of the deep things of God, and the commission which he has given to his saints to slay the Amalekites ?”

“ Uncle, this frantic and barbarous jargon shall no longer be endured by me ; I cannot lend my aid to murderers and assassins.”

“Talk of murder,” said he, coldly; “you will have, ere long, to answer for a deed of darkness, of which you are accused: even now, I only prevented the avengers of blood from dragging you out, by promising that you should be forthcoming; but I will even yet endeavour your rescue, if you inform me what you have done with the idolatrous priest and his daughter.”

“Never; they are, I hope, beyond the reach of the fanatical crew; but they lie, who accuse me of any crimes, save the rescue of the innocent.”

“This to me, base worldling, degenerate son of a pious mother? Abandoned profligate; die in your obstinacy, and let vengeance have its course.”

He retired; and immediately after, a party of the roundheads entered, headed by Lovegrace, who bore on his brow the mark of the blow inflicted by Oliver. They seized and bound him, without any resistance, as he saw it would be vain, and dragged him to prison.

A full meeting of the brethren was convened to sit in judgment on him; but there was little to be expected from such a tribunal. When they were assembled, the

risoner was brought forth, and placed in the front of the chair, in which his enemy, Lovegrace, who acted both as judge and excuser, sat. His uncle did not appear. The fanatical preacher opened the business to his audience, by accusing him of plotting with priests and prelatists to extinguish the gospel light, and aiding and abetting the escape of the old idolator (as he was pleased to designate Dr. Mansfield) and his daughter. He went on to bring a more serious charge, that of murdering the preacher, who had been found dead in the street. When Charles heard this accusation, he started, and cried, in a voice which rang through the assembly,

"It is false as hell; base liar and libertine, I never did it."

"Gag him," cried Lovegrace, in a fury, "he rails against the Lord's representative."

His command was obeyed, and a bandage was tightly bound about his mouth; whilst his hands were tied ignominiously behind his back. In this condition he was obliged to listen to the horrible blasphemies, and murderous sentiments uttered by the Puritan preacher, for the space of two hours, till he almost fainted from standing

without any support ; yet he would not give the enemies, who were seeking his ruin, the gratification of seeing him yield to exhaustion, but roused all his energies to meet the exigency.

Whilst this scene is going on, we must refer to the travellers, whom Charles supposed to be out of the reach of their enemies, but, who, alas, were in a predicament as bad as that from which he had extricated them. They had gone forward slowly during the darkness, and had completed about half the distance to Cork, when the sun rose, and they thought proper to halt awhile to rest themselves and refresh their horses ; for this purpose they turned aside to a small hamlet, which was near, and as Doctor Mansfield felt weary and inclined to sleep, Rose entreated her guides to stop for an hour or two, with which they complied, and she watched him anxiously, till he awoke refreshed. They then recommenced their journey, but had not advanced far, when, at the turning of the road, they suddenly came in sight of a troop of horse coming against them. They deliberated whether it would be better to advance or retreat ; but it was too late, for

ey were observed by the cavalry, who quickened their pace to a smart trot when they saw them stop. This was a party sent by Lord Broghill to occupy Bandon, and secure the tenure of it for Cromwell. They were entirely of the Puritan tribe, and their commander, Captain Hunter, was a most determined Commonwealth man, and a teacher to boot. The confused looks, and manifest apprehension of the little party, on his coming up with them, were sufficient to show that they were afraid of discovery, and, therefore, he began to interrogate them; and when he discovered whence they came, he at once resolved to carry them back. With a heavy heart poor Rose found herself in the custody of those men, and anticipated from them even worse treatment than she had endured from her townsmen. Her father endeavoured to console and encourage her, by gently reminding her of the Lord's mercies, and leading her to reflect on the promises of the Gospel. When the captain ascertained, that his aged prisoner was a minister of the Church, he thought proper to approach near and edify him by an harangue against Kingcraft and Priestcraft, and without allowing time for reply, he continued his oration till they approached

the town. Their entrance attracted the attention of all ; and as they marched through the street, a crowd collected around, some inwardly lamenting the capture of the little party of fugitives, and some exulting in the event. Hunter was conducted to the place where the fanatics were occupied in the mock trial of Charles. Rose cast her eyes over the throng, and catching a glimpse of her friend, she uttered a faint shriek and sunk into the arms of the man who stood beside her. That voice roused Charles from his stupor ; he made a violent effort, burst the cords with which his hands were tied, tore the bandage from his eyes, saw Rose lying insensible in the arms of a soldier and her father bending over her in a state of pitiable affliction. He sprung past his guards, dashed aside all who opposed his progress, and had nearly reached them, when some ruffian in the crowd struck him a heavy blow on the head, and he fell. Rose was carried, in her insensible state, to the house of Lovegrace, by his direction ; and there, at length, she opened her eyes, only to realise the extent of her misery, and see her afflicted parent beside the bed on which she was laid.

Meantime, Charles had recovered from

the stunning effects of the blow he had received, was again bound ; and whilst the blood flowed from his head and poured down his face, he was placed before accusers who proceeded to a mock inquiry into the charge against him. Hunter had partially examined into the circumstances, and now joined Lovegrace in sitting in judgment upon the accused. He was delighted to find an opportunity so soon of exercising the authority with which he was invested by Lord Broghill, presiding as a kind of military governor over the town ; but that nobleman was not aware of the extent to which fanaticism had reached there, nor did he know sufficiently the character of the man into whose hands he had entrusted so serious a commission. Had he not arrived, scarcely the form of a judgment process could have been adopted, for the excited mob would have inflicted summary vengeance on the accused, but he deemed it necessary, for his own sake, to examine a little into the matter ; therefore, witnesses were called, when one fellow, noted for his profligacy, came forward and declared that he had seen the prisoner, on the night in question, in company with another person,

altercating in the street with the deceased, and that eventually the prisoner had struck deceased a blow which felled him to the ground. Others swore that they had seen him at the house we have previously mentioned, in company with Oliver Grubb, who pretended to be a Commonwealth man, but had since absconded, after having assisted the prisoner to liberate Doctor Mansfield and his daughter; and that there was some secret plotting between them, as they remained behind after dismissing the meeting. Finally, on searching his chamber, the bloody clothes, which he had worn that night, were produced as conclusive evidence of the fact. When Charles was asked what he had to say in his own behalf, he boldly asserted his share in liberating the clergyman and his daughter, but scornfully refused to make any reply to the charge of murder, saying:

“ I am aware of the object of this malicious persecution; I know you and your libertine designs; (turning to Lovegrace) but though you may cut me off, and man cannot, perhaps, prevent your vileness, God will protect his servants. Tremble, wretch, for a day of retribution comes,

“When your baseness will be punished :” and directing his discourse to Captain Hunter, “You are come here as the representative of the Lord Broghill, beware how you receive the story of the cut-throats by whom you are surrounded, for you will have to render account of this day’s work, not only to man but to God. I deny the charge entirely; and now act towards me as you please.”

Hunter stood up, and, with the true puritanical whine which immediately won the hearts of his auditors, commenced a long sermon containing, at least, the usual quantity of perverted scripture; he expressed compassion for the prisoner’s youth, at the same time artfully laying the supposed proofs of his guilt before the audience, and ending up with arguments to show that the saints should judge the ungodly, and vindicate the glory of God, in inflicting vengeance on the murderers of his people. His object was to save himself from any probable evil consequences, by getting the whole assembly of people to pronounce the prisoner guilty. He would thus gratify his thirst for blood, and leave the burden on those who condemned him. He finally put the ques-

tion, whether the young man were guilty or not guilty ; when almost all, with one voice exclaimed, guilty of death.

He then proceeded to say, “ that he ought to order him for immediate execution, but, in consequence of his youth and inexperience, he would allow the interval till next day, in order that some godly persons might pray with him, if haply the sin he had committed might be forgiven him.”

Charles was then led away to prison, and left under a strong guard of the Puritans, who entertained a double hostility towards him, on account of the supposed murder of the preacher, but particularly, as they considered him a backslider and a deserter from the faith.

But where was Obadiah Thoroughgood during this scene ; and did he take no interest in his nephew’s fate ? Could he be brutal enough, even if he were guilty, to make no effort to save him ?

These are questions that require an answer. The fact was, that seeing Charles’s attachment to Rose, which he had not previously suspected, and having heard him utter sentiments which showed him that his

ons were fast changing, he began to shend his joining the royalist party, abandoning his former friends. Now ing could be a more heinous crime, in sight of Obadiah, than this defection the true Israel, and, therefore, he set its to work for the purpose of confirm- is nephew in the principles of his party, abstracting him from his dangerous ls. With this view he had encouraged outrage on Doctor Mansfield and his hter, thinking, that their removal from town or imprisonment would be the is of banishing from his mind what he dered only a boyish attachment to ; but when he found, by Charles's con- tion with him on this subject, that it of too fixed a character to be thus shaken, as at a loss what course to pursue. He d a refusal to rescue the victims of violence would be the means of alienat- he young man entirely from him and arty, without affecting any other object bringing odium on himself; and he, fore, reluctantly consented to appear eir behalf, but did it in such a manner show his dislike to those whom his ference served for the moment. He

knew nothing of their escape till Lovegrace came that morning early to inform him of it, and to show the wound which had been inflicted, as he declared, by Charles, whilst he was endeavouring to prevent him from releasing the captives.

Obadiah was not much displeased, if he dared acknowledge the fact, that his very dear brother had undergone this chastisement ; for they were rival orators, each striving to gain the ascendancy with the rabble ; and fanaticism is just as jealous as it is intolerant. Still he deemed it expedient to cloak his real feelings, and make common cause with the complainant ; and, therefore, having decided on his mode of proceeding in this critical juncture, he had awakened his nephew and taxed him severely with his conduct. Part of his plan was to remain aloof from the trial, lest he should be accused of partiality towards his own flesh and blood, and thereby gain the credit of Roman virtue ; but, when the young man should be condemned, as he knew assuredly would be the case before such a judge as Lovegrace, and such a jury as the excited mob, then, to come in to his rescue, and by exerting his influence to the utmost, save him from

h, and thereby gain a strong hold over by the ties of gratitude. The arrival of tain Hunter, and the frightful charge of der, discomfited him considerably ; the ness began to wear a more serious aspect than he had expected, and he saw that ould require all his interest to effect his hew's deliverance. He did not credit hideous accusation against him, yet he no means of disproving it ; and, there- , though he adhered to his original , he tormented his mind as to the e of managing the details. He was ly perplexed ; and whilst he remained his state of indecision and doubt, word brought to him of the determination of Captain and his confederates. This not tend to calm his mind ; for now that r monitor conscience, whose warnings had been long accustomed to despise, n to give him some annoyance, and the ulus of a frantic enthusiasm failed of its ted effect.

ie alone was, in a great measure, the inator of the evils which pressed upon deserted youth ; he was the fomenter discord and violence, where peace and mony had reigned before ; he was the

unprovoked persecutor of a helpless old man and an amiable girl ; the agent of anarchy and rebellion, where he ought to have been the preacher of peace and good will ; he had laboured and toiled, yes, and prayed for prosperity to the cause of a murderer and a tyrant. His desire upon the enemies of his creed was fulfilled, and yet his soul lacked contentment. His only sister's orphan had been commended to his care by a dying parent ; he had promised to nurture and guard him with all tenderness ; but had he fulfilled that promise ? Ay, here was the rub ! He had, indeed, done his utmost to instil certain sentiments into his mind ; but were those sentiments such as he ought to have inculcated, or such as tended to the youth's welfare ? Of this he did not feel quite assured, but he did not allow himself to canvass their propriety ; he feared to enter on the subject, lest the conclusion should be that his whole life had been a tissue of folly and self-deception.

He had embarked in the cause whilst it hung in doubt, and now that heaven appeared to smile upon it, it was not for him to abandon it. Glad was he to light

his train of thought, as it took away the uneasy feeling attached to his previous notions, and he pursued it with satisfaction till he realised, in imagination, the ambitious projects, and saw himself elevated to the pinnacle of spiritual domination—the friend of victorious generals, the councillor of supreme rulers.

Lightened with the picture his fancy had held up, he mastered the rising qualms, subdued the feelings of remorse or kindness, which were, for a while, excited in his mind, and determined, if possible, to take the daring spirit of his nephew as a model to his ambitious views. In a happy temper, he walked forth to meet his confrères, pay his respects to the new military commander, and ascertain, if possible, how far he too could be made useful to the projects.

He congratulated himself on the grace of his vengeful feelings, though he realised that the object of them had not been at once given up to slaughter, and he returned home to gloat over the prey which he had placed in his hands, and to mature his plans for enjoying the fruits of successful machinations.

His first resolution was to separate father and daughter ; and, under the guise of securing a malignant and disaffected priest, he ordered Doctor Mansfield to be taken to prison. It was vain that the old man entreated, with tears, to be left with his beloved child, and more vain that Rose begged to be allowed to go with him to prison. Lovegrace was inexorable. He listened to her entreaties with perfect indifference, or replied to them with a sarcastic taunt. She clung tenaciously to her father, and at length the meek Lovegrace tore her away, and forced the old man out, locking the door after him, and leaving Rose in a state of mind bordering on distraction.

In this condition she remained, unheeded and unattended, for several hours, till as the day waned, a servant brought her some refreshment, which she had neither appetite nor inclination to touch. The food was left in the apartment, but it remained unheeded by the sufferer except a draught of water, which the exhaustion and weariness she had undergone compelled her to take.

Lovegrace came late in the evening, and assuming as bland and courteous a tone as

coarse nature permitted, endeavoured to persuade her to take food, but she made no reply, and he left her, again carefully locking the door. Several of the puritan preachers were admitted, during the day, to visit Charles, and wasted much pious eloquence in trying to convince him of the error of his ways; but he turned from them with disgust, refusing to listen to their exhortations, and they departed, devoutly resigning him to eternal perdition.

Soon after night closed, Obadiah solicited and obtained permission from Captain Hunt to visit his nephew, and entered the cell where he was confined, with a kind and sympathising air. But Charles, now nearly alienated from him by his heartless conduct, scarcely noticed his entrance or returned his greeting. This a little discomfited him, and he found some difficulty in opening his business. At length, he began by dwelling on his affection for the father of his sister and his desire to save him, declaring he had wrestled in prayer for his safety, and had ascertained the mind of the Lord on it, and expressed his hope that no impediment would be raised by the enemy of souls to the accomplishment of

this desirable object. Charles listened with impatience, till he came to a pause, and then said :

“ It needs not this long preface, sir. You have some proposal to make ; let me know it, that I may decide.”

“ It is, then, son of my affection, that thou shouldst eschew these children of Belial, and bind thyself, for life, to the good cause.”

“ Never shall I sacrifice the feelings of humanity to a base love of life ! Nor shall I again mix myself with the truculent party to which I once belonged.”

“ Yet reflect, young man, what it is to be cut off in the prime of thy years. Comply with my wishes, and I will sacrifice my life to save yours.”

“ You shall sacrifice nothing for me. I wish not to say anything disrespectful to my mother’s brother ; therefore, leave me, lest I forget myself, and do you a dishonour.”

“ Honour and dishonour are alike to me,” said he, with counterfeit humility.

“ I am a worm, and no man ; yet would I strive to save thee from death, and put thee in the place of dignity.”

“ Strive not to cloak your own ambitious

views under a pretended desire for my safety. I am no longer deceived by your wiles ; yet may God forgive you for reducing the orphan, whom you vowed to protect, to this humiliating condition."

"Is this the way my kindness is received?" replied the other, sternly; "know, ungrateful boy, that if I desert you, in your obstinacy, nothing can save your life."

"Be it so : better I should die now, than when I have run a career of murder under your guidance."

"Murder? And are you not a murderer, a midnight assassin, a convicted felon?"

"I scorn a reply to a charge which you yourself are persuaded is false. Go; I must not be further provoked. You are my relative, but use not this privilege to insult me farther. Go, in God's name ; pursue your devious course, and leave me to perish. I neither ask, nor will I receive, your assistance, on any terms.

"Then die in your obstinacy, grovelling renegade. I disown, and scorn, and spit upon you : die by an ignominious death, and let your name become a bye word, and a hissing, and a curse."

Charles smiled at this ebullition of impotent rage, and saw his uncle depart, with a feeling of deep regret for his perverted judgment and unnatural conduct. He was scarcely gone, when it struck him that he ought not to yield up his life without a struggle to save himself.

The idea of Rose's captivity, and the fate which awaited her in the hands of Lovegrace, stimulated him to exertion. No sooner did the thought arise, than he began to look about, and see if any chance offered of effecting this object. He was handcuffed; but the iron rings which encircled his wrists were too large, and after some time and exertion, he succeeded, without much pain, in drawing his hands through them. When once his hands were free, the rest was easy. He knew the wall was not of the most solid construction; therefore, to remove some stones, and reach the small grated window, which gave light to the cell, was a work easily accomplished. He wrenched out the bars, when the stone beneath them was removed, and then looked around carefully ere he ventured out. Just at this moment, some mortar and stones gave way, and he was precipitated with

them into the street. The guard were roused, hurried out, and ere he could recover himself, one of them seized him. In this desperate extremity, he grasped one of the iron bars which had fallen out with him, raised it, and inflicted a heavy blow on his captor's arm which fell powerless by his side.

Darting off, before the rest of the guard came up, he made for the town wall, where he knew it could be easily ascended from the inner slope. He was hotly pursued by the dragoons, who raised the alarm ; but his knowledge of the locality enabled him soon to distance them, and he reached the place he sought, unseen by his pursuers. He had no time for deliberation ; therefore, hanging by his hands from the wall, at his full length, he let himself down, and lighted on his feet, but fell backward, stunned, and shaken in every limb. Fortunately, the ground was free from stones ; so that he suffered nothing more than a severe shock, from which he soon recovered, and was able to pursue his way in search of Oliver Grubb, the only ally to whom he could apply for help. The house, in which that worthy individual had taken refuge, had

belonged to a respectable family, who were cut off in the civil war, and it was subsequently taken possession of by a person who used it as a place of entertainment for all whom the unhappy circumstances of the time had deprived of a home. Thither resorted the discontented of every class; the persecuted royalist, and the disappointed republican; the Irish Romanist, and English Protestant; the ruined spendthrift, and the unprincipled adventurer. This strange medley of characters harmonised sufficiently well together, in consequence of the same necessities pressing upon all and the advantages resulting from acting, in concert, to supply funds for their support, or for their pleasures. They had, also, many associates amongst the peasantry, who, in consequence of the turbulent state of the country, for some years past, had learned habits of idleness, plunder, and dissipation, preferring to live rather as free companions, than to apply themselves to husbandry, with the prospect of being robbed of their crops by some ruined chief or powerful settler, just as they had gathered in their harvest. Amongst this strange crew was Charles

Hawthorn about to enter, and on them to depend for the rescue of his mistress and her father ; but he had no alternative ; and the nature of his feelings did not allow him closely to scrutinize the character of his assistants.

On announcing his name, and calling for Oliver, that worthy person soon presented himself, exhibiting, in his flushed look and unsteady gait, some proofs of recent indulgence in a more potent beverage than water.

“What ! my gallant friend,” said he, “are you come to our den ? Methinks you look not over pleased with the treatment which the saints have given you since we parted. Pray, how goes on the pious Love-grace ? Is he still crucifying the flesh with its affections and lusts ?”

“A truce to your scurrile jests, Oliver ! All is in confusion, and without your help I fear we are undone.” He then hastily informed him of Rose’s recapture, his own perilous escape, and the position of affairs in the town.

Oliver looked rather puzzled on hearing this account ; and though his intellects were not then in the clearest state, he en-

deavoured to collect his thoughts, and, after a while, replied,

“ Well, my brave recruit, for you must be one of us for the nonce, this is an awkward business ; but I doubt not we shall bring you safely through. You must not, however, be squeamish on the occasion; there are here some bold hearts and brave hands, but they are not particularly delicate in the way of principle, poor fellows! the world has kicked them a little, and they are disposed to repay the kindness. You must make one of us for a time, and we shall see what can be done to rescue your pretty mistress from the hands of the Philistines. By all that’s lovely, but I would venture odds she is found in the care of that old debauchee, Lovegrace ; and I tell you, Charles, that is not the safest place for a beautiful girl !”

Charles’s blood nearly boiled in him at the thought. “ Lead on,” said he, “ and I will join any party ; promise any thing. Do what you please, only let me save her, and punish that detestable hypocrite.”

“ Gallantly said ! And now let me introduce you to my friends.”

Charles was accordingly led into a large

id coarsely furnished room, where about twenty men were assembled in various stages of inebriety, from the tipsy chatterer down to the stupified bacchanal. Some were talking, some singing, some lying asleep with their heads resting on the table ; and the room, being badly lighted, gave a dark and savage appearance to the whole scene. Charles started back a little on entering, but recollecting the necessity which brought him to this den, assumed resolution, and followed his conductor to the head of the table.

Some inquiring looks were cast on him by such as were capable of observing his entrance, and the din gradually lessened, as Oliver stood up and called silence.

“Gentlemen Cavaliers,” said he, “I beg to introduce to your notice my friend, Charles Lawthorn, late a Roundhead, now anything you please. The hypocritical crew used him scurvily, as they used us all. Well, I tried their ways ; and the rogues like good living, ay, and a strong cup to boot. But their cursed jargon and long preaching did’nt suit my taste ; so I quitted the rascals, as my friend here has done. And now, what say you, gentlemen, he

requires a little job at our hands, shall we help him to pepper the Roundheads? Mark you, there will be something going to replenish the exchequer. Provender is becoming scarce with us ; good liquor hard to be got. What think you of a foray into the enemies' quarters—a gentle reminiscence to the saints, that they are but flesh? They are slumbering in security, they have waxed fat ; shall we give them a lesson of humility ?”

“ Agreed ! agreed !—we are your men !—better hang than starve. A prey ! a prey ! curse the rascals ! down with the cut-throats ! pink their doublets !” resounded from various discordant voices.

“ Well, my men, I am glad to find you in the right humour. Another cup, and then to sleep, there's work to be done to-morrow ! Here is to a successful expedition and a merry meeting after !”

All drank the toast, and then Oliver, bidding them good night, retired with his friend to a remote apartment to digest his plans.

“ I regret what I have done,” said Charles, “ in mixing with this bacchanalian crew of yours, Oliver. And I cannot be a

erty to the plunder you meditate. Is there no other way in which we can manage the business?"

"None, fair sir, that I know of. I told you there was no room for squeamishness, you want to rescue your mistress and the old parson. Let these men have their way, or not, they will do nothing; and then what comes of the pretty Rose? Lovegrace—"

"Mention not his name, or you will drive me mad. I will engage to remunerate our friends for the service they render me."

"Pooh, pooh, man, nonsense! It is not promises they want; promises won't feed them, nor give them drink. Your Round-headed friends have driven them to this, let them take the consequences. If you were never in existence, they would find an opportunity of retaliation. If you are so wise, why, Lovegrace will soon save you any further trouble about——"

"Again you distract me with that rebel's name. Can we not leave him out of the question, and consult how the others may be saved from your lawless friends?"

"Lawless friends, quotha;—good honest gentlemen! Come, Charles Hawthorn, say

at once that you will yield up Rose Mansfield to the arms of——”

“By heaven, I cannot stand this! If you utter her name again in conjunction with his, I shall leave you, and try what my own hand and head can do to rescue my friends.”

“Yes, and perish in the attempt? Come, no more scruples. I undertake the matter only on this condition, that my friends be allowed to remunerate themselves for what they have suffered. Do you agree?”

“I fear there is no alternative, and may God forgive me for adopting this course!”

“Well, that will do; there will be time enough afterwards to arrange with your conscience. Mine gives me no trouble, where a rascally Puritan is concerned. But, come, you must let me know all the case, that we may not go on a wrong scent.”

Charles detailed to him the events since his departure, as well as he knew, or could guess at them, and then requested to know his plans.

“That you shall hear to-morrow. Now go, lie down there on that pallet, and sleep. I must be up an hour or two more, to make preparations for our work.”

to him, accordingly, and Charles
himself on the bed, but not to sleep.
So harassed by contending feelings,
he courted the drowsy god in vain.

Morning was far advanced, when,
on inquiries for Oliver, Charles
returned to the house tired, but ap-
parently in good spirits.

After he had breakfasted, he began to
discuss the parts of his plans as were neces-
sary to be communicated to the anxious
Council; and both then adjourned to
their confederates, and make final
arrangements.

In the morning, Lovegrace and his asso-
ciates held a conclave respecting Charles's
proposal, and came to the conclusion, that
if he fell into their hands again, not
should be granted him.

Highgood did not attend, for he was
too much occupied with his own bitter
feelings to take a part in proceedings
which would tend to drive him almost to
despair. The absence of any enemy
to assail the town had produced an
degree of supineness and neglect
in the watches and guards. And this was
increased by the presence of a military

force, which, though small, seemed to take on themselves the entire control ; and, consequently, the townsmen gave up to them that which was more peculiarly their own province, and laid aside their arms for other times when they might be required, contenting themselves with attending the religious outpourings of the preachers.

Lovegrace thought that now his object was nearly effected, though he felt deep mortification at the escape of his intended victim. Rose was in his power, and he would use her ignorance of this fact to serve his purposes. She had remained, during the night and succeeding morning, in a state of agony scarcely to be described, having hardly tasted any food, though provision of the best kind and rich wine had been provided, and brought to her by order of her gaoler.

He had made his appearance in person before her, but she refused to listen to him, demanding only to be restored to her father. Lovegrace retired to meditate on the means of subduing her obstinacy and bringing her to a more placable temper towards him. As the day passed on, the usual avocations of those who had any thing to do occupied

their attention, and the idlers lounged in various quarters.

It was a market day, and many persons, from the surrounding districts, came to sell and purchase commodities, so that the town presented a crowded and busy appearance. Towards evening, many took their departure, and the gates were closed ; but, if the authorities had been on the alert, they might have observed, that a considerable number remained behind, in the different houses of entertainment, as well as in several private dwellings.

Lovegrace had enjoyed, that day, an extraordinary degree of elevation. His rival, thoroughgood, was too much occupied with his own thoughts to dispute with him the claim of superiority ; and he had held forth to the inhabitants, strangers, and military, twice, for the space of two hours.

Captain Hunter and a chosen few partook with him of some creature comforts, and sat discussing Prelacy and Erastianism to a late hour.

His military friend remained with Lovegrace, after the others departed, and seemed to have something on his mind which he could not easily bring himself to utter.

At length, after many hems, and writhing about on his chair, he expressed himself thus,—

“ I have heard, brother, that there is in thy house a damsel, daughter to the old priest, who is in bondage. What is thy intention concerning her ? ”

Though not quite unprepared for it, the bluntness of the interrogatory disconcerted the saint ; he hesitated, stammered, looked down, and after a pause, replied—

“ Verily, I would desire to save her from the damning doctrines of prelacy ; peradventure, the words of truth may come home to her mind, and she may become as a brand plucked from the burning. ”

“ But, brother, ” replied Hunter, “ the tongues of the evil-minded may wag against thee, an expounder of the word, if the damsel remain under thy roof. Would it not be better to place her under the care of some discreet mother in Israel ? ”

Lovegrace, startled by the proposal, looked inquiringly at his friend. He met, however, only a cold, passionless glance, and seeing the necessity of a reply to so judicious a suggestion, answered—

“ Of a truth, it might be well to do so, and

all consider of it ; but I much fear she fall again into the hands of the malignants, before I can expound into her the Word, and, perhaps, that young renegade, the thorn, might convey her away."

"There is no danger of that," replied his friend, "if she be entrusted to my care, and I can find an experienced matron who will take care of her as a mother."

"Hah !" said Lovegrace, starting up, "thou wouldst take her among a godless soldiery. No, no, it may not be; she would there be corrupted, and drawn farther from the truth."

"Godless soldiery, sayest thou?" answered the other, fiercely. "Know from me, Aminadab Lovegrace, that they are faithful in all things ; and, albeit, I am the weakest of them, yet is my lamp trimmed, and my light burning. Beware of scanning the soldiers of the Covenant, and look me, thou mightest be taken captive by their charms ; even now, I fear that her soul is more valued by thee than her soul, that the old man, which is after the devil's lusts, is returned upon thee again."

"This to me !" answered the preacher, most choked with rage. "Thou art a

profane man, and an adversary to the Gospel. I will not give up the damsel to thee."

"Then will I proclaim thee a hypocrite and a Pharisee, and take her away by force. Thou darest not resist me, for I have the commission of him who rules this town, and I must be obeyed."

Lovegrace saw he had gone too far, that the words of Hunter were true, and that he must submit to him. Seeing it necessary therefore, to retrace his steps, he lowered his tone, and said—

"Peradventure, I have been too hasty my language has been rash, but my brother will excuse it, for I was not myself. On the morrow, then, I will deliver up the maiden to thy care, trusting thou wilt deal kindly with her."

"Thou hast well spoken, brother;" answered Hunter. "Fear not for the damsel, for she shall be unto me even as daughter."

Having gained his point, he rose, and wishing his host good night, departed leaving that worthy preacher in no enviable state of mind. Fear, anger, lust, cowardice and hatred contended fiercely within him and he strode up and down the apartment in a tumult of passions. He had long fixed

his eyes on Rose, and her very modesty and reserve, which should have been a check on his evil designs, only tended to feed the flame which burned within him ; and now, that he thought almost every obstacle surmounted, to be thus baffled and have his prey plucked from his hands by one whose purpose, he well knew, was not more holy than his own—it was too much for him to bear, and his coward heart stimulated him to make the best use of the short time his opportunity would remain in his power. “Yes,” said he, half aloud, “she must and shall be mine this night, come what may. I know thee, Hunter, and thy designs ;—ruthless villain—villain ! yes, but am not I as bad ? Ah, what matter ! I have lived and thriven by villainy, and I will do so still ; it will go hard, but I shall outwit thee. She is mine, and mine she shall remain ; hell itself shall not prevent me. Hell !—yes, there may be such a place as that, which we hold it as a bugbear to fools. Well, even so—time will come to think of this ; but now, now to disappoint you, Hunter ! It must be done within the hour, marriage—anything that makes her mine ; and then, do thy worst.”

He had nearly wrought himself up to that degree of spurious courage, by which he dared to meet the eye of worth and innocence, and swallowing hastily a copious draught of wine, he hastened towards the room where Rose was confined.

He unlocked the door and entered, but hesitated a moment, as he looked on the innocent being before him. She was seated on a chair, with one arm resting on a small table, and supporting her head. The colour had fled from her cheek, and the effects of mental suffering, combined with abstinence from food, had already made fearful ravages on her strength. She looked the very image of sorrow and desolation, and, had a spark of pity existed in the mind of her tormentor, the sight would have moved him. "My father," she murmured, "my poor father;" and then burst into tears.

As he entered, she merely raised her eyes for a moment, covered her face with her hand, as if to shut out the disagreeable object which met her sight. Lovegrace hemmed, stammered, and asked her how she did.

"My father!" she said, "restore me to

father, and I will bless you to the latest hour of my life,"

"Damsel," said he, "I am come to make an offer which is for thy good. Now, listen to me. Thy father lies in captivity, and a young man who attempted thy rescue is now in durance (the lie, he thought, would serve his purpose). Now, albeit thy father is a priest of Baal, and the youth a lost sheep of the fold, yet I have compassion on thy grief, and am willing to release him."

Here, Rose removed her hand, and looked at him with surprise and joy.

"Oh, may God reward you for this kindness," she said, "and the prayers of a grateful heart shall plead for a blessing on your head!"

"Little care I, maiden, for the prayers of an unbelieving: keep them for thyself; but mark me, and listen to my proposal. I did not that I would release these men of blood without a condition." Rose's heart sank with disappointment. "Thou must be their ransom and deliverer."

"Oh, tell me how I can deliver my beloved father," answered she, not waiting for the end of his speech, "tell me, I shall gladly purchase his freedom with my life."

“It needs not to buy it with thy life, damsel; there is one that loves thee dearly, give thy hand to him, and they shall be free.”

A look of amazement was the only reply to this.

He continued: “Thou seemest surprised, damsel, and well thou mayest, that the salt of the earth should mingle with its corruption. But I have a love for thy soul, that thou mayest be plucked as a brand from the burning; and my bowels yearn upon thee.” He paused, in expectation of a reply, but none was given, and he said, “Why dost thou not answer me? There is much depending on thy answer.”

“Man, I understand you not; your words are strange and unintelligible to me. Oh! if you are not come to restore me to my beloved parent’s arms, in mercy, leave me. I can bear little more.”

“Yet is my meaning plain enough, damsel, and I would have thee to understand, that as Isaac loved Rebecca, so will I love and cherish thee. There is a fond and foolish ceremony called marriage, and as thou art not yet out of the bondage of the spiritual Babylon, I will even gratify thee in this.”

se started from her seat, as if a viper stung her, and lifting her hands to en, exclaimed, "Great God, look upon my affliction! Oh, spare my underling, for I fear I shall go mad!"

"What ails thee, pretty one?" said he, "thou satisfied? dost thou accept my s?"

"Wretch!" she replied, "begone; the fiend himself must have prompted to this insolence."

"Hah!" said he, with a sneer; "thinkest not, that thy father and the young are in my hands? Knowest thou that I have power to release them and to condemn them?"

"I will answer you, detestable man, the language of that holy book, which so horribly pervert. 'Thou couldst no power at all over them, except it given thee from above; therefore, he delivered them to thee hath thee for sin.' "

"This sounds well, girl; but thou shalt them in torture and agony. Bethink what will then be thy feelings; when that case, thou canst not escape from my hands. Thou art the captive of my spear

and of my bow, and must submit to my desires."

Scorning to reply, she walked to the further extremity of the room, but kept her eyes fixed on the Puritan preacher. He too rose and said, "Perverse girl, I brook not this insolence: thou art in my power; before I leave this room, thou shalt consent to my wishes, or I will make thee rue the hour thy perverseness opposed the honour I design thee."

Driven almost to madness, Rose exclaimed in hurried accents, "Approach me not; I am but a weak girl, yet if you offer me insult, it shall not be unavenged."

She spoke thus, without knowing whence or how deliverance might come; but casting her eyes around, she observed a knife lying on the table, where the provisions had been placed for her use, and, in the desperation of the moment, seized the instrument which seemed to invite her hand, and hurried towards the door. Love-grace hastened to prevent her, not having observed what she had seized on, and smiling with scorn, as she laid her hand on the lock, said, "Vain girl, till thou canst wrest this key from me," holding it up,

escape is impossible ; yield to that destiny which is inevitable." He advanced to seize her, his hand was already on her arm, when she raised the knife and plunged it into his side. He staggered back and fell on the floor, weltering in his blood. The terrific agony of the moment almost overpowered her ; yet the fearful danger in which she was, sustained her strength, and with desperate resolution she seized the key, which had fallen from Lovegrace's hands, and without casting a look on his prostrate form, applied it to the lock and rushed down the stairs.

In his chagrin and confusion on the departure of Hunter, Lovegrace had omitted to lock the front door, and it now stood ajar. Rose darted forth into the street. The night was cold and dreary, a few stars twinkled overhead, and the wind howled mournfully as it swept through the empty streets. Heedless of the storm, and imagining a pursuing enemy in every sound, she hurried on, she knew not whither, till breathless and exhausted, she sank on the pavement and lay insensible.

CHAPTER IV.

A little prior to this, various groups of men began to assemble in the by-streets, and noiselessly congregated together in two different parts of the town; both bodies might be about two hundred. One party, at the head of which was Oliver, silently advanced towards the quarters of the military, and the other, led on by Charles, went towards the prison. Leaving a part of the number here, and giving them directions to rescue Doctor Mansfield, he hastened in person to the house of Lovegrace. To his surprise, the door was open, and hurrying into the house, he procured a light, searched the lower apartments, but found no one, except an old domestic; he then ascended to the upper rooms, and discovered Lovegrace sitting on the floor, covered with blood, and endeavouring to staunch a wound in his side.

“What means this, miscreant?” eagerly

ed Charles, "and where is Miss
ld?"

ther looked up and with a demoniac
uttered, "In hell, I hope; where
rves to be."

etch! dare not utter another word
ry to that innocent, or thy vile
shall be plucked out, and thy car-
en to the carrion birds."

k for her then, and may she be a
nd a curse upon thy soul, when she
."

es leaving a guard over the wretch
into every room in the house, in-
ed the old domestic, but could
o tidings. Meantime some of his
s had not been idle, but plundered
se of every thing portable, and some
cast into the fire, which burned on
th, a part of the furniture, which
a in a blaze. When he came back
oom, where he had left Lovegrace,
d shrieks of agony mingled with
and imprecations, and bursting in
his followers, he saw some of them
the preacher to the flames, and
on him to render up his money.
at once dashed them aside, and

rescuing the unhappy man from their hands, desired them to follow. They did so, having first tied him hand and foot to prevent his escaping or giving the alarm.

As they returned towards the prison, he saw that the other party had effected their object, and bore amongst them the venerable minister. This was no time for greetings, for Charles's heart was too full to think of aught but Rose. He hastened to Oliver, briefly informed him of her absence and the state in which Lovegrace had been found, and entreated him to go in search of her in one direction, whilst he proceeded in another.

Oliver shook his head, told him it was vain, but refused not his request. Hastily directing some trusty friends to search in other places, where she might be, and giving orders to the rest to watch closely, lest the military should be aroused and attack them, he set off. A select party, who knew the houses of the Cromwellians, had been appointed to plunder, and were busily engaged in their work ; but scarcely had the two leaders gone on their search, when many of the others becoming discontented, and unwilling to lose the opportunity of

, began to disperse in different directions to share the spoil. Oliver had taken his measures so prudently, that, had no objections been observed, there would have been no fear of failure. His agents, who the town had harboured, and as the attacking party ; he had early in the night secured one of the gates, and had the soldiers so well blocked up in their ranks, that even if they did awake, they would find it difficult to get out ; and, then, but a few, he did not dread a handful in the dark, and against superior numbers, who knew the town well ; but the greed and avarice of some of his confederates nearly ruined all. The soldiers were armed, armed themselves, and hastened to the gate of their barrack, but here they were repulsed and driven back again, by such of the soldiers as had remained. The shots fired on both sides aroused the townsmen, and the cowards and villains, who lacked not courage, began to assemble.

Captain Hunter, seeing the danger of passing through the assailants at the gate, led his men to the rear, where they soon scaled the wall which enclosed the park-yard, and prepared to come on the

enemy in flank or rear. Several of the townsmen met the military at this conjunction ; and messengers were despatched to assemble all they could at that point ; so that, in less than half an hour, there was a large body collected. Meanwhile, Oliver, hearing the shots, hurried back from his fruitless search, and found every thing in disorder and his men dispersed in different directions. He did all he could to collect them, and gave the signal agreed on in case they should be attacked ; but they came in slowly, and Charles was nowhere to be seen. Bitterly cursing his compliance with Charles's request, and the avarice of his confederates, he resolved to make the best of his way to the gate, but yet waited a few minutes longer to collect such stragglers as came dropping in, hoping his friend might be amongst the number ; but just as he had made up his mind to retreat, a volley was fired in his rear, which threw his men into confusion but did little damage, for the darkness prevented the aim.

“ Scatter yourselves on both sides of the street,” said he, “ and receive them with a volley, as they come on ; reserve your fire till pretty sure of your mark.” His orders

ere obeyed, and the assailants, coming on a body, were received with a galling fire from both sides. They fell back to form or recover themselves; when Oliver, seeing the advantage he had gained, called on his party to pour in another volley, which they did with considerable effect, so that the dragoons and townsmen retreated farther back, firing irregularly, and without much damage to their opponents. At this moment, the house of Lovegrace was on fire, and soon the flames burst out furiously, so as to illuminate the street, where Oliver and his party stood, and threw the others into the shade. He perceived the disadvantage of his, and hesitated what course to take, as the enemy were between him and the gate. The others saw their advantage, and pressing on, fired at the men most exposed by the light of the burning house, and some of them fell. Just at this instant a shout was heard in the rear, and the dragoons were attacked by Charles and a party of villagers whom he had collected in his walk. 'Charge them, my men,' shouted Oliver, and immediately the Cavaliers were among them, hewing and hacking on all sides. The contest was brief; the dragoons

and their friends fled in all directions, leaving several of their number dead in the street. Oliver and Charles met and decided on evacuating the town speedily, as they saw it was vain to look further for Rose. With a heavy heart, Charles consented to the arrangement. The flames were spreading through every part of Lovegrace's house, and looking up they saw his figure drawn in strong relief against the window, and, holding up his hands, he was imploring aid in the most piteous accents. He had raised himself to his feet, and crawled towards the window, bound as he was ; and whilst the flames spread around him, he screamed with agony, and entreated to be saved.

"He must not perish thus," said Charles; "blood enough has already been spilled; let us try and save him."

"Are you mad," cried Oliver, "let the villain die ; you risk your own life, and we have not a moment to spare."

"I care not," replied he, "I shall make the effort ;" and he rushed into the burning house, but soon hurried back, nearly smothered with smoke. Again he tried, but the staircase was in flames ; and he came

forth, having just escaped from being crushed by a falling beam. Lovegrace continued to scream, as the fire hemmed him in, and he pressed more closely to the window. At length he made a violent effort, dashed himself against the sash, which gave way before him. He fell headlong to the ground; Charles hastened to raise him, but life was extinct; his brains were scattered on the pavement.

Oliver directed his party to form, and in a few minutes they had evacuated the town, leaving the inhabitants to extinguish the fire as they best could. After a short time they began to appear, finding the enemy were gone. The house stood apart; and, therefore, there was not much danger that the flames would spread, particularly as a heavy fall of rain came on, and the wind abated.

In the commencement of the *mêlée*, Dr. Mansfield had been placed by his friends in such a position as to be out of the reach of fire-arms. The old man passively submitted to whatever they directed him to do; and at the termination of the skirmish, he was brought away in safety, supported by Charles and other friends. As they re-

turned from the scene of their late exploit, he continued for some time silent ; but, at length, with trembling accents asked his young friend,

“Any tidings of my poor Rose, Charles?”

“Alas ! Sir, I have not been able to discover any, nor can I conjecture where she is ; there is one thing, however, which gives me hope ; her worst enemy is no more ; and it is probable she has escaped to some friendly shelter.”

“God grant it, my son ! My gentle and affectionate child ; may the Lord of Hosts be your protector ! Will you promise me,” and he could scarcely speak from emotion, “to ascertain her fate, Charles ? I am old, and I know not the day of my death ; but it would disturb my soul to think she was suffering at the hands of our enemies.”

“I promise,” answered the young man, eagerly, “never to rest day nor night till I have ascertained her fate, or restored her to your arms.”

“Enough, generous friend ! Should happier days come—but ’tis idle—” He sunk into silence, and no more was said till they reached their place of rendez-vous. Here a consultation was held ; and after dividing

erty which the party had acquired, dispersed in different directions, knowing that the troopers and their associates would seek revenge, and attack their haunt as soon as they could muster strength sufficient for the purpose. Charles and Doctor Old were taken by Oliver to a cottage, some miles distant, where they expected they would not discover them. And Charles used every exertion to soothe the man's feelings, but almost without effect for he continued to think and speak of the one subject — his daughter. Meanwhile, Oliver was using various means to discover some tidings of Rose, but without success. His agents were constantly in the town, yet could find no trace of her. Mr. Hunter collected a considerable number of men, and came to the house where the radicals used to assemble; but finding none of them, he was obliged to return, disappointed and unrevenged, having only the worthy dame and her household set fire to the building, to prevent its being in future a place of rendez-vous for the affected.

A few days after the recent *mêlée*, there was a small house, in a remote lane of

the town, opened, and a neatly-dressed, elderly female passed in, cautiously locking the door after her. She went on to a small apartment in the rear, and entered noiselessly. There was a poor, but neatly-trimmed, bed at one extremity ; and on this lay a female, manifestly labouring under the effects of violent fever ; beside her, sat a young man, in the guise of an Irish peasant, who held her hand in his, and gazed on the sufferer with a look of anguish, which went to the very soul. The patient raised her head, looked wildly around, and exclaimed, drawing her hand quickly away,

“ Yes, you are there, monster ; if my life will satisfy you, take it. But, oh ! my poor father, where are you ? They have put you in a dungeon, and I am here. Hah ! there’s blood upon my hand. I struck him, and he is dead ; but why do his eyes glare so fiercely on me ? Oh God ! he is come to drag me away. Spare me, for my aged father’s sake, spare me, and I will do anything you please, but I cannot be your wife. Charles would break his heart, and I know he loves me dearly.”

Her kind nurse approached, and endea-

d to soothe her, but she continued to
in incoherent accents.

Charles spoke, though sobs almost
hid his utterance.

"Close, my own Rose, it is Charles who
saves you ; your father is safe."

She cast a look of wild incredulity on
him and turned away, saying,

"No, no ; Charles is dead ; they killed
him and you would deceive me. I know
the vile Lovegrace ! Oh ! for the love
of heaven, leave me."

"You had better retire for a moment,
she will be calm presently," said the
nurse ; and Charles withdrew to the fur-
ther extremity of the room, while she en-
deavoured to soothe the patient. In this
she had just succeeded, when a violent
knocking was heard ; and whilst they
stood breathlessly to ascertain who their
visitors might be, the door was burst in,
by Hunter, with several of his myrmidons,
who entered the apartment. Charles saw re-
sistance was vain, and he said calmly,
"I shall go with you quietly, only dis-
turb not the sick lady who lies yonder."

"Hah ! young sprig, this is, I suppose,
the parson's missing daughter ; beautiful

employment ; how interesting to nurse the sick ! But we shall spoil your nurse-tending. Come, march."

He made no reply, but prepared to go with them, and was marched off between a file of soldiers, and led through the town to the market-place. Here a crowd was soon assembled to witness his execution ; whilst that portion of the population, which adhered to the royal cause, kept within doors, and were unwilling to look on a spectacle which exhibited the triumph of anarchy and lawless violence.

The feelings of irritation, and the desire for vengeance amongst the mob, had been increased by the recent attack and the injury done to the town ; but the Puritan leaders were roused, to a frightful degree of animosity, by the plunder of their effects.

There was, therefore, little mercy to be hoped for in such an assemblage. Charles knew this, and prepared to meet his end with becoming fortitude. He advanced between his guards with a steady step and a fearless look, until he stood face to face with his judges. Hunter was attended by some of the Puritan leaders, and on these the prisoner cast a look which caused them

turn aside their eyes a moment; but they recovered their confidence, and proceeded to examine the witnesses of the part which he had taken in the late affray.

When they had done, Hunter turned to him, and asked what reply he had to make to these charges.

None ;” said he aloud. “ I deign not to appear in the presence of self-constituted judges. I know that malice has determined on my death, and I know well who harbour it. I have no chance of escape. You have trampled on the laws of the land, introduced violence and anarchy, encouraged immorality and crime. You have, under the guise of religion, betrayed the cause of God into the hands of the profane and worthless. You have the words of angels on your lips, but the thoughts of demons in your hearts. Your lives are a libel on your holy profession—‘ your hands are full of blood.’ I have no excuse to offer, no cause to plead, no crime to palliate ; my sole fault is endeavouring to rescue the innocent from the helpless from the hands of liberators and murderers. And if, in effecting this, when you had overthrown all rule and authority and power but the rule of

your own lusts, the authority of your own wills, and the power of your own hands—if, in the accomplishment of a sacred duty, you forced me into violence in self-defence, on your heads be the condemnation. I am guiltless ; prepare your murderous agents ; I am ready.”

He folded his arms on his breast, as he ended these words, and stood unmoved and calm as a statue. The leaders looked on him with bitter hatred, and then the word was given to their confederates to clear a space, and bring forward the prisoner for execution.

At this instant, the crowd at one side swayed a little and opened, as a tall and commanding figure stalked forward through the throng and came in front of the prisoner. It was his uncle, but unusually pale and haggard in appearance. He stood erect, but it seemed to cost him an effort, and that effort was produced by excitement. In fact, he had scarcely tasted food for nearly three days ; for, from the moment of his last parting with his nephew, he had not been able to remove from his mind the unpleasant thoughts which then entered it ; and a busy monitor continually whispered to him, that he would be the murderer of

ward, the orphan son of his sister. He, therefore, shut himself up in his chamber, refusing to take part in the public "exercises," and seeing no one but his domestics. He had reviewed the whole tenor of his life and conduct, weighed every part, and in this review felt no great reason for self-justification. He was an enthusiast, but an honest one; and when he did wrong, it came from the false and pernicious medium through which he reviewed events. He trembled, and perhaps the first time for years, without the veil on his face. And after long and severe struggling against the delusive feelings by which he had been deceived, under the idea of advancing the glory of God, he had come to the resolution of retracing his steps, and rescuing, if possible, his nephew from the evils into which his bigotry had plunged him. He was not aware of Charles's place of refuge, but he less did he think he was in the town, when his domestic came, in breathless haste, to inform him that his nephew was about to depart. On this information, he hastened home and appeared in the assembly, just at a critical juncture.

He stood in front of the crowd, who

waited in breathless silence to hear his words, expecting that he would sternly uphold the sentence of the court, and “improve” the event about to take place. He removed his hat, and looked around with a searching glance, his grey hairs floated in the breeze, and his bold and high forehead gave a dignity and weight to his words.

“Brethren,” he said, “this is a season of rebuke and blasphemy: the leaven of malice and wickedness has entered into the hearts of many, and the abomination, that maketh desolate, standeth even in the holy place. We have run in vain, and laboured in vain; thorns and thistles spring up beneath our feet, and the remnant of the true Israel are like a cottage in a wilderness, a lodge in a garden of cucumbers, a besieged city. One builds up a wall, and another daubs it with untempered mortar. Woe to them that daub it with untempered mortar! When I speak thus, beloved, I include myself; and I fear that I too have unwittingly lent my hand to this unholy work.”

He then entered into a long and animated review of the state of religion in these countries; showed the backslidings

defection of its professors, their mixture of the things of the world with the service of God, their unholy practices, their shedding of blood, condemning himself as having been led astray in the same manner, and praying earnestly to the Lord for pardon.

He dwelt upon the Gospel precept, "Love your enemies;" showed how its spirit had been violated, declaring that he was after a long struggle with himself, and many wrestlings, he had been brought to acknowledge his unworthiness. He related them to the case of the prisoner before them, entered fully into a detail of the circumstances of his conduct; and with deep feeling acknowledged that his own strong zeal had driven the young man to this. "And now," said he, in conclusion, "I have brought before you the sins and defections of the land. I have compared my own infirmities, I have laid open the secrets of my own bosom. Spare, I beseech you, the young man, and let not his blood be on my head! He is of mine own family, the child of a beloved sister now in prison. Let him go free, for it was my wish. Act towards me as you please; but do not, by slaying him in the flower of his

youth, bring down my grey hairs in sorrow to the grave !”

He ceased, and there was a visible emotion amongst many of the crowd, who began to feel pity for the distress under which he evidently laboured. He leaned exhausted against a wall, covered his face with his hands, and wept bitterly. Enraged by the defection of Obadiah, the Puritan leaders murmured loudly, and one of them got up to reply to his address. The crowd listened eagerly to him, and being, for the most part, predisposed to his sentiments, and anxious for the execution of Charles, responded cheerfully to his truculent harangue, which was calculated to remove any impression which Obadiah's address had made, and by gratifying the baser feelings of the heart, to smother every more kindly emotion. He continued, at great length, to exhort and urge them on in the same fanatical sentiments on which they had previously acted ; and when they were wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement, he put the question whether the prisoner ought to die, and was responded to by the greater portion, that he was guilty of death ! The speaker cast a

look of triumphant hate on Obadiah, who stood almost immovable, and turning to enter, desired him to do his duty.

The space in front of the market-house was cleared, Charles was brought forward, and a party of the dragoons were desired to make ready. Obadiah sprung forward, and cast himself at his nephew's feet, crying in bitter anguish of spirit :

"Forgive me, my son, child of my beloved sister! oh forgive the wrong done to me by a mistaken zeal and a blinded heart."

Charles was moved to tears, and entreated the old man to rise, assuring him of his forgiveness, if he had received wrong at his hands. "All is now past, my dear nephew; I forgive even my murderers; but there is one request I have to make, it is my only one, and my last; protect Doctor Mansfield and his daughter, if you can, from these barbarians. Promise me this, and I die in peace."

"As surely as there is a God in heaven, I will protect them, or perish. Oh there is guilt enough on my soul already, without my blood!"

"Well, then, uncle, we part," replied

Charles steadily. "Do not, by staying longer, unnerve me, but let me meet my end as a man."

Obadiah cast his arms around him, strained him to his heart, and replied: "We must not—cannot part, my gallant boy! They shall not tear me from you."

The puritan leaders becoming impatient, desired two of the soldiers to advance and remove the old man.

"Lay not your hand on him!" said Charles, fiercely. "He will retire, but insult not his age."

They only smiled, and attempted to drag Obadiah away, when Charles struck the leader a blow, which felled him to the earth. They were soon surrounded, and the old man was removed; the firing party, consisting of six dragoons, stood a few paces distant, the order was given to "Make ready!"—"Present!"—the last word was delayed by the sound of a bugle near at hand, and the advance of a troop of cavalry, headed by one of high rank, whom Hunter seemed to recognise, for he looked abashed and confounded. He did not give the last fatal word, but one of the dragoons, either through confusion or design, pulled

the trigger ; the piece exploded, and Charles fell.

“ What means this violence ? ” said the elder, in an authoritative tone, riding stily into the crowd. “ Captain Hunter, you must account to me for this.”

Hunter muttered something about “ A savior to the cause.”

“ This will not do, Sir,” replied Lord Broghill ; for it was he who had unexpectedly interrupted the execution. “ See to that wounded man,” pointing to Charles, who lay bleeding profusely.

Obadiah sprung forward, raised his nephew in his arms, and with the assistance of some friends, bore him to his own house, where he soon procured the attendance of a physician, who pronounced his wound dangerous, but as he hoped, not mortal.

Lord Broghill had heard of the progress of events in Bandon, and as soon as he could disengage himself, for a short time, he hastened thither, to examine in person into the state of affairs. It suited not with his views and feelings to encourage too far the fanatical spirit of the time, or to subvert the established religion ; and though he had sided with the Parliamentary side, it was almost

a choice of evils between the utter destruction of the Protestant interest in Ireland and the crime of rebellion. He chose the latter, but his weight and influence were such, that he was confident of being able to make such terms with Cromwell, as to insure the lives and property of the royalists who chose to put themselves under his protection, as well as to guarantee to the clergy who would remain quiet, the peaceful enjoyment of their livings. He had come, therefore, to Bandon, to restore order and check the growing evils of fanaticism and violence, ere they should destroy the peace and prosperity of the town. He immediately made, on the spot, an inquiry into all the circumstances of the case, examined the Puritan leaders, with the heads of the opposite party, who now ventured to lay their complaints before him. He decided on banishing from the town the most violent of the former, with all those whom the troubled state of the country had brought thither from distant parts, and whose idleness and hypocrisy had been in great measure the cause of the recent disturbance. Captain Hunter was severely reprimanded and ordered, with his troop, to accompany

his Lordship ; and another person, of more temper and judgment, was appointed to take charge of the town. Finally, his Lordship decided on restoring Doctor Mansfield to his flock, and appointed Obadiah Thoroughgood to minister to such as embraced the new opinions, forbidding any other to interfere, under pain of expulsion from the town.

Most of those royalists who had been driven out by the violence of their opponents, were permitted to return ; and amongst the rest, Oliver Grubb, with some difficulty, obtained his pardon. In two days, when every thing was restored to order, the Provost reinstated in his authority, and strict charge given to the military to be on their guard and live peaceably with the inhabitants, his Lordship departed to meet Cromwell, in Tipperary, where he had commenced the siege of Clonmel.

It was ascertained, on inquiry, that the murder of the Puritan in the street, of which Charles had been accused, was the result of private vengeance, from one of the townsmen, whose sister had been the subject of the murdered man's machinations. The female who had sheltered and

nursed Rose, had been an old servant of her father's who had found her lying insensible at her door, as she returned from the house of a friend. She was thenceforward taken under the care of her young mistress, whose life she had saved, and for the remainder of her days, lived in the enjoyment of comfort and abundance.

A short period found Rose convalescent, and Charles recovering from his wound. Obadiah, now an humbler and a wiser man, was the first to call on Doctor Mansfield, and entreat his forgiveness for the past. It was readily conceded, and the families became more united than ever, now that they knew each other better, and that the cause of strife was done away.

* * * *

Nearly eleven years after this, Doctor Mansfield, now worn out with age and past labour, sat in his own parlour, propped up with pillows in his easy chair, a picture of contented and happy old age. Opposite him, sat Obadiah, still comparatively vigorous, conversing with his friend. A curly-headed child, just beginning to prattle, sported about his knees, and two others, rather grown, the eldest about nine, a fine

boy, were talking earnestly, and asking many questions of a handsome, matronly dame, who was busily engaged in needlework. This was Rose, who had, soon after her recovery, given her hand to Charles; the children were the fruit of this happy union; and the wild and reckless young man had been changed into a sedate and steady parent. Having received an university education, Charles had turned his mind to the ministry, and had been ordained in the Church of England. He now occupied his aged friend's place in the care of the parish, and faithfully discharged its duties. His uncle had, at the first, remonstrated with him on this change, but when he found it useless, bore with patience what he could not prevent; and so great was the alteration in the sentiments of the 'once violent Puritan leader, that this did not interrupt the harmony of his intercourse with his nephew's connexions, though it lessened, in some degree, his influence with his people.

The church bells rung a merry peal; cannon thundered from the towers and walls; discharges of small arms reverberated amongst the hills; shouts of rejoicing arose in the air, and fires blazed in the streets.

It was a festal day, in honour of the restoration of the rightful monarch to his throne, and the people heartily joined in the solemnity.

A military man, well armed, and mounted on a noble steed, and attended by an orderly dragoon, who kept at a respectful distance behind, entered the town, rode onward as if acquainted with the locality, looking with manifest delight on the tokens of joy displayed on every side. He came near the house of the venerable Rector, halted, and inquired of Charles, who stood before the door, if Doctor Mansfield were alive, as he wished to deliver a message from his son.

“Yes,” replied his auditor. “If you will be pleased to alight, I will lead you to him.”

The stranger alighted, followed Charles into the house, and having been announced, entered the apartment where the family were assembled. He cast aside his military cloak, and displayed a noble person, decorated with various orders, and dressed in the uniform of a field-officer. He stood for a moment, and tears filled his eyes as he gazed on the happy group.

“Rose,” said he, gently, “my own dear

„Do you know your brother Edward?”

„My brother!” she exclaimed, and in an instant was in his arms.

The old man started at the words, attempted to rise, but sunk back again into his chair. Edward was soon at his feet. „Bless me!” said he “oh, my father, since we have lived to see you once more.”

The old man cast his arms about his son, and wept upon his bosom. “Bless thee, my son,” said he. “May the God of fathers bless thee, and keep thee in all ways, as he has kept thee to this day. Praise the Lord, oh my soul! for all his goodness. Now Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word. And let me die, since I have seen thy face while thou art yet alive.”

Colonel Mansfield was soon introduced to Charles and his uncle, and heard their story since his departure. His own was short. He had fought for his Majesty, but when there was no more hope, had followed him into exile, returned with him at his restoration, and had frequently written to his father, but his letters had been lost or intercepted; and he had taken the earliest day to come and



BLACK MONDAY INSURRECTION.

CHAPTER I.

“ I cannot see, my dear Henry, what object you propose to yourself in speaking so strongly and openly against the cause of our rightful monarch. Can you not, at least, moderate your zeal in my father’s presence, and before those whom you know to agree with him in opinion ?”

“ How can I, Mary, when I know it is James’s object to subvert the Protestant faith, and establish Popery ? What will be our condition, in this town, surrounded by rapacious chiefs, and hungry kerns, urged on by the desire of plunder, and the exhortations of bigoted priests ? Our properties will be pilaged, our habitations burned, and — but, I shudder even to think on the fearful consequences.”

“ Even granting that your fears are likely to be realized, how can you prevent such a result ? The few of our own faith, in this and the neighbouring fortified towns, will scarcely dare to oppose the King’s forces joined with the

Irish, and any attempt at resistance will only tend to aggravate our sufferings."

"We shall, at least, have the satisfaction of dying like men, in defence of our religion and liberty ; but there are better prospects before us, for if we hold out a few weeks, we may expect assistance from the Prince of Orange, who will, no doubt, soon send an adequate force to this country."

"Alas, Henry, I fear your hopes from that quarter are vain ; for my father says much doubt exists among his adherents, and that he is so dissatisfied, as to meditate returning to Holland."

"I cannot, and I will not believe he is so easily dispirited in this good cause. He has too long contended against difficulties on the continent, and you will soon hear that he and his consort are placed on the throne of England ; for the spirit of the people is roused, and they will not longer endure the dominion of James."

"Supposing such to be the case, the great mass of the Irish are in favour of him, so that a fearful deluge of blood will take place, ere William can gain a rood of ground in this country, or, perhaps, spare a single soldier to assist his adherents."

"You look at the worst side of the picture, and you may rest satisfied that six months will not intervene, ere our deliverer is amongst us, and all opposition in England at an end."

"These are pleasing dreams, Henry, and would to God they were realized! Yet, I cannot avoid fearing what may take place ere long, for the measures of Tyrconnel and the English government seem designed for the speedy destruction of everything Protestant."

"His tyranny has principally affected the Catholics, and there a powerful reaction will undoubtedly take place. It will be some time, however, before it materially affects us, in this remote quarter of the island; and, besides, we shall be able to make a considerable stand, as the principal part of the government forces in this quarter will be required to master Cork and Kinsale."

"Henry, your impetuosity and zeal in the cause you have espoused, wrong your better judgment. Your notion of defending this town is chimerical; but it must seem strange for me, a weak girl, to speak of such things. I cannot help it—the fearful condition of the times presses it on me, and my father, who even now lies on the brink of the grave, is determined to oppose every attempt against the reigning monarch, and, having once borne his commission, will never forfeit his allegiance. What may be the result to him, in the dreadful struggle? His figure is before me in my dreams—I see him often struggling with the foe, his blood flowing, and his grey hairs polluted in the dust; nay, more (and a shudder passed over her

whole frame), I see you too, Henry, pursue him, your hand raised, and your sword reeking with his blood. This may be only the result of my daily apprehensions—I acknowledge it to be weakness, folly, call it what you please; but it is breaking my heart, and makes me often wish I were laid beside my sainted mother in the grave.”

“Dearest Mary,” said the young man, whilst he struggled to restrain the tide of contending feelings in his bosom. “I shall not condemn or reproach you for the implied censure on my regard for your father, contained in these fantastic dreams. But why will you harass your mind by dwelling on unreal mockeries? Your father’s life is more precious to me than my own; and should any convulsion occur, my first care shall be to provide for his and your safety: meanwhile, should any additional forces be sent hither, your family, at least, will be respected, whatever may be the result to the friendless youth before you, who, perhaps, must abandon his home and his country; and this were little; he must leave you to—shall I say, some more loyal and more fortunate suitor?”

“You are unkind, Henry, and I did not expect this insinuation against the faithfulness of a heart which has been only too fondly devoted to you. I could not suppose you would add to my distress by your doubts. When, in more peaceful days, you became my father’s

adopted son, whom he loved equally with myself, he gave his consent to our union, because he knew my happiness depended on it, and hoped you would be, to his motherless child, all he could desire. If he now sometimes looks coldly on you, it is not that he desires to retract, or seek another alliance, but the eagerness with which you have espoused the cause of rebellion, as he considers it, makes him doubt how far he will provide for my happiness, by espousing me to one who is likely to be plunged into all the direful turmoil of civil war."

As she spoke thus, the young man took her unresisting hand, which he pressed to his lips, and said :—

"There is nothing consistent with honour which I would not do for your sake, noble and affectionate girl ; but it was not without due deliberation I adopted the principles which I now hold : they are in accordance with truth and justice, they are linked with the cause of religion and of God, and I cannot abandon them but with life. Rest assured, however, that I shall not rashly embark in any enterprise by which my life or your happiness would be endangered ; and I shall speak as little as possible on the subject before your father, lest his present coldness might end in the destruction of my long cherished hope of calling you mine."

left in his charge almost in childhood, trained with all a parent's care ; he was to a considerable property, and, therefore, not turned his attention to any profession especially, as his early attachment to literature gave occupation to his thoughts, and his father's sanction to his addresses had left little to desire, since their united fortunes would place them in affluent circumstances.

From his boyhood, Henry Tresilian had manifested remarkable courage and daring, there was a degree of unsteadiness in his conduct, which frequently drew on him the censure of his guardian, and subsequently his mother. Mary often tremble for herself, lest, when eventually united to him, his affection might and his mind seek that variety which seemed so congenial to it. Yet there was hitherto no appearance of change in his love towards her, and it was the only particular of his life in which he had not manifested some degree of unsteadiness. He had, as we have seen, taken a particular side in the politics of the day, and was only restrained from plunging at once into the turbulent sea, by his love for Mary and the influence which her father had over him. Previously to this period, he had professed the highest regard for the reigning monarch, and even supported the divine right of kings. Having, however, gone to visit a distant relative, he had there been imbued with new principles.

iples, and returned home full of the idea of taking service, under the adventurous and politic William.

It was a source of great regret to Mr. Pierpoint to find a change in his ward, which clashed with all his habits and prejudices; and though he could not forget the position he held in his family, yet an undefined apprehension sprung up in his mind, that his daughter's peace was at stake. Still he was received with affection by both, though a shade of sorrow began to darken the brightness of Mary's countenance.

On the day when the conversation with which our story commencés took place, several friends had met at dinner in Mr. Pierpoint's house, and there much discussion arose relative to the political movements of the time. Henry, with more than wonted earnestness, supported his new views, and a warm altercation ensued, which was terminated by the entrance of Mary, on some matter of business to her father, immediately after which, Henry left the room, and joined her in another apartment.

This will serve to explain the allusions in that conversation, and to show the feelings by which she was actuated in her remonstrances. Mary, generous and confiding in disposition, would not allow herself, for a moment, to doubt the sincerity of her lover, nor to entertain a thought derogatory to his honour; yet she

feared the ardour of his temper, and the unsteadiness of his purpose ; it was for this reason she wished to bind him, by a promise, not to entangle himself with the party for whom he pleaded. But when she found his word was already pledged, her importunity was at an end, and she endeavoured to prepare her mind for the result.

It was early in the month of February, 1689, and the weather was uncommonly mild, for the season ; they sat in a small room, the window of which was towards a garden bounded by the river, and in consequence of the evening being unusually fine, they were tempted to walk forth and enjoy the pure air ; still continuing, at intervals, to renew their previous conversation.

We have in former narratives described the origin of the town, its progress in wealth, and its importance ; its connexion with the disastrous events of 1641, and its subsequent submission to Cromwell. It had, throughout the greater part of this period, served as a bulwark for the protestant faith in Munster, and a check on the turbulent Irish chieftains ; but its improvement had been greatly impeded, and its resources diminished by the civil wars. At the present period, it was just recovering from the effects of these, when it was likely to be plunged again into worse troubles ; and there existed amongst the inhabitants much doubt and apprehension relative to the part they ought to

ze in the approaching struggle. The majority are in favour of the Prince, both from inclination and interest, knowing that neither their religion nor property would be safe amongst the adherents of James. Still they feared to adopt any decided measure, till affairs in England could assume a more favourable aspect. There are a few, who, like Mr. Pierpoint, adhered to James's interest, and were desirous of giving the town to him. The work of disarming the Protestants had been ruthlessly pursued by the Council, that the inhabitants of Bandon, amongst the rest, were in a great measure left defenceless. Some arms had, however, been secretly concealed from the military, who garrisoned the town, consisting of a troop of horse, and two companies of foot, under the command of Captain Daniel O'Neil ; but the few pieces of ordnance on the towers and walls, had been removed or rendered unserviceable.

The lovers continued to converse, for a time, forgetting political events in the enjoyment of each others' society, but were aroused, from this state of abstraction, by a messenger from the house, who delivered to Henry a sealed packet, which he hastily opened, and read, with joy sparkling in his countenance ; and then turning to Mary, he said :

“ My anticipations are verified ; and almost the whole population of England has espoused the Prince's cause. Lord Churchill, the Earl

of Clarendon and Prince George of Denmark have abandoned the King."

"Then, God forgive those who have enjoyed his favours while he was able to confer them, and have deserted him in the hour of need," was her reply.

"You forget, my dear Mary, that the King is good, and that alone, must have influenced such men."

"Be it so, Henry; it is not for me to dispute the point; but you have not yet told me the contents of that letter. Does your master ask you to undertake some dangerous enterprise in this helpless town? Nay, hide not, I am prepared for the worst."

"No, Mary, be assured that he does not, and that I would not conceal from you anything really important."

"I shall not inquire further; I only wish to know that you deem me too weak to be acquainted with your purposes."

This was uttered rather pettishly; a young man hastened to assure her, that the only matter he did not disclose was one which concerned others, and which had been previously communicated to him.

"Well," said she, after a short pause, "I shall try to be content; and only entreat Henry, for your own—for my father's and for mine, to be cautious, and weigh well the risk, ere you attempt a movement in this

or neighbourhood, beset as you are, on every side, by numerous and vindictive foes."

Such was the tenor of their conversation, which they continued, even after the shades of evening closed in upon them, while Mary's father was occupied with his friends ; and it was some time after dusk, when they departed and left him at liberty to inquire for his daughter and Henry. A domestic, who went to seek them in the garden, returned, with the alarming tidings, that they were not to be found ; and on searching the entire house and its vicinity, no account of them could be procured. When Mr. Pierpoint's harassed feelings allowed him to think, he tormented his mind to discover what could have occurred to them. Had she eloped with Henry ; fearing that in consequence of political feelings her father would not consent to her union with him ? The base idea of such a thing stung him to the quick ; he had considered his daughter a model of honour and filial duty, and to have this pleasing thought wrested from him was more than he could bear, so that he involuntarily cursed the man, who had been the cause of it, and with him the whole party whom he advocated, as deceiving liars, ungrateful and treacherous.

Again, as he recalled the entire tenor of her conduct, her affection for him, her noble spirit, her delicacy of feeling—when he reflected on Henry's principles, integrity, and the many op-

portunities he had enjoyed, previously, of effecting his wishes in this manner if he had desired it, the supposition was discarded, and he looked on both as incapable of deceiving or abandoning him. He gave himself up to grief, unrestrained even by the presence of many friends, who had hurried to his house to assist in the search, or console him under his loss. Amongst these, the most deserving of notice was Edward O'Brien, a young man, whose disposition was in many material points the reverse of Henry's. His father belonged to a branch of an illustrious family, which, in the different convulsions, by which the country had been agitated, had lost the greater portion of their inheritance, and in consequence of becoming Protestant, had suffered still more from the bigoted Romanists.

Though they had, for the sake of protection, taken up their residence near the town, this did not save them ; for, one night, their house was surrounded, set on fire, and none of the inmates escaped, save Edward's father, then an infant, who was rescued by his nurse, and subsequently reared by her till taken under the protection of a relative, who secured for him his father's small inheritance. The fearful destruction of his family ever remained indelibly impressed on his mind, causing a horror of the party, by whom it was perpetrated, and of the principles which engendered such diabolical

eds. He was an indolent man, and having sufficient to support himself respectably, made effort to improve or increase it.

Edward was reared in his father's principles, a member of the reformed faith; but, as he grew up to manhood, he perceived that no exertion must be made in order to remedy the deficiency of his fortune, and with a rationality of purpose not often met with amongst the native Irish, he engaged in mercantile pursuits, for which the circumstances of the town afforded an ample field. He had early become acquainted with Mary Pierpoint, and could not avoid perceiving her superiority to those of the sex with whom he was acquainted; but her father discouraged the intimacy, and early declared his preference for Mary, which, added to Mary's own manifest partiality, was sufficient to shut out hope from Edward's mind. Still Mr. Pierpoint could not help respecting him, and, occasionally, admitting the thought that his steadiness and good sense offered a fair prospect of happiness to a woman of his choice, whilst Henry's wavering disposition was not to be relied on. He expected that time and experience would confer on him a greater degree of steadiness and reflection.

On examining the garden, Mr. Pierpoint's hands found the marks of many trampling feet, and appearances indicating a struggle to

have taken place there. An Irish skein or dagger was also found, but no marks of blood appeared, and the conclusion, at which they arrived, was that both had been forcibly carried off by some depredators ; but for what purpose, or who the party were they could not conjecture. Further inquiries were set on foot, the traces were followed to the river, and, below the bridge on the opposite side, footsteps were again discovered where a party had evidently landed, and thence proceeded across the country ; but it was impossible to trace them more than a few yards. It was not difficult for a party of men to enter at that part, as the bridge, which connected the two portions of the town, was also on the boundary on the southern side, and under the exterior arches, which were at this time unguarded, the water was shallow and continued so for a considerable distance along the rear of the houses in the northern street. As they were returning, without obtaining any further clue, they were accosted by a pursuant who, after the usual salutation of " God save ye," began to inquire into the object of their search ; and as they had no reason for concealment, some one informed him of it. In return, he told them that the Rapparees had been for some days about the neighbourhood ; and that, on the preceding evening, he saw a large party of them mounted and lying in wait behind a clump of

trees near the road ; that some of these proceeded on foot towards the town, and as he had the curiosity to watch them, he waited till after night and saw them returning and bearing with them what he supposed to be two corpses ; however, he saw these placed on horseback, one a female, in the arms of one of the gang, and the other man, behind a second, after which the party galloped off towards the west, and he saw no more of them.

There was no reason to doubt this man's story, nor could there be any hesitation in concluding, that both Mary and her lover were in the hands of that infernal banditti, called *Yorics* or *Rapparees*. (A) This tribe of robbers existed in Ireland many years, and, in some points, were like the descendants of *Ishmael* ; at least, there was one similarity, that their hand was against every man, and every man's hand against them. They infested every part of the country, always finding their advantage in times of civil commotion. They ravaged and plundered in all directions, neither party was spared by them, though in general their principal source of plunder was the English, or most of their own countrymen were too poor to be a profitable object of attack. Their ravages were carried on in the open day as well as in the night ; no place was secure from them, as their daring was equalled by their cunning ; but so long as they confined

their depredations to the English, the native chiefs rather encouraged and fostered them, and even kept them in pay for the purpose of annoying their enemies. These men had no certain dwelling, nor were their operations confined to any particular district but regulated rather by the chance of plunder. Some of these were half naked ; however, the more successful parties were clothed, after the Irish fashion, with trousers of coarse stuff, a woollen coat and mantle of frieze, which latter served to conceal their weapons. It was not usual for them to possess horses, as their expeditions were carried on mostly in such a manner, as to preclude the use of them, and to admit of their escape on foot through bye paths and mountains.

Whenever a party of them had commenced their ravages in any particular district, almost the only resource for the inhabitants was to unite and hunt them like wild beasts ; so that in many cases, it became a war of extermination, for the people could not be safe, while any of them remained in the neighbourhood.

To such hands, then, were Mr. Pierpoint's friends to look for the lovers ; but it was still a matter of astonishment, how the ruffians had got knowledge of the locality and hour, though there was scarcely a doubt that their object was to obtain a large ransom, for it was no unusual thing for them to lie in wait, and carry off men and women for this purpose.

CHAPTER II.

MARY's father, distracted by fear and sorrow, was in a pitiable state of mind; he refused to be comforted and would have given all his substance to have her restored. The only thing which gave him hope was Edward's offer to undertake her recovery if possible, at least, to use every means in his power, for the purpose. He had created as much interest among his townsmen as he could, in favour of the missing party, and found about twenty young men ready to join him in any plan he might propose; to these were added, several trusty followers. Arms and ammunition were provided, and permission was obtained from the authorities to undertake the enterprise. Edward had ascertained, that the Rapparees had betaken themselves to the district of Muskerry, and he only waited to see if any proposal of ransom would come from them, before he commenced a search.

On the third day from their disappearance, which was on market day in the town, a bare-legged and bare-headed countryman, who had a bundle of brooms for sale, knocked at Mr.

Pierpoint's door, and delivered a dirty folded paper, saying, that an answer was required. This document intimated, that if any friend of the lovers would go to a place specified, about five miles distant, and bring with him five-hundred pounds, there would be security given that they should be restored to their friends ; that it would be useless to bring an armed party, for if any violence were offered, or a drop of blood shed, it would cause the death of both prisoners. The messenger, on being questioned, professed to know nothing more of the matter than having been paid for taking the letter, and said that he had never before seen the man who gave it to him.

The sum required was ridiculously enormous, and besides, there was no certainty that the Rapparees would keep faith ; still it was thought better to send an answer stating, that a friend of Mr. Pierpoint's would attend at the hour and place appointed.

Edward, next morning, set out accompanied by his friends, well armed and mounted, and on arriving within half a mile of the place they halted ; he then proceeded, with a few of the party on foot, to within a hundred yards of the spot mentioned in the Rapparees' note, and there he desired them to lie close and watch what would occur. He advanced cautiously to the centre of a rising ground, which commanded a view on all sides, and looking

about could not discover any one in sight. Suddenly, a tall man rose from the ground, in a small hollow where he had been lying, and advanced towards him.

Their conference was short, for both parties were suspicious. The Rapparee asked if Edward had brought the ransom, and he in turn required the prisoners to be produced: each saw plainly that the other was only making an experiment, and they stood hesitating how to act. The Rapparee pretending to turn away, quickly wheeled round and attempted to seize Edward's arm, at the same time giving a loud whistle, when about twenty of his men started from some clumps of frieze, and rushed towards them. Edward's party likewise arose, and one of them blew a loud blast on a hunting horn which he carried, to warn those who were more distant. Edward struck up the Rapparee's hand, and fired his pistol, but apparently without effect; while the other attempted to close and attack him with his skein. He would have been, in such an encounter, an overmatch for Edward, who, therefore, retreated a few steps, keeping the other at bay till he could use his sword. Just then, a discharge from the fire-arms of the townsmen checked the advance of the Rapparees, and three of them fell. Their leader, seeing the powerful force coming against him at full speed, turned about and fled, followed by his men.

It was not deemed expedient to pursue them, as the course they took was such, as to render it impossible for horsemen to follow without exposing themselves to be shot down by the retreating party. On examining the fallen, it was found that two were quite dead, and one had received a ball in the cheek and lay roaring with agony. His wound was dressed as well as could be done under the circumstances ; and when he was assured that his life would be spared, he professed a willingness to disclose what he knew of the prisoners. From him, accordingly, they ascertained, that they were about fifteen miles distant ; that the party of Rapparees consisted of nearly fifty, besides women and children ; and he engaged to guide them to the spot, if they would insure him safety, and protect him from the vengeance of his band. This they readily did ; and having mounted him behind one of their party, proceeded towards the den of the freebooters.

The country through which they passed was, for the most part, bleak and desolate ; and, as they approached their object, became more wild and sterile ; ridges of rocks ran in parallel lines, intersected at intervals by patches of verdure, and the progress of the party was consequently slow ; for during a portion of their route, there was not even a bridle path to guide them.

When within two miles of the place men-

tioned by their guide, they consulted whether they should at once attack the robbers or remain till evening, when all would be collected after the day's excursion. The captured Rapparee advised the latter course, lest those who were not returned to their haunt might assemble and attack them on their return. Guided by this suggestion, they retired into an old building which was near, and leaving some to keep careful watch, they prepared to refresh themselves.

When night closed, they recommenced their journey, favoured by a clear and unclouded moon which cast its silvery light over the white and bleached crags, amidst which they wound their way into the mountain. A miserable shed appeared just before them, placed against the side of a hill; and their guide informed them, that it was the retreat of the Rapparees, but he explained that it was only the entrance to the larger den. It was then agreed that he should advance and procure admission; and, accompanied by some of the party, he approached the door, gave a peculiar knock, and was answered from within. A withered old hag came near, grumbling and cursing.

“ Ugh, ugh, ugh, wurra sthrm; the curse of God on this day! Murther, murther, the Sasenachs; an' sure no good could come of bringin' 'em here! Who is this? Onaman dhoul

a lannuve, an' is this you, 'an you're not kilt ? A chorra machree, we thought you war dead ; an' they're all here but two more ; an', may be, they're not dead, neither."

While the old crone was uttering her gratulations, she was suddenly seized and gagged by the party who then hurried into the hut. Here their guide showed them an aperture in the rock concealed by an old cupboard and leading into the den. Looking in, a scene of deep and engrossing interest met their view, and caused them to pause a moment ere they rushed forward.

The cave was of great extent, branching off towards the right and left ; just before them, on one side, lay a heap of brush-wood, timber, hides, and heterogeneous articles of plunder, while beyond these, at a range of boards supported by wooden pegs fastened in the ground, sat the Rapparee band, carousing, and half-intoxicated. An immense fire blazed beyond, throwing the savage figures of the bandits into the shade, and casting their shadows along the floor ; but there was an object in front which attracted more attention—this was Henry, stripped almost naked, tightly pinioned, and seeming to await his fate in stern composure. On the other side, a sight more interesting still drew their attention, and roused them to the utmost degree of indignation. This was Mary, seated on a bundle of heath, and looking ex-

rustled from suffering, as she now and then raised her head, glanced at Henry, and turned away her eyes again, shuddering at the sight. Around her were the women and children of the horde ; but, in particular, two coarse and savage-looking females sat in a moping posture, opposite to her, rocking from side to side, and at intervals bursting out into wild and passionate cries. One would then start up, seize a light, hold it with the left hand before her face, clench her right fist, and raise it as if to strike ; yet the fearless maiden blanched not, nor drew back, but looked intensely in her face, till the hag's eye sunk under hers. In less time than we have taken to describe this scene, Edward had caused about twenty of his men to enter and ensconce themselves behind the pile we have mentioned ; but scarcely was this effected, when the fury of the Rapparees seemed wrought up to its height, and some of them grasped their daggers, as they rushed towards their helpless victims. At that moment, the discharge of twenty carabines boomed through the vault, and several of the shooters staggered and fell.

The assailants now rushed on, while their enemies, stupified with drink and taken by surprise, drew back in confusion, making towards the opposite outlet of the cave ; but few succeeded, for the assailants pressed on, attacking man hand to hand. Edward's first care was

to hasten towards Mary, whom the women were violently dragging away. She was soon rescued ; while Henry's bonds were cut by another, but so tightly had the thongs been bound, that he could scarcely move his arms for some minutes after he was released.

In a short time the Rapparees were mastered or dispersed ; some lay weltering in their blood, and some disarmed and helpless lay waiting the pleasure of the victors. No time could be lost, lest those who escaped should have an opportunity to collect a body formidable enough to attack in turn.

When Mary found she was safe and in the hands of friends, her first care was for Henry. And when she saw him, her feelings were too powerful for restraint, and she fell on his neck and wept. After the first burst of joy was over, she turned to Edward, took his hand, and thanked him, in the most ardent manner, for their deliverance.

“ Henry,” said she, “ how can we ever repay the debt we owe to our friend ? My poor father shall better express the thanks which I am unable to utter.”

Henry appeared not to participate in the ardour of her gratitude. He shook Edward's hand, but not with that cordiality which might have been expected, and expressed his thanks in a cold and reluctant manner. It was evident, that chagrin at being indebted for his delive-

ce to a rival, perhaps also at the warmth of
y's manner, was working in his mind.

Edward, pretending not to notice this,
ned them of the necessity of preparing for
r departure. On viewing the state of af-
s in the cave, he found seven of the Rap-
ees dead or dying, several wounded, besides
prisoners. The party soon issued from
scene of slaughter, when two horses were
rendered for the rescued captives. The
oners were placed in the centre of the
d, and all moved with the utmost speed
k to the town.

On arriving within a short distance of that
ce, a messenger was dispatched to announce
m, and they were soon surrounded by an
nense concourse, amongst whom Mary's
er hastened with eagerness to embrace his
ghter and thank her deliverer. The people
ned to think they could not sufficiently
ise the brave men who had achieved this
ant enterprise without loss of life on their
t. The captive Rapparees were handed
r to the civil powers; but their former asso-
e, who had so signally contributed to the
cess of the expedition, was not only allowed
go at large, but rewarded for his services,
taken into Edward's employment.

The account which the lovers gave of their
ture was, that night had closed while they
e engaged in conversation; but, as they

were returning towards the house, a number of men rushed on them, seized both, and, ere even a cry of alarm could be uttered, covered their mouth and eyes so as effectually to prevent even a cry for help. Henry struggled hard, but to no purpose ; his feet and arms were tied in a few moments, and he was rendered helpless. The whole matter was so sudden and so cleverly executed, that it scarcely occupied a minute. Both captives were then raised up, carried towards the river, which the Rapparees entered, and wading beneath an arch of the bridge, issued forth below the wall, and hurried with all speed across the country, still carrying their prisoners between them. When arrived at their horses, Henry's feet were unbound, and he was mounted behind one of the gang. Mary was borne in the arms of another, and the party hastened on, with all the speed they could use.

Resistance was impossible, for Henry, who was strapped to the man who rode before him, could not even conjecture in what direction he was carried till they reached the cave, where he was unbound and the bandage removed from his eyes. He was not long without learning the cause of this violence, as the captain informed both prisoners they should not be released without a large ransom.

The hope of effecting this object was rather encouraged by Henry with the expectation of

being delivered by their friends, if they could ascertain the place where they were detained, or he did not think the gang would dare to tempt his life. They had been treated with civility till the defeated party returned, and then it was with difficulty the more violent portion of them could be prevented from wreaking instant vengeance on one at least, and they only deferred the death of Henry till they should eat their evening meal, which had been prepared by the women. From this purpose they were prevented, as has been already related.

On the day after Mary's restoration, her mother gave a splendid entertainment to her deliverers. But Edward appeared not; he pleaded fatigue—an excuse with difficulty admitted. But he knew it to be better for Mary's sake and his own, that he should not appear there; for he had seen the cold and jealous glance cast on him by Henry in the bandits' ve; and he was desirous, if possible, to avoid exciting a temper, too hasty, jealous, and irritable.

He, therefore, remained at home, and conversed with his father, respecting recent events, and from these they gradually turned back on the past. Many thoughts and stories of the former days were recalled, and they talked chiefly of the fearful events which had placed them in their present position, till the old man at last retired; but Edward continued to

muse and ponder on his wayward lot. At length, the images, which floated through his mind, became more and more confused; they flitted fantastically before him, and gradually faded away as he fell asleep.

He dreamed that he was wandering beside a river, and met with Mary and her lover, who looked on him with scorn and coldness, whilst Mary seemed wan and thin. Yet she smiled on him, and offered her hand, which Henry rudely plucked away, hurrying her onward till she seemed exhausted. He would have interfered to support her, but felt unable, from a sudden chill which came over his heart. Her father approached, looking sad and dejected, and entreating Henry to be kind to his child. Suddenly the scene changed, and he heard the sound of martial music. Henry appeared dressed in military costume, attended by soldiers, with Mary still leaning on his arm. Another lady now joined them, richly dressed and with a haughty carriage, looking contemptuously on Mary. She dragged her from his arm, and assumed her place. The father remonstrated in vain, and they walked together towards the church, and knelt before the altar. Mary stood aloof, pale and trembling. The ceremony now proceeded, and Henry was united to the stranger. Mary's cheek now flushed, and her eye kindled. She walked forth with a firm step, whilst her father tottered by her side. Again the scene

changed. He was amidst the din and hum of a populous city—he walked with Henry, who appeared low and dejected. One whom he knew not came up and accosted them. Henry turned from him with disgust, and was walking away, when the stranger plunged a dagger in his heart. Edward made an effort to seize the murderer, and in the imaginary struggle awoke. The rays of a bright morning's sun were already streaming through the casement, and he walked forth into the open air, with the desire of banishing from his thoughts the disagreeable visions with which they had been occupied.

After breakfast, he called at Mr. Pierpoint's, where he found Henry, who received him with more cordiality than he expected; and all three entered into a conversation relative to the political aspect of the times. Reports had been for some time afloat, that James would soon be in Ireland with a large fleet, and that Tyrconnel was concentrating the Irish army, whilst he designed to garrison all the principal towns with native troops under their respective chiefs. These tidings had not only disheartened the Protestant party, but considerably elevated the spirits of their opponents, who began already to plunder such as were exposed to their violence. The party of military stationed in Bandon, though contemptible in numbers and strength, became formidable to the inhabitants, from the cir-

cumstances of the times and their defenceless position. Their insolence daily increased, and they hesitated not to commit various acts of violence and barbarity, as their officers lent a deaf ear to the complaints made against them.

Mr. Pierpoint had been on intimate terms with Captain O'Neil, and frequently entertained him and his brother officers. As he continued friendly to the authority of James, and wished, if possible, by mild means to induce them to restrain the insolence of their men, he still continued his intimacy, occasionally remonstrating on the subject.

On this day, some complaints had reached his ears, and he thought an opportunity would be afforded of speaking a little more strongly on the subject, if he invited some of the principal men of the town, with the provost, to meet the officers at dinner. This he did accordingly, and now asked Edward to join the party, but he politely declined it, fearing some unpleasant result, especially as the provost was a timid man, and more disposed to encourage than check the insolence of the soldiery, in consequence of a strong bias towards the King's side.

Henry had, of late, rather avoided meeting Captain O'Neil at Mr. Pierpoint's, as, besides his politics, he had taken a personal dislike to him, from the freedom of his manner towards Mary; but he consented, this day, to make one of the party, and, at Mr. Pierpoint's

request, promised to restrain his ardour in expressing the opinions which he had espoused. Considering the warmth and impetuosity of his temper, he adhered to his promise very faithfully, and scarcely allowed any expression to escape him which could be properly considered offensive. Still he seemed uneasy, and watching, with great attention, the conduct of the officers but particularly of Captain O'Neil, who frequently addressed himself to Mary, but not in that style and manner which Henry considered respectful. The dinner, however, passed off quietly, and after indulging pretty freely, most of the guests retired. O'Neil continued some time longer, and, as evening came on, walked out with his host into the garden; but Mr. Pierpoint was called on to see some person on business, and apologising to his guest, promised to return directly.

Henry had stayed in the house, and not seeing Mary make her appearance as usual, he inquired, and heard she had walked out a few minutes before into the garden to speak to her father. He hastened forth, and soon saw her hurrying towards the house, while Captain O'Neil followed, entreating her, in a coarse and insolent manner, to stay and listen to him. Mary was much excited, and taking Henry's arm, returned with him, but O'Neil turned on his heel with contempt, and walked

back. She was soon calm, and made light of the matter, telling her lover she was only a little frightened from recollecting what had occurred to them both in that place so very lately, and blaming her own rashness in going thither; at the same time she requested him to take no notice of what had occurred, as it arose from partial intoxication on the part of Captain O'Neil.

He endeavoured to satisfy her on the subject, but as soon as he could disengage himself, sent a friend to the Captain, requesting to meet him, and naming time and place.

The Captain was a man of courage, and besides, expected easily to punish what he considered the insolence of a stripling who had presumed to call him to account. They met, and after a short contest, Henry succeeded in disarming and slightly wounding his antagonist, who retired chagrined and swelling with rage and wounded pride.

Mr. Pierpoint and his daughter did not hear of this rencontre for two or three days, and before they did, other matters of a most serious character occupied the attention of all the inhabitants, and in the all-engrossing importance of the public interest, for the time, private matters were merged. Tidings were brought that Lord Clancarty, commonly called M'Carthy More, was advancing with a considerable force to garrison the town, and the

authorities assembled to decide what course they should adopt, whether to admit them or not. The Provost, and most of the burgesses were favourable to their admission, but they hesitated to decide on it, knowing the majority of the townsmen to be opposed to such a measure, as well as fearing the result which was likely to follow in the plunder of their property, and the insults to their religion.

Meantime, the gates were kept shut, until they should come to a decision; but the young men, amongst whom were Henry and Edward, held their consultations also, and resolved not to submit without a struggle. They collected what arms and ammunition they could, and prepared to strike a decided blow for their liberty and religion. It was late at night when the whole party assembled in a large untenanted house; and there much discussion arose on the propriety of a plan proposed by Henry and eagerly adopted by a majority of voices; but Edward ventured to dissent, and express his fears for the result, whilst his friend was all impatience for the moment of action.

“Gentlemen,” said Edward, “there is no doubt of your success in this scheme; but ere we commit ourselves so far, let us weigh well the consequences. There is a large force within a few miles of us, besides the various clans collecting in the West, and no chance of succour, perhaps, for months; how then shall

we be able to maintain the town, in case of an attack, when we have not adequate forces, provisions, or ammunition ?”

“ I fear not,” said Henry, “ that we shall be well supplied with all kinds of stores. The English army will be soon amongst us, and none but the timid need look so far into the future. We have men enough, and provisions are easily procured.”

“ I care little,” said the other, calmly, “ for a sneer, when the lives of hundreds are at stake. There was an hour when your implied taunt was disproved. I am fearfully anxious for my townsmen—for their wives and children ; and though I yield to none in zeal for my religion, and for our rights and liberties, yet I see the matter will not end here, and we must be prepared to endure the worst which an enraged and bigoted enemy can inflict upon us. I am ready to take any post you assign me in this enterprise, and I only speak to warn you of the ulterior results which must unavoidably ensue.”

There were few who regarded his prudent counsel, and, therefore, he allowed himself to be hurried on by the majority, not choosing, on account of any personal risk, to be considered by them as a seceder from the cause.

The necessary arrangements were soon made, and the party proceeded, silently and cautiously, to the quarters of the military, where

They surprised and seized the sentinels, entered the barracks, and captured the soldiers, almost without a struggle. The only part, where resistance was attempted, was at the quarters of Captain O'Neil, where some soldiers were on the alert. These made a gallant defence, but were quickly overpowered; and, just as their commander hurried forth half dressed, the rest of his men fell to rise no more, and he himself was forced to become prisoner to the rebels, who had chosen that part as his sphere of action.

The prisoners were guarded till the morning, when they were marched to the market-place, armed and humiliated. The inhabitants looked in crowds to behold them, and with thoughtless triumph, to mock their misery. Their captors exacted a promise from each of them not to serve against the town, in consideration of which, they agreed to dismiss them without further injury. They were then escorted to the northern gate, whilst many amongst the spectators joined, with stentorian voice, in the remarkable doggerel song then instantly composed, and which was said to have done more injury to James, than the loss of a pitched battle.

This song, Percy, in his *Reliques*, says, was written on Tyrconnel's going a second time to Ireland. (B) It is as follows :

Ho broder Teague, dost hear de decree,
Lilli burlero bullin-a-la,

174 BLACK MONDAY INSURRECTION.

Dat we shall have a new Deputie,
 Lilli burlero bullin-a-la,
Lero, Lero, Lilli burlero, lero, lero, bullin-a-la,
Lero, Lero, Lilli burlero, lero, lero, bullin-a-la,
Ho, by Shaint Tyburn, it is de Talbote,
 Lilli, &c.

And he will cut de Englishman's troate,
 Lilli, &c.

Dough by my shoul, de English do praat,
 Lilli, &c.

De law's on dere side, and Creish knows what,
 Lilli, &c.

But if dispense do come from de Pope,
 Lilli, &c.

We'll hang Magna Charta an' dem in a rope,
 Lilli, &c.

For de good Talbot is made a Lord,
 Lilli, &c.

And with brave lads is comin' aboard,
 Lilli, &c.

Who all in France have taken a sware,
 Lilli, &c.

Dat dey will have no protestant heir,
 Lilli, &c.

Arrah, but why does he stay behind?
 Lilli, &c.

Ho, by my shoul, 'tis a protestant wind,
 Lilli, &c.

But see, de Tyrconnel is now come ashore,
 Lilli, &c.

And we shall have commissions galore,
 Lilli, &c.

And he dat will not go to de mass,
 Lilli, &c.

Shall be turn out, an' look like an ass,
 Lilli, &c.

Now, now, de heretics all go down,
 Lilli, &c.

y Creish an' Saint Patrick, the nation's our own,

Lilli, &c.

ere was an old prophecy found in a bog,

Lilli, &c.

Ireland shall be ruled by an ass and a dog,"

Lilli, &c.

nd now dis prophecy is come to pass,

Lilli, &c.

or Talbot's de dog, and James is de ass,

Lilli, &c.

us dismissed, the soldiers and their officers left to make the best of their way to Kinsale, where they would find many of the cause in which they were suffering; but the townsmen reflecting, at leisure, their exploit, began to abate of the sanguine expectations with which they had commenced, the more sober-minded or timid began to foresee the most dreadful consequences.

Henry was not more acceptable to Mr. Mount after this exploit, but the latter's disapproval was softened by the fact, that Edward most of the respectable young men had joined in it; but more especially, by his confidence for the happiness of his daughter.

On meeting her lover, Mary made no allusion to his recent acts, yet her depression of spirit, her paleness and manifest emotion indicated that they had not been indifferent to her. And, when he broached the unpleasant subject, explained his views and reasons, endeavored to satisfy her of his soundness of judgment, and enforced all by glowing descriptions

of tyranny and oppression ; she listened in silence, and only said,—

“ Henry, you have in great measure convinced me of the propriety of your principles, but the prudence of your actions remains still dubious ; we shall, therefore, not discuss a subject on which we shall scarcely agree, and I only hope the result may be as you anticipate.”

It was now necessary to take every precaution against surprise, and to make such preparation as they could against the enemy. There was a considerable quantity of powder procured from the expelled troops, with all their arms, but these were only a poor source of dependance for defending a town ; besides which, there was not a single serviceable piece of artillery on the towers. There was sufficient in this to damp their ardour, but a more threatening object was soon presented, which was nothing less than the Earl Clancarty, in person, with an overwhelming force. He had heard, on his approach to the town, that the troops were disarmed and expelled, and deeming the forces, which he was bringing, not adequate for the reduction of the place, he had delayed, in order to collect a larger body, and now came, with a full determination to punish the inhabitants.

But few of his men were regular soldiers, and, therefore, they were more to be dreaded, should the town fall into his hands. They were mostly his own clansmen and tenants, hastily and

lely equipped, and drawn together, chiefly the hopes of plunder, and their invincible ipathy to the English.

They were soon before the gates, and demanded that the town should be surrendered ; a resolute answer was sent back by the habitants, declaring they held it for the nce of Orange, and would defend it to the ..

M'Carthy, on receiving this answer, took a position on one of the northern eminences overlooking the town, where he threw up en-achments, and prepared for a regular siege.

had brought two pieces of artillery, which re soon mounted and ready to open their

on the besieged ; and, without farther ay, the work of breaching commenced. In

ew hours, a breach, which was deemed prac-ble, was made, and the Irish advanced to

wall, but were met by so regular and con-ious a discharge of small arms, that they

back in confusion. They were rallied, in gained the wall, and were ascending

breach, when a party, which lay in am-h, started up, and attacked them hand to

id, when they gave way a second time, and eated to their camp, pursued, for some dis-

ce, by the townsmen.

lated by this success, the besieged resolved

attacking the enemy in their works and king an effort to capture the guns, and

about four hundred of the most resolute offered themselves for this service. They were allowed to advance within musket shot, when a galling fire was opened upon them from the breastwork, which made their line waver. Still they pressed on, till within a few yards of their object; but the entire force of the enemy now pounced upon them, rending the air with wild and savage cries. They were forced to retreat, which they did, in pretty good order, but with the loss of, at least, fifty of their number. Equally disheartened now as they were before elated, many began to talk of a surrender; but the courage of others, and the anticipation of the sufferings before them, if once in the enemy's power, induced them to hold out.

The night which succeeded was spent in fear and apprehension, as they felt that the next day would, most probably, decide their fate. When, therefore, they found in the morning, that, instead of attempting the walls, a fire was opened upon the town itself, manifestly with the intention of battering it about their ears, all was terror and dismay. The more timid as well as those who apprehended the destruction of their families and property, insisted that a surrender should be made, on any terms; but Henry and his friends still continued resolute, and refused to open the gates. They made another attempt upon the

Irish camp, but were equally as unsuccessful as before ; and the second day closed, with increased dismay, on the part of the besieged, whilst volumes of smoke and dust arose from, at least, twenty houses lying in ruins.

Edward, who had reluctantly aided in the disarming of James's troops, did not desert his companions in this exigence. He had been amongst the foremost in the attacks on the enemy ; but now, seeing the hopeless nature of the case, he proposed that one more attempt should be made that night to spike the guns ; and if that failed, that they should surrender on the best terms they could procure. To this Henry agreed with some reluctance ; and a chosen body of about two hundred set out, after midnight, with all silence and caution. The night was dark and stormy, so that they could scarcely see ten yards before them. But they had not proceeded far, when they thought the tramp of men sounded near ; and on reconnoitring, it was discovered that a large body of the army were approaching, manifestly, with the design of surprising the town.

Frustrated in their intention, the townsmen crouched down, and, as the others approached, received them with a well-directed volley, which seemed to have done considerable execution ; for they raised a tremendous yell, and were completely checked in their advance. But, as the night was so dark as to render it

impossible to distinguish friend from foe, Henry and his party deemed it better to return, which they did in good order, followed indeed by the Irish, who had soon rallied, though they fired at random, in consequence of not being able to see their opponents.

Though this sally was partially successful, yet it altered not the situation of the inhabitants ; and, in the morning, when the artillery began again to play on the town, it was universally agreed to send a flag of truce, and make terms with the besiegers.

After much debating, M'Carthy More consented to the following terms : that one thousand pounds in gold should be paid down to him by the besieged ; that the walls and fortifications should be utterly demolished ; and that a certain number of his troops should be quartered in the town and maintained there ; and that all their arms and ammunition should be surrendered. He only granted them a guarantee (afterwards cruelly violated) that their lives and property should be safe (C).

CHAPTER III.

HARD as the terms were, there was no alternative ; and they, probably, would not have been so lenient, had it not been for the gallant conduct of the inhabitants, and a consequent fear, on M'Carthy's part, of driving them to extremity. But it is a well-known fact, that James, who was at this time engaged at the siege of Derry, when he heard of the terms, was violently enraged, and abused the conqueror for not annihilating them all.

The victorious chief advanced with his troops to take possession of the town ; the gate was thrown open, and they entered with looks and gestures of savage triumph. They were a motley and barbarous crew, ready for every species of violence and outrage. Beside the chief rode his brother, who was amongst his clan designated by the empty title of *Prince* ; he was a short and squat figure, of a very forbidding aspect, and well known for his relentless cruelty and turbulent acts. As he entered the town, his face wore a peculiarly sinister and boding look, as though he were already in imagination rioting in his favourite

element of oppression and plunder. He rode along, casting a scowling glance at any of the inhabitants who appeared ; and if they came near, he caused his horse to curvet and prance, so as to endanger their lives, or struck at them with his sword. Few, indeed, showed themselves in the streets ; for they had, for the most part, shut themselves within their houses, and looked forth stealthily from the windows on their barbarous conquerors.

On approaching one of the churches, the leaders dismounted, ordered the pipers, who kept blowing out their discordant notes in front, to turn and enter the sacred edifice, which they did, followed by the rabble. They proceeded up the aisle, still playing, entered the reading desk and pulpit, where they continued their barbarous and unhallowed strains, whilst the *Prince* seized the church bible and prayer-book, which he tore in pieces and scattered under foot. This was not enough ; his heathenish followers tore down the timber work, smashed the windows, and committed the foulest nuisances on the communion table. They soon after perpetrated similar acts in the other church (D). They then commenced the work of destruction on the walls ; every implement was in requisition, and every hand employed to demolish towers and fortifications. They even compelled such of the townsmen as they could find to labour with

and quickly huge breaches were made ; as evening approached, they were directed to their several quarters, and the inhabitants were compelled to furnish them with provisions of all kinds. While they were occupied in revelry, many of the inhabitants went forth to look, for the last time, on the ruins of their town ; and when they came to the part already demolished, they seemed as if gazing on the remains of a friend. They stood, stupified by grief and amazement ; tears streamed down their cheeks, and they retired with downcast eyes and heavy hearts.

That evening Henry made his appearance at Mr. Pierpoint's, and was received with more than usual cordiality, for now that the evil was done, Mr. Pierpoint thought Henry's own feelings were a sufficient punishment for his share in the crime, and knew that censure or reproach would have only a tendency to drive him to some desperate act. He spoke of the prospects before them, suggested some plans for softening the barbarities of the garrison, and expressed his intention of contributing, in a pecuniary way, to effect the object ; but Henry replied only in monosyllables, appearing abstracted and wandering, until Mary's presence and her efforts to arouse him failed ; but, at last, when they were sunk into almost complete silence, he disclosed his intention of leaving the town that night, to join his uncle.

His father started from his seat, and looked

at him in doubt and amazement ; it had never entered into his mind, to suppose the probability of such an event, nor could he believe him in earnest. His announcement was like a dagger planted in the old man's heart. He saw himself alone and desolate—his daughter unprotected and pining away, heart-broken ; and, perhaps, amidst the lawless rabble introduced amongst them, becoming the prey of some brutal savage ; but, he could not bear to dwell upon the picture his imagination conjured up, and sinking again on his chair, he covered his eyes with both hands, and wept like a child. Mary heard the tidings, not unprepared, and yet they were to her overwhelming. A deep flush passed over her face, which was succeeded by a death-like paleness ; she breathed heavily, contending against the tide of feeling ; but the struggle was short, and she soon arose, walked to her father's chair, and throwing her arms round his neck, said,

“Father ! Henry has, no doubt, good reasons for this resolution. Why should we impede his views ? He has been too long confined to our quiet and retired life ; whilst he aspires after distinction, let us not have hereafter to accuse ourselves of detaining him here, when, perhaps, he will become weary of our society. Fear not for yourself or me, that God, in whom we have trusted will protect us, and we shall ever find His help in trouble.”

Henry felt the force of her words, and knew

he was about to risk the gem of domestic
ness, perhaps, never to be recovered; yet
plied, with some truth, "Hear me, Mary,
do me wrong. I am not so aspiring or dis-
satisfied as you seem to think, nor would I
leave the town, could it be avoided; but I have
heard from undoubted authority, that M'Car-
thy has marked me out, and only waits a con-
venient opportunity to effect my ruin. You
say, I cannot guard against assassins, and
perhaps a day may see me fall a victim to his
ambush. Can you blame me, then, for not
staying here to be murdered?"

Henry," said Mr. Pierpoint, "I have some
business with M'Carthy; he knows me to be
a valuable subject, and when I inform him how
well connected with my family, he will not
risk your life."

It would be useless, my dear friend, he goes
tomorrow on another expedition, leaving his
eldest brother in command; and in him there
is no place for honour, truth, or justice."

Unconvinced, if not convinced, Mr. Pierpoint said
more to prevent the purpose of Henry; but
he inquired into his destination and plans,
and he readily explained. After some con-
versation, he arose to depart; but lingered
on, saying farewell, till Mr. Pierpoint,
pretending that he wished to speak to Mary
alone, retired, leaving them together. The
young man took her hand, and looking anx-
iously in her face, said, "Mary, I go to meet

danger, perhaps death is there : not one kind work—one fond look before we part ! Or do I go labouring under your displeasure, in addition to my other troubles ?”

“I am not displeased, Henry, I am grieved deeply at your determination—I should, perhaps, say at the unhappy circumstances which caused it. You have my heart fully ; but fearful forebodings come over my mind, I shall hope, Henry—and more than hope is not mine—to see you again ; but something whispers me, that we shall never more meet.”

“Had I known that my departure would have caused you so much apprehension, I would not have thought of it ; but it is not too late, I shall stay and meet the worst, for I cannot leave you thus.”

“Change not your settled purpose for my sake ; indeed, when I reflect on your situation, Henry, I cannot but allow your resolution to be right ; for your opinion of M’Carthy’s treachery is but too true ; and, therefore, here you cannot stay. Go, then, dear Henry, forget anything I may have said to grieve you, and return to us in better and happier days.”

He still lingered, and at length said, in a hesitating tone, “Mary grant me one request, and I shall depart satisfied—consent to be mine before I go ; it can be done this hour—nay, hear me, I only ask it, that if aught should happen, I may return, and claim to be your protector.”

She arose, and with a look of wounded pride

and modesty, replied in a determined tone, "I never blushed for myself, I never blushed for you, Henry, till now; to be thus doubted, and thus humbled by him to whom I have yielded all that maiden can—a clandestine marriage, at midnight, on the eve of your departure, and without my kind father's knowledge, without any rational cause, but merely to settle your unworthy doubts of my constancy—oh! Henry, it is too much to inflict on me, in this trying moment! Never again mention it, if you love me, and would not lose me for ever." He now saw that he had meanly tampered with a noble disposition, and fearful of the result, he earnestly entreated forgiveness, pleading the ardour of his love, and the distraction in which he was, and at length succeeded in obtaining her pardon for his ill-timed proposal; for her attachment was too strong to be shaken, even by a sense of his unworthiness, and she parted from him with an assurance, that she would endeavour to forget that he had entertained a doubt of her constancy. Still, she was too much shocked to recover soon from this sudden and painful scene, and when her father entered, he found her in a musing posture, her cheek was flushed, and her whole frame agitated; nor did she observe he was present, till the kind tones of his voice sounded in her ears, and then she started up, threw her arms

around his neck, and burst into tears, by which she felt some relief from the load of grief which pressed upon her heart.

In one hour after this, Henry was on his road northward, well armed and mounted, and attended by a trusty servant. As he ascended the hill which rose on that side, he paused and looked back on his native town now lying beneath him in the stillness of night, and he could not help feeling that his wild schemes had been, in some degree, instrumental in bringing on the misery of its inhabitants; and while he cursed the savages, who then were its masters, he resolved to move every means to inflict vengeance on them. He flattered himself, too, that one day he might repair the damage he had caused, and have the pleasure of seeing its walls rise in more than pristine strength.

The next morning, the enemy were early at the work of demolition. They compelled the inhabitants as on the day before to aid them in it, and before the third day closed, there stood only a vestige of the walls, here and there, as if in mockery and reminding the people of their defenceless condition.

When this was completed, M'Carthy summoned the Provost and leading men of the town, and told them he was about to depart, leaving his brother with full powers to act for him. He warned them of the consequences

which would ensue, should they attempt any violence on his troops : that he would return, burn the town to the ground, and massacre man, woman and child. On the other hand, he promised to lay strict injunctions on his men to commit no injuries, and to be content with a sufficiency of provisions, which was to be supplied to them by the inhabitants. His threat was unnecessary; they felt too much their own weakness to meditate violence, and had made up their minds to wait patiently for deliverance from some other source. Three hundred men were left with the Prince, as sufficient to keep the town and as many as could be supported there; the rest followed their chief on another predatory excursion. If the inhabitants had suffered from the pillage of James's soldiers, they suffered ten fold more from their Irish persecutors; the former state was happiness compared with the present. The atrocity of M'Carthy's proceedings exceeded every thing which the people had even imagined; no house or person was safe from violence and plunder; the savages beat any one, who attempted to remonstrate; female chastity was disregarded, and many were thus sacrificed to their brutality. Every species of insult and cruelty was exercised upon the wretched inhabitants, many of whom retired nightly to escape their fury, and carried with them their most portable effects to some place

of refuge, or preferred wandering about the country, rather than remaining to be maltreated. Some of the young men contrived to make their way to the north, and entered themselves amongst the bands of Protestants, who were there in arms ; while others, of less courage or more endurance, continued to drag on a precarious existence in hope of relief.

From his well-known attachment to the cause of James, Mr. Pierpoint was dealt with, much more leniently, than others. Yet he was not entirely spared in contributions of money and provisions, though the brutal leader often enjoyed his hospitality, which on every occasion he abused, by his habits of beastly intoxication. On such occasions, Mary never appeared, her father's object being to keep the Irish ignorant of her existence if he possibly could ; and for this reason, she did not stir outside the house, from the day of their arrival.

Edward remained in the town : one reason for this was his aged father whom he would not leave, and perhaps another may be found in his attachment to Mary, which, though apparently hopeless, yet continued rather to increase than diminish. He persuaded himself, that he was acting a most disinterested part in watching over the safety of one betrothed to another and preserving her for him. The Rapparee, who had entered his service, was now of vast importance to him, for he

was acquainted with many of the garrison, who for his sake would not molest Edward. He seldom left the house by day, except in attendance on his master ; and if any party came on a pillaging excursion, he was sure to meet and prevent them by cajoling, coaxing or bullying, as either seemed most likely to succeed. Thus they lived, enjoying a kind of exemption from the general distress and persecution.

The sufferings of the people became every day more intolerable, and the town more deserted, so that it appeared, should the Irish stay much longer, their barbarity would have no objects on which to wreak its fury but empty houses and destitute paupers. Edward was no indifferent spectator of this, and often did his heart bleed to see the distresses of his townsmen ; his substance too was gradually expended in relieving those who were plundered of their all, and, on his secret visits to their houses, he encouraged them to endure yet a while ; for relief could not be far distant. It was not unusual on such occasions to see the father of a family with his children assembled round him, piteously asking for food which had just before been violently carried off by Irish soldiery. An attempt to retain so much as would preserve his family from starvation, often resulted in his suffering the most cruel treatment, scarcely escaping with his life, and appearing before his children with the marks of ill-usage, when he could only

reply to their requests for food with sighs and groans. On one occasion, Edward entered the house of a respectable shopkeeper, who had been for some time ailing, and found his wife and children in deep affliction. The cause was this : the soldiers had come that morning to ransack the house, just as they were preparing for their morning's meal, and had brought out the only remnant of their provision. They burst into the room, where the family were assembled, seized the Bible which the mother was reading for her children, cast it into the fire, snatched up the bread, and when the weakly father attempted to remonstrate, they struck him to the ground, and departed, leaving him in a dying state. Edward supplied them with what was necessary, and inwardly resolved to use every exertion to punish the perpetrators of this barbarous outrage. He had commenced a correspondence with an influential person in William's service, on the subject of his native town, and now pressed more earnestly the necessity of sending troops to the south, before every friend of protestantism was destroyed.

Since Henry's departure, he had sometimes called on Mr. Pierpoint, but rarely saw Mary, and then only for a moment ; his friend seemed gradually losing his zeal for the misguided James's interest and admitted a necessity of change ; though what that change should be, he scarcely allowed himself to think. One day,

He found Mary seated with her father, looking pale and thin, yet with a gleam of pleasure on her face ; this resulted from a letter which her father had just received from Henry, stating that he had arrived safely at his uncle's, where he had been kindly received and was determined on joining the English force, as soon as he landed.

He made many tender inquiries of Mary, in reference to her health and spirits ; his words breathed the most ardent attachment, and hopes of meeting in happier times ; and he did not forget to inquire after Edward and other friends. This letter introduced much conversation about the stirring events of the time, and much argument as to the probability of William's success. Edward was rising to depart, when they were aroused by a thundering knock and the almost immediate entrance of the Prince, before Mary could retire. She was retreating to her own room, when catching a view of her figure, he called rudely to her to stop, and as she did not regard it, was following in her steps. Her father came out at the moment, told him she was his daughter, and requested she might not be molested. His age and character had some weight even with the savage whom he addressed, and, with a sulky look and an oath, he turned into the parlour. There he saw Edward seated, swelling with resentment, which he was endeavouring almost

in vain to repress. Glancing at him a look of suspicion and anger, he addressed himself to Mr. Pierpoint, and asked, how it happened that his daughter had not been seen by him before. He excused himself on the ground of her fears and delicate health, and his having no female friend to keep her company. The other replied, by speaking of the M'Carthy More's dignity, and the honour he paid any Sassenach by entering his house, and that he had been insulted by not being introduced to the lady of the family, who ought to be proud to tend his horse.

It was with great difficulty Mr. Pierpoint could bring himself to make a mild reply to this insolent speech, yet he did so; but at the same time with firmness, saying; "he would not allow his daughter to be introduced amongst men and strangers, were they ever so dignified; since he was only an humble citizen, and did not aspire to such acquaintances for his child."

The other, not pacified by this humility, rose, and strode about the room for a few moments, then turning to Mr. Pierpoint, said, "he and his next in command must prepare an entertainment that evening for him, when he should see his daughter also, or he would drag her, by force, from her chamber."

The reply of Mr. Pierpoint was, "that he considered himself bound in duty to entertain

the King's officers ; but that his daughter should not appear amongst them."

A thought now seemed to strike M'Carthy, who turned round, looked on Edward with a scowl, and said : " he supposed, that she reserved her company for such churls as that," pointing to him ; and almost ere he could take notice of the insult, he exclaimed, on seeing him lay his hand on his sword : " What armed too ! surrender that weapon, and begone."

" Never," said Edward, rising, and putting himself in a posture of defence, " while I have strength to wield it."

The other started, with surprise, at any one daring to disobey his command ; but being naturally a coward, and seeing the determined air of his opponent, he bit his lip, and saying, " he would spare him, till he inquired who he was," strode out of the room and departed.

This rencontre was a source of the most poignant agony to the two friends. The one already saw his daughter in the hands of the brutal M'Carthy, the slave of his will, and suffering the direst disgrace and ignominy. Yet, there was some hope that his own cowardly heart would not brave the consequence of such a step or proceed further than threats. Edward felt even more, for he considered his unhappy visit the cause of this affliction to his friend's family.

It was useless, and would be cruel, to

attempt concealing from Mary the unpleasant scene ; and, therefore, she was called, and hastily informed of the leading features of the case. She was in some degree prepared for it, and received the tidings without manifesting much alarm, seeming to have expected violence and persecution from the M'Carthy. For her own part, and so far as she was personally concerned, there was no appearance of apprehension, nor did she tremble in the slightest degree ; but when she looked on her father, her bosom heaved, her eyes filled with tears, and she felt deeply for the desolate condition in which he was. Her emotion was quickly subdued, and she used every effort to appear cheerful, in order to prevent his anxiety on her account. No time could be lost, and it was necessary to decide on some plan of proceeding. Mr. Pierpoint and Edward, therefore, retired to deliberate ; but whilst thus engaged, a messenger from M'Carthy arrived, who, in a more than commonly insolent manner, ordered Mr. Pierpoint to have dinner ready for the Prince at a certain hour, when he would attend with some of his officers. It was manifest that he was resolved to follow up his morning's brutality ; and this made the friends more anxious to come to a determination, which they did, speedily. On leaving the house, Edward proceeded home, not by the public street, but round by the river, through a less frequented

; on his arrival, he was received by Rapparee in a state of considerable alarm. hastily locked the door behind them, and informed his master, that he had been amongst soldiers, from whom he learned that the force was in a most violent rage, and had demanded the name and abode of one, who, according to the description, must be Edward; he had laid injunctions on them, to discover and bring him bound to his quarters; that it was probable that few hours would elapse before they would execute the command. These were disagreeable tidings, yet not more than Edward anticipated. His mind was quickly made up, and he only waited to ascertain whether Murtagh, the Rapparee, would support his adverse fortune and assist him in the dangerous enterprise he had in hand. He was most anxious to be gone, and therefore the necessary preparations were soon made.

Edward's father and Murtagh passed out of town, in different directions, to a spot about two miles distant on the road to Cork. It was a dell between two thickly wooded hills, through which a small river wound; and here they were to wait till joined by Edward.

About an hour after this, Mary, attended by a female domestic, both dressed in a similar manner, so far as the outside mantle and cap were concerned, also issued from her father's house, and walked by the unfrequented path.

before mentioned, in the same direction. Just as she had left the town, Edward presented himself, and, after a momentary recognition, allowed the females to walk on ; but he followed at a short distance, turning his eye in every direction lest some unfriendly interruption should impede their progress. They arrived safely, and found the others waiting. After commending Mary to his father's care, the young man returned again towards the town.

Mr. Pierpoint had remained behind to meet M'Carthy, and to ascertain how far he was likely to carry out his threats, or to try and appease him, if possible ; and, by pleading illness on his daughter's part, to see if there were any chance of his foregoing his rude impertinence towards her. It was with great difficulty Mary could be prevailed on to leave him in this dangerous predicament, until she saw it was the only plan which could be adopted to preserve a chance of amity, and save her from violence and outrage.

They came, at the hour appointed, and the first inquiry was for Mary. Her father pleaded that she was not well enough to be seen, but was replied to with oaths and insults. Yet there was some restraint over the savages, till after dinner, when they had drunk pretty freely. Then, indeed, M'Carthy lost all control over his passion, and insisted that he

should see Mary. The old man firmly and quietly declared he should not. At length he rose, and swore he would search every room in the house for her, calling on his companions to follow. They did so : and Mr. Pierpoint took the opportunity of their absence, seeing all was lost, to escape from the house, and make the best of his way out of the town.

Meantime, the savage bachanalians burst open every door, and ransacked every room, to no purpose. M'Carthy returned to wreak his fury on the father, but found he was gone. His rage now knew no bounds ; he vowed the ruin of the whole family, stamped and foamed like a wild beast. He vented his anger awhile on the furniture, by dashing it to pieces ; and, getting tired of this, he took a long draught of brandy, which had the effect of composing him a little. He then sat down again, his companions followed the example ; and they all remained till unable to move from the spot, having fallen into a state of stupified drunkenness.

Day had appeared before they awoke and began to recollect where they were. Their first work then was to ransack the house, and appropriate to themselves whatever plate or valuables had been left. M'Carthy next made inquiries of his men whether they had discovered Edward, and was informed that they had found out his residence ; but, though a guard

was left there, he had not yet returned. This only tended to inflame his passion to a higher pitch, and he ordered men in every direction to scour the country and discover the fugitives.

These had assembled together at the spot we have mentioned ; and Mary saw her father arrive safely. She fell on his neck, and vowed never again to leave him. The Rapparee had procured two horses, on which they placed Mary and her father who were the most helpless of the party ; and Edward, taking the lead, became their conductor, whilst his servant brought up the rear.

In this manner, they proceeded for some miles during the night, and halted, as day became clear, in the ruins of an old monastery, which lay in their route. Their intention was to seek an asylum with a relative of Edward's, who lived some miles off, and who had formerly expressed himself in a friendly manner towards him.

Murtagh, as we shall henceforth call the Rapparee, had not neglected to procure some victuals ; what he was able to bring, however, did not much more than suffice the party for one meal, and that of the plainest kind, and when they had despatched this, they remained waiting anxiously till night should again give them a safe opportunity of continuing their journey.

Their purveyor went forth both to recon-

atre, and to procure more provisions, if possible, from some neighbouring cottage. It was several hours ere he returned—bringing, indeed, the provisions, but with unpleasant tidings—that he had recognised one of his former companions, who had escaped from the cave, and heard him talking to the owner of a public-house, where he procured the bread, and that he understood they had formed a new phalanx under a new captain, and were then commencing depredations in that district. These were, indeed, heavy tidings to the little party ; and it was not easy to decide what course they ought to adopt. To show themselves the daylight would be utter madness, and at night was no protection against the Tories ; besides they could not be quite sure that his old habits would not return on their guide, so that his friends were near. Dismiss him, they dared not ; and, therefore, it seemed better to appear to place the greatest confidence in him.

On consulting together, it was agreed to remain where they were till midnight, and then to complete their journey. The females and the old man stayed within ; but Edward and his servant took different posts, under cover of the building, to watch whether the apprentices approached, as they had obtained some knowledge of the fugitives. They watched without perceiving any one, till near

eleven o'clock, and, notwithstanding his anxiety for his charge, sleep began insensibly to steal on Edward, as he leaned under an angular projection of the old abbey. Gradually, objects became more and more indistinct, his thoughts confused, and he was just beginning to dream of the Rapparees' cave and his former encounter with them, when he was awakened to a sense of his unfaithful watching, by finding his arms pinioned in the grasp of a powerful savage, who was just about to lash them together with a strong cord. He made a desperate effort, and, plunging forward, dragged his enemy with him, to the ground. They rolled amongst the tombstones, with which the place was studded, but Edward found himself rather overmatched in strength. His opponent was now uppermost, and had his hand on his skein, whilst his eyes glared with gratified hate on his prostrate enemy. Edward made another effort, as one hand of the Rapparee was engaged with his dagger, and succeeded in grasping a pistol. To cock and discharge it, was the work of a moment, and his foe, with a groan, fell heavily on him, whilst his blood and brains splattered over Edward's face. Ere he could disengage himself, a dozen of the party, drawn thither by the report of the pistol, were upon him, and as he rose, he was struck senseless, by a blow on the temple.

On recovering, he found himself in the place where he left his friends. He was bound, hand and foot. His father, also, and Mr. Pierpoint, had their hands tied. Mary, and her servant, stood a few paces distant, looking on the scene, and stupified with the desperate result of the evening.

The body of the Rapparee whom Edward had shot was laid on a tomb, with some rush candles burning around it. About thirty of the gang were variously occupied, in making preparations for their nocturnal meal. A huge fire was blazing in one corner, and on it there were the principal portions of a sheep, which they had stolen that evening, broiling on spits of hazel. Some were closely watching the prisoners; others appeared to be casting eager eyes towards the entrance of the crypt, as expecting some tidings.

Edward looked about for Murtagh, but he had disappeared. His suspicions were now confirmed, and he came to the conclusion that they had been betrayed by the treacherous Rapparee. Seeing the desperate predicament in which he was, he concluded it was better to remain quiet, and wait the end; but, when he thought of Mary, his mind revolted with horror at the fate which awaited her, and an involuntary shudder passed over his frame. He closed his eyes, as if the act could shut out the terrible objects presented to his mind.

Cursing the folly which had induced him to trust to Murtagh, he tried to plan some means of deliverance, but could not abstract his thoughts from the one subject. He called the nearest of his captors, and requested to speak to their captain. The ruffian, with a grin of hatred, pointed to the corpse, and said, that he should soon follow him, but that it should be by a lingering and excruciating death. Whilst he spoke, another, who had now taken the command, approached, and desired to know what he wished. Edward entreated that Mary and the old man should be spared; they might do with himself whatever they pleased, but if they sent the others back, he said he would put them in the way of procuring a large sum of money, which he had concealed, and that Mr. Pierpoint would add to it as much more.

The Rapparee laughed, with fiendish glee, and told him he might make his mind easy as to his own fate, for he should not survive another day; but that they would find a way of getting at his money. This Edward supposed to allude to the treachery of his servant, and seeing further parley useless, he turned, and remained silent.

Scarcely was their meal ready, when one of the party entered, with looks of terror, and told the captain, in Irish, that M'Carthy More's men, headed by the Prince, were in the

neighbourhood, and searching for the prisoners. At once, every other consideration was thrown aside, except escape ; all the preparations for regaling themselves were disregarded, and the few effects, which they unavoidably carried with them, were collected.

They did not, however, forget their captives, and a brief consultation was held. Edward and his father were singled out from the rest, and desired to prepare for death : resistance was absurd, and supplication would be useless and degrading. Both raised themselves to their knees, and scarcely was this done, when their own fire-arms were discharged at them, and both fell. This did not suffice, for several of the ruffians advanced and stabbed them in different parts of the body, stamping and kicking them, in their rage.

One wild and piercing cry arose from Mary, and she fell senseless on the floor. Her companion screamed, and continued to rend the vault with her shrieks, till one of the clan advancing threatened her with instant death, if she did not desist. Mr. Pierpoint continued in mute astonishment and horror, his faculties paralysed by the sudden shock, till, another messenger entering urged the Rapparees to rapid flight, as the M'Carthy More's men were within half a mile. Mary was carried out insensible ; her servant, and Mr. Pierpoint were compelled to follow. One of the

party mounted a horse, which was that used by Mary, in her flight. She was placed in his arms, and her father was ordered to mount the other horse. The servant was compelled to accompany them on foot. They moved at a rapid pace, along the main road, for a short distance, and then diverging, turned up a mountainous and hilly path to the uncultivated, and less inhabited districts of the west.

CHAPTER IV.

WE have already stated that Henry had arrived at his uncle's residence, and had been well received. He was soon engaged in organising a body of men, which was being used by his uncle for the service of William, whose cause he had been one of the first to espouse, having even left his residence in England, where his wife and daughter still resided, for the purpose of stirring up the Protestant tenantry on an extensive property which he possessed in Fermanagh, and preparing them to join the English forces, when they should land.

Henry entered with all his soul into this employment, and longed for the hour when he should join in the bloody strife, which would decide who was to possess the throne of England. His uncle, Colonel Carlton, encouraged his ardour, and promised to use his influence to procure him an appointment where he could be immediately under the eye of the General. Three months elapsed, a tedious time to the young aspirant after glory, ere the English armament arrived; but when they arrived, at length, at Carrickfergus, sanguine

expectations were entertained of their speedy and complete success—expectations which, unhappily, were not realized. Henry soon joined them, and was received by the General with even more cordiality than he had been led to expect ; for his uncle's exertions in William's cause, and the important accession of men which accompanied him, were sufficient to ensure him more than ordinary attention.

Schomberg commenced with great activity and energy, but did not follow up his successes with that degree of spirit and perseverance which was expected, for his subsequent operations were considered slow and unsatisfactory. He had taken Carrickfergus in a few days, and then advanced to Lisburn, Hillsborough and Dromore, through a country desolate and barren. The Protestant inhabitants had long before fled, and now the Romanists abandoned it, with all their cattle and effects. The Enniskilleners had joined the army, but were dissatisfied at the General for compelling them to observe the regular rules of warfare, and preventing them from flying to attack their enemies. James's forces continued to retreat, and burned down Newry as they passed, setting fire, likewise, to Carlingford. These enormities were stopped by a threat from Schomberg that he would give no quarter.

In his route through the country, he had hitherto proceeded through the bogs and moun-

tains, where the enemy could not annoy him ; but on his approach to Dundalk, he came into a level and open plain, where the superior numbers of the enemy could be brought into operation much to his disadvantage, as his artillery had not yet arrived from Carlingford. The weather had now become most unpropitious, provisions could not be procured, and his men marched on in cold and hunger, rain and tempest, through a country dreary and desolate. Numbers sunk under these hardships ; and even when he had fortified his camp at Dundalk, it was requisite to employ a great portion of those who retained any strength in attending to the diseased and dying stragglers. Fever and dysentery made constant havoc amongst them, so that the Irish army, whose dread of Schomberg was gradually diminishing, made demonstration of an attack on his camp ; James even appeared at their head, and advanced near the works ; but when the wasted skeletons within were exulting, in hopes of an engagement, the enemy precipitately withdrew, without firing a shot. The distresses of the English force continued to increase rather than diminish ; and murmurs began to arise against the slowness or indifference of the General, who would not lead them against an enemy whom they were certain of defeating. Superstition, also, had its part in this melancholy scene. Meteors were seen, and shrieks heard in the air—these were looked on as prognos-

tics of destruction. The enemy, who were encamped on the surrounding hills at first, were free from these calamities, and consequently elated with the prospect of witnessing the destruction of the intruders; but presently they, too, were seized, and perished with equal rapidity.

Reinforcements now arrived from England and Scotland, while they were preparing to retire to winter quarters. Schomberg pitched a new camp, outside the town, and caused all such as could remove to be transferred thither. The sick were placed on board the ships, and some conveyed to Belfast; whilst the General, at the age of fourscore, stood for many hours at the bridge of Dundalk, in this dreary season, encouraging and directing every means for the alleviation of their sufferings. In the midst of this disastrous scene, an alarm was raised that the enemy were coming to attack them, yet even the faint and sickly caught at their arms, and cried out: "The Papists shall now pay for our being detained so long in such dismal quarters."

The opposition party in England instituted an inquiry into the causes of this disastrous state of things, and prompt measures were taken to punish such as were guilty, to reinforce the army and restore confidence to the Protestants of Ireland. Clothes, arms, and ammunition arrived from England. Seven thousand well-appointed troops of Denmark landed at Belfast, under the command of the Prince

Vurtemberg ; so that Schomberg employed self in furnishing his garrison with stores, preparing for the campaign.

As the army began to recover strength, and feel confidence in themselves, their desire of action grew more ardent. Schomberg was sorry to have an opportunity of whetting his spirit and preparing them for the summer campaign. On this account, he resolved to recapture the fort of Charlemont, which he had not been able to attack in his progress the preceding year. It was determined now to carry this important post ; and, therefore, as the season advanced, it was closely invested, before provisions could be furnished to the garrison to enable them to hold out. Henry was amongst the first appointed for this service, and burned with an ardent desire of distinguishing himself. When the forces appeared before the place, an officer was dispatched to demand a surrender ; but the sturdy governor, O'Regan, replied that, " The old knave, Schomberg, could not have that castle."

The besiegers began their works, and invested the place on every side. Their artillery played upon it for some days, apparently with little effect ; they did not much regard this, they were well aware of the small supplies on which the defenders had to depend. A reinforcement of five hundred men, with a small supply of provisions and ammunition, was dis-

patched to their relief. Henry happened to be posted in the quarter where they were approaching, and learned from his scouts the fact. Delaying till the party were fully reconnoitred, and the nature of the force ascertained, together with the quantity of stores which they brought, he sent notice to the superior officer of his recent intelligence. Being immediately summoned, he stated, as distinctly as he could learn, the whole facts, and was sent to the General to ascertain whether a sufficient force should be put in motion to cut off the detachment. He waited for some minutes to receive his reply. Schomberg appeared to deliberate ; but seeing a look of anxiety on Henry's face, as if he was desirous to give an opinion, but hesitated through deference, he said :

“ Young man, what do you think ? Shall we cut off the convoy, or allow them to enter ? ”

“ Please your Grace,” said he, “ the quantity of provisions and stores, which they bring, is so small, as to be of no essential service, and if the reinforcement be allowed to enter, it will be an additional burden on the garrison, and help to starve them quickly into surrender. I, therefore, think it better to allow them to enter the fortress, merely making a show of opposition.”

“ You are right,” said the General, “ and bear my orders to your colonel to act accordingly.”

Henry hastened back, proud of this mark

of respect from his commander, whose direction being complied with, a few companies were made ready to meet the approaching troops. When they appeared, these were hastily led to the spot, as if taken by surprise, and after a show of resistance, gave way, whilst the guns of the fortress were brought to bear on them, under cover of which, as the advancing party imagined, and priding themselves on their own bravery, they entered the fort.

When the governor saw the sorry aid they brought, with the number of additional mouths, more than enough to consume the provision in a week, he raged and stormed, swearing tremendously that he was betrayed by the fools and knaves who managed the King's affairs. Forthwith, he insisted that they should force their way back, and not remain there to prey on him, as he had men enough already.

Prepared for this, the besiegers had assembled on that point a powerful force, and the moment the attempt was made, a tremendous fire was opened upon them. At the same time, the guns from the fort replied, but without doing much execution, as the besiegers ensconced themselves behind their works, and lay waiting the near approach of these devoted men. The moment they reached the verge of the works, a dreadful volley of musketry was poured on them from the three sides, and the assailants rushed out to close quarters; the

guns of the besieged were now still, as there was an equal chance of destroying friends and foes, and a terrible conflict ensued, which lasted only a few minutes, for the small party were driven back, fighting bravely, and losing nearly one fourth of their number ; they were pursued even to the drawbridge, and in this contest, Henry was one of the most prominent and the last to return. He received a slight wound in the arm, but appeared not to notice it in the ardour of the fight.

Three times did these brave men attempt to force their way, and as often were they driven back with great slaughter ; but they were not allowed by the old savage governor to come within the walls, but were obliged to lodge on the counterscarp and dry ditch within the palisades.

This state of things could not last, for their sufferings, and those of the garrison, soon became intolerable, and, consequently, O'Regan was obliged to capitulate ; but he and his garrison were allowed to march out with the honours of war.

A period of comparative inactivity now ensued, while the army waited for the arrival of William, who was daily expected ; and except for the attendance on his military duties, Henry had not much to do, especially as his wound exempted him from a great portion of these. He soon, however, found a mode of

employing this interval of repose in the society of his aunt and cousin, who had recently arrived from England, and joined Colonel Carlton at Carrickfergus, though the dubious state of affairs and the turbulent condition of the country caused him to be by no means pleased with a measure which the self-will of his daughter had decided on.

Adelaide Carlton was a person whose appearance at once struck the beholder as dignified and elegant. She had been reared in England, and her parents being connected with some of the first gentry, had been enabled to introduce their daughter to the best society. Her manners were perfectly easy and unembarrassed. She conversed with fluency and ease, seeming to have read much and thought more, and there was scarcely a subject then known amongst the higher ranks, in which she could not speak sensibly, yet without making any ostentatious exhibition of superior acquirements. She looked on military glory with more than due regard, and honoured its possessor as superior to other men. For this reason, her reverence for the Prince of Orange, and her ardour in his cause were almost unbounded : whenever she spoke on the subject, her dark eye kindled and flashed, her colour heightened, and her whole appearance exhibited a degree of animation nearly allied to that of the soldier in his hour of triumph. She loved to talk of campaigns and

battles with those who had been on the bloody field, but she had good sense enough not to intrude such topics on strangers. She had never been taught to restrain her desires, or curb her inclinations, therefore whatever object she fixed on was pursued with ardour, restrained only by towering pride or an over-weening sense of superior dignity. Nature appeared to have gifted her with many noble qualities, but to have left her deficient in those more kindly and endearing traits which constitute the charm of the female character. She possessed not that instinctive delicacy which shrinks from the touch of rudeness, nor was this defect remedied by the education she received. There was also a want of that softness and sensibility which one loves to meet in the sex, and which is not inconsistent with the noblest sentiments and the most elevated mind. This was not apparent to any but a close observer, for there was so much of fascination in her air and conversation, that a casual spectator would be deceived by its brilliancy.

Henry's recent service caused him to be received by his fair cousin with some degree of cordiality, and his wound gave an interest to the matter, while the impression was deepened by a handsome person and a manly bearing. On his part, he was struck with the beauty and vivacity of Adelaide; he had never met any one to be compared with her in these

points, for reared in a provincial town, his opportunities of mixing in society were few and limited.

At his first introduction, he felt considerable embarrassment ; but soon began to converse with freedom, having naturally a quickness of apprehension and fluency of language, together with much power of observation. They parted, mutually pleased with each other. Still Henry could not avoid preferring the mild and affectionate demeanour of Mary, to all the brilliant qualities of his cousin. This reminded him of not having communicated with her recently, and he began to devise some means by which he might convey her a letter, as he had not received any reply to his first. In the distracted state of the country, no regular communication existed between the provinces, and the only feasible mode, and that very uncertain, was by sending a special messenger. This he tried ; and at great expense, procured a person who engaged to carry the letter and bring a reply : this letter was never received.

William arrived in Carrickfergus bay, in June, 1690, and was received with every demonstration of joy by the garrison and inhabitants. His arrival inspired them with new vigour, and they looked only to conquest under his banner. His first care was to make minute inquiries into the number, health

was even introduced to the victorious Prince, who passed a high eulogium on him, and gave directions that he should be promoted to a captaincy. He was henceforth looked upon as one of the most rising men in the army.

Immediately after the engagement, and whilst the rejoicings for the victory amongst the protestant party were at their height, Adelaide and her mother arrived at Drogheda, being desirous of participating in the pleasure which was diffused amongst all ranks. Henry was received by them with every demonstration of regard. Adelaide, especially, congratulated him with an extraordinary degree of cordiality, seeming to look on him as one in whom her ideas of heroism and military glory were likely to be realized ; and this feeling was enhanced by the attention which she observed paid to him by others, even his superiors in rank. He was now, indeed, her cousin, whom she felt proud to acknowledge ; nor was he less flattered by her marked esteem, whilst so many appeared ready to pay homage to her beauty and accomplishments. Scarcely a day elapsed, before the army was again put in motion, that a select party did not assemble at her mother's house, and pass the evening in such recreations as suited their rank, and were usual at the time. On these occasions, whilst Adelaide chatted and amused herself with the company, there was always something more than com-

mon in her preference of Henry's society. He could not help seeing this ; and at first attributed it to a feeling of regard for him as her cousin, combined with pride, on account of his recently acquired distinction. Gradually he felt anxious to display this preference, and uneasy if any signs appeared of others taking his place for an instant. He did not analyse these feelings, nor permit himself to think that they interfered with his attachment to Mary, which he looked on as settled and permanent. Still her image was frequently banished from his mind by the brighter and more fascinating thought of his cousin ; and, after some time, he began to institute a comparison of their relative merits and attractions. He started on finding himself thus engaged, and hastily passed forth from his quarters that he might banish, by occupation, such thoughts, which he felt to be tinctured with disloyalty and ingratitude towards the kindest and best of her sex. Walking on still thoughtfully, he was aroused by the voice of Adelaide exclaiming to her father, as they were on the point of passing him—

“ Bless me, father, if Henry is not dreaming ! See, he is even passing us without a recognition : some martial enterprise or glorious campaign is occupying his imagination.”

Henry stopped, laughed, and apologized for his absence.

“ We shall pardon you on this condition,

my martial cousin, that you accompany me to the field of your late battle, and point out the various objects of interest, and the different spots where the contest was most severe."

"Agreed," said Henry; "but does not your father go with us?"

"No," said Colonel Carlton, "she has been importuning me on the subject these last days; but I have really a dislike to such a scene when once the strife is over; and we were just proceeding to you to request your aid, as your memory is better than mine, and your tongue more fluent in description. It is, perhaps, a strange wish of Adelaide; but she is so ardent in the good cause, that I cannot refuse her."

Henry could scarcely say whether he felt most pleased or sorry at this arrangement. Yet, he could not refuse a request so put, and in some points so agreeable; therefore, he readily assented, and they both walked towards the scene of recent conflict. Adelaide was never more engaging than during that walk; every object in nature or casual occurrence, as they went along, afforded her a subject for conversation, and in this Henry began to take a part; and presently he led her to agreeable topics. On arriving at the ground, he pointed out, as well as he could, the several particulars which she was desirous to notice; and in his description of the conflict he became so animated, that she listened for a considerable time without interrupting him. When

he ceased, she looked at him with evident pleasure, and said,

“ Really, Henry, you far surpass all I had thought of you in your love for glory, but I do not think you will yet be a General.”

“ Such distinction,” said he, “ is not so remote as you imagine ; for if this war continues long, and I am not cut off, ere many months, I trust I may aspire to so much, if not even a higher rank.

“ Right, fair cousin,” said the lady ; “ with such aspiring thoughts as these, I doubt not but you will either succeed to the Marshal’s baton, or lay your body on the earth, in some well-fought field ; but I do not speak lightly or unfeelingly on such a subject, for believe me, much as I admire glory, I should not wish you to purchase it so dearly.

“ Would then, my life or death,” said he, “ be of any importance to one like you, Adelaide, at whose feet so many much more distinguished men are ready to lay their trophies, and pay homage to your victorious power ?”

The lady replied not, but walked on a little more rapidly, whilst Henry, glancing a look at her face, thought he observed a tell-tale glow steal over her features. He was now really excited ; the place, the hour, the circumstances—all were as if combined against his plighted troth. In the whirling maze of his wandering thoughts—all was forgotten except the evidence before him, that he was regarded

with anything but indifference, by the high-spirited and beautiful girl who walked by his side. It was not long ere he broke silence again to repeat his question, "would his fate be a subject of interest to her mind," and was answered by a look, which spoke more than words, that she did, indeed, feel an interest in his destiny. When once the ice is broken between two persons thus situated, they soon find communication easy, and their mutual feelings become ascertained by each other, without the aid of many words. We shall not, therefore, follow the conversation between them further, than to say, ere they parted, faith was pledged and received on both sides eternal fidelity sworn.

After accompanying Adelaide home, and remaining for a short while, Henry returned to his quarters, and though for the first few minutes, his mind was so entranced by the agreeable thoughts in which he was engaged, yet cool reflection came by degrees, and all the fickleness and ingratitude of his conduct passed in quick review, so that he felt himself, if not a villain, yet nearly approaching to such a character; at one moment, he thought to call on Adelaide, and declare his previous engagement; but then, how would he be received, and how would her father act? Disgrace in the eyes of all honourable men, with forfeiture of his rank stared him in the face, and he turned from such a plan.

Again, he meditated to quit the army, return to Bandon, confess all to Mary, and cast himself on her love. But, how knew he, that Mary would not, ere then, hear of his perfidy, spurn him from her ; and besides this, would he not incur the anger of Adelaide's father and friends, should she inform them of his conduct towards her ? Thus distracted, he knew not what to do, and coming to no decision, left it to chance to determine his course and open some path of escape from the dilemma in which he had involved himself. It was easy to see how the event would turn out. Mary was absent, and in a measure forgotten. Adelaide was near, and her charms constantly before him ; he was attracted to her company, even to escape from his own thoughts, and soon lost, in so agreeable a companion, the sense of honour and affection towards his once loved mistress. Every day tended more to remove her from his mind, and he quickly learned to argue sophistically on the greater suitableness in the one to be his partner through life than the other.

The army now moved towards Dublin, where every thing looked in favour of William's enterprise, and soon after when comparative tranquillity had been restored there, and proper regulations made for the preservation of peace, Adelaide and her mother removed thither to reside, whilst William

continued undecided, in consequence of the rumoured success of the French, whether he should pursue the war in Ireland or return to Britain. There were sufficient opportunities for the lovers to meet and bring to maturity their plans of happiness ; but when the alarm was dissipated, and the Prince resolved to march southward to besiege Limerick, it was necessary for them to part for a season, which they did with much feeling on both sides, for Henry had nearly banished all thoughts of Mary from his mind.

Reduced as his army now was, to twenty thousand men, with the unfavourable season approaching, while anger, emulation, hatred, religious animosity and pride inflamed a strong and well supplied garrison ; it seemed not consistent with the Prince's usual prudence, especially without adequate artillery, to attempt the city, then, and the difficulties were much increased by the blowing up of his battering train, through want of due precaution, and a sufficient guard ; for though the Irish annalists have lauded Schomberg's enterprise as consummately grand, it was nothing more than any sergeant of horse would have affected under similar circumstances.

In the conduct of this siege, the General in other particulars displayed his usual skill and bravery ; and the soldiers nobly seconded his efforts. When the breach was considered

practicable, the King ordered an assault. The grenadier companies, to which Henry belonged, ran eagerly towards the counterscarp, in the midst of a tremendous fire drove the enemy back, pursued them to the breach, and rushed into the town pell-mell. The regiment, who should have seconded them, stopped at the counterscarp, in pursuance of orders ; while the gallant band within were assailed by an overwhelming mass ; amongst which, even women were conspicuous in showering stones upon their adversaries. Thus, their ammunition being exhausted, the remnant attempted to retreat, but the most of them were wounded or killed. Amongst others, Henry, as he remounted the breach and was in the act of encouraging his men, received a ball in the thigh, which fractured the bone, and he fell amongst the party below.

Being much regarded by his men, for his courage and exertions, they, amidst a shower of balls, raised him, and succeeded in bearing him to the camp, where he received prompt surgical aid. But as William now determined to abandon the siege, he was removed to Waterford, whither the army retreated in good order ; and after a short space, he was deemed sufficiently strong to be taken to Dublin, where he was conveyed by easy stages, and received with warm affection by his aunt and cousin. His conduct was deemed deserving another

step in the army, and accordingly he received a Major's commission, with leave of absence till his health should be perfectly restored. Colonel Carlton soon after arrived, and, notwithstanding William's departure for England, and the rejoicings of the Irish on account of the successful defence of Limerick, Dublin continued comparatively tranquil; the confidence of the Protestant party was still great, nor was the temporary check at Limerick sufficient to damp their spirits, or prevent the enjoyments of the season.

As Henry's strength returned, he mingled amongst the people of rank and fashion, who began to re-assemble in the metropolis. His station and service rendered him acceptable, while the connexions of Colonel Carlton being numerous and respectable, formed even of themselves an agreeable circle. The preference given by Adelaide to her cousin was manifest on most occasions, except when she was desirous of indulging a little coquetry with others. Henry's disposition did not well endure this; yet one look or word from her would again recall his censure, and make him forget that she had displeased him. Her parents soon ascertained the feelings of both; and though at one time they might have indulged somewhat more ambitious projects, yet, as they never thought of forcing her inclinations or thwarting her wishes, they gave

full sanction to Henry's suit. Thus approved and loved, he felt desirous of making Adelaide his, before war should again drag him away at the expiration of his furlough or the commencement of another campaign. Her father was anxious to postpone it, till the events of the civil strife should decide how the country was to be ruled ; but when he discovered that Adelaide had consented to name an early day, he no longer hesitated. The marriage was, therefore, solemnized, and the young couple appeared to enjoy as much felicity as usually falls to the lot of even the most fortunate of our species. Yet it was impossible for Henry to entirely forget the confiding girl to whom he had long since plighted his troth, and despite all his efforts, she would again, and again, recur to his mind, more particularly, as he found his wife's love of company even greater after marriage than before ; for when he was desirous of enjoying domestic pleasures, not knowing how soon they might be interrupted by the harsh alarms of war, she continually tried to be surrounded by a crowd ; not that she appeared in any respect cooled in her affection for him, but that she was not, by nature or habit, qualified for the calm walks of domestic life. In fact, she breathed, and lived, and enjoyed herself, only in public. Henry at first, rallied her on this propensity, and tried to induce a more quiet and sedate

habit ; but she always playfully, and, without offence, parried his arguments, and prevailed on him to allow her to follow her inclination. Amongst a society consisting, in a great degree, of military men, foreigners, and refugees, who, having been driven from their country by civil strife, had wandered in every nation of Europe, imbibing much of the loose principles and habits they had met in their course, it was natural to find some adventurers, who were desirous of mending their fortunes, without much reference to the means. They were generally persons of information, who had not passed through so many stirring scenes, without observing closely the habits and disposition of man, but had employed their observations for the purpose of subserving their own selfish ends. Gambling was one of the arts in which they were well skilled, and which was introduced whenever an opportunity occurred. Henry had, at first, steadily resisted their attempts to lead him into the destructive vice, but could not always withstand either the temptation of play or the ridicule attached to his standing a mere spectator of the game. In general, he was content to look on, provided Adelaide bore him company, but on some occasions it was natural that she should be occupied with the conversation of others, or be absent from the gentlemen of the party. Amongst the rest, there was a French

Count, a Huguenot, who had served with Caillemont, and was still in William's pay : he was a man of dignified aspect, and most agreeable manners ; could talk well of foreign courts and war, and render himself generally agreeable in every company. To him Adelaide used sometimes to listen with pleasure, while he detailed the strange and varied scenes of fortune he had gone through. Henry by no means liked this ; yet, he could scarcely assign a reason, for he was scrupulously polite and careful in his demeanour ; but there was another, a companion of his, with similar manners, but of a more unpretending appearance, who generally attached himself to Henry, and without asking him to play, led him to observe the game, making such observations as tended to amuse and interest him. Gradually he was induced to stake a slight sum, and came off successful, but would not continue to play ; nor was he solicited. Whenever this occurred, which was on two or three occasions, he found that Adelaide's ear was occupied in listening to the Count, and so much was she unconscious of displeasing him by it, that she used to call and make him sit down beside her, till the Count would repeat one of his amusing stories. Henry at first could not find fault, and only endeavoured to induce her to return home, as soon as possible ; but when the jealousy of his disposition began to display

itself in his looks to the person who thus occupied her attention, she appeared surprised and hurt, and it was only by making his love for her the plea of his anxiety, and declaring his desire for her happiness, that he appeased her indignation at even being remotely doubted. It may readily be conceived, that such a state of things could not last long, nor affection continue, between a couple so ill-adapted to each other; for partly in consequence of Henry's passion for military glory and his ambitious views, he disliked the monotonous round of large parties and the perpetual buzz of their empty frivolity. He had been too early and too long accustomed to a quiet and cheerful home, to feel pleasure so soon amidst a thoughtless crowd.

With habits and feelings thus different, the slight bond of affection, which existed between them, was gradually becoming weaker; and yet such is, too frequently, the result in the world with those who, previous to the solemn engagement of matrimony, have imagined that passion was affection and caprice love. The fact, in this instance, was that with all her bright and agreeable qualities, nature in the formation of Adelaide had not given her a heart, and that Henry's own fickleness and desertion of his first love had rendered him suspicious of similar conduct in others.

When they had been some months married and the spring was opening Colonel Carlton was seized with fever, and struggling with the disease for three weeks, he expired, bequeathing all his property to his daughter to dispose of as she pleased. This event cast a gloom over the family for a time; and Mrs. Carlton never fully recovered the shock. During the period of their retirement, perfect harmony was restored to the youthful couple, and Henry endeavoured to fix in his wife's mind a love for home and domestic enjoyments. He tried every means to amuse and please her, and thought he had succeeded; yet, when the first burst of grief was over, she began to languish for gay society, though her sense of decency forbade the indulgence.

Scarcely two months had elapsed, when she began again to appear in public, seeming to have forgotten the loss of her parent. Henry sighed over the failure of his efforts, and was now more than ever forcibly struck with the difference between the retiring Mary and his brilliant partner. These reflections did not tend to render him more contented, but rather urged him to indulgences which he before endeavoured to shun. The gaming-table and its accompaniments presented charms as a medium of banishing his cares, and in these he spent much time, while fortune seemed to be just as disinclined to smile on him here as

in his domestic concerns. He lost considerably, though the Count's friend was mostly his partner and Henry could not understand either how he procured funds or preserved such equanimity under his losses. He was under the necessity of applying to his wife for a supply, which she readily procured from her father's agent and gave without inquiry of the purpose for which it was required. Matters continued much on the same footing between them, for some time longer, till the period approached when it would be necessary for Henry to join the army, and he should leave his wife to her own discretion.

CHAPTER V.

WE left Mary, her father, and servant in the hands of the Rapparees after the tragical scene in the old Abbey, and on their route towards the western hills. They proceeded for some time keeping their prisoners in the centre of the band, till arriving at a narrow pass leading from the main road and enclosed between rocks, a certain number of the party was left there to watch, and the rest advanced till they came to the bed of a mountain stream, now nearly dried up; into this they descended and continued along its channel for some miles. It required great care to prevent the horses stumbling in this course in consequence of the pebbles and loose stones, and they were only prevented from falling, by two of the party holding each horse. Suddenly at an angle in their course, a well-directed volley was poured on them, and several of the Rapparees fell; the others had scarcely time to look for their enemy, when they were surrounded on every side by the M'Carthy More's men, and after a slight resistance, captured. The captors with their prisoners now began to

retrace their course towards the Abbey, and when they issued forth on the road, Mary's ears were saluted by the accents of one who was too well known to her, and yet at that moment, when she was scarcely freed from the terror of the Rapparees, they sounded to her comparatively agreeable; he reproached her for flying from the town and rejecting the honour intended for her; told her she need not again expect to escape from him, and concluded by reminding her of the death of her friends in the old Abbey. She made no reply, though she shuddered at the barbarity of the savage who addressed her. They continued without stopping till they reached the town; when Mary and her father were again restored to their own house but with a guard to prevent a second attempt to escape. This was needless, for Mr. Pierpoint's spirits were so broken by the late disastrous failure, that, in his state of mind and body, he could not think of the attempt, and Mary had resolved to meet boldly the hateful addresses of M'Carthy as he would scarcely dare to attempt violence to her inclinations, and she knew him at heart to be a coward. He now made her father's house his own, ordering every thing there, as if he were master, but was much more quiet and less imperious than they expected, influenced probably by his fears in consequence of the results likely to follow

from the threatened invasion of the country by the English. Mary, indeed, was obliged to endure his presence and listen to his offers of making her his wife, on which he dilated with great fluency, telling her the honour a Sassenach would gain by one of the blood of the M'Carthy's uniting with her. She either listened in silence or expressed her determination briefly.

About three months subsequently to their return, Mr. Pierpoint observed, one evening, a person loitering about the street, before his house, and seeming desirous of communicating with the inmates. He was one of the Irish, and Mr. Pierpoint thought he ought to know his appearance ; on scanning him more closely, he observed that it was Edward's Rapparee servant, to whom they attributed all their troubles, and who they considered had betrayed them to his gang. He told Mary, and she at once recognised the man who had now entered into conversation with the soldier of M'Carthy who kept watch at the door. After some time, he was permitted to enter, and when Mr. Pierpoint met him, and shrunk back with horror, he motioned to him to be silent, then presented a small slip of paper on which was written in Edward's hand, " My dear friend, I have been providentially preserved: you may safely trust bearer." Surprise and joy prevented his speaking, and he followed Murtagh in silence to the garden.

Here he explained to him that, on the evening of their capture, he had met M'Carthy's men and informed them of the place where the robbers were, thinking it far preferable that they should fall into such hands rather than run the risk of remaining with the Rapparees; that they had arrived a few minutes after the attempted massacre of Edward and his father, when the villains had departed, and found both weltering in their gore, and as he knew the course they would take, he had given them such directions as enabled them to surprise the party, whilst he remained to bury the murdered men. He found Mr. O'Brien entirely dead, but, on attempting to raise the body of Edward, he thought that a faint sigh escaped, and, placing his hand on his bosom, the heart appeared still to beat faintly. What to do he scarcely conjectured, but he got a quantity of spirits, and mixing a little water with it, poured it down his throat. By degrees Edward opened his eyes, looked wildly about, and then closing them again fell into an insensible state. Whilst the Rapparee was thus occupied he did not perceive the entrance of a person, who now stood before him and gazed anxiously on his work.

He was about resigning his task as hopeless, when he was startled by the sound of the stranger's voice, saying, in a sepulchral tone, "Pax tecum."

The unfortunate Rapparee dropped the hand of Edward, and, casting himself on his knees,

the sign of the cross, and began to repeat in quick succession, all the prayers he could remember, and they were not many. It was no wonder he should feel terror in such a place, at that hour, alone with the dead, and a figure standing before him. His first impression was, that Satan himself had come to visit his soul, and he looked anxiously for the demon's foot; but, seeing there was neither that nor any sign of fire about his visitor, he thought it must be a ghost come from the dead to warn him of his fate. His visitor was of great height, gaunt and meagre to excess, with a long white beard flowing to his breast. His head was covered with a close fitting black cap, his garment was of the coarsest stuff, of a dark colour, while a cord, bound round his waist, served to keep its folds close: his feet were bare, and his eyes glared, with an unrelaxing gaze.

Smiling at the fears of the bewildered man, the specter next demanded who he was, and how these things came by their death. The Rapparee readily detailed the circumstances, and when his tale had ended, the other replied, in a harsh tone, scowling at the same time,—“Let the traitor perish.”

The other declared he could not act so barbarous a part, and said he owed to Edward his

After a moment's hesitation, the hermit ordered him to assist in raising the body, and they carried it in their arms, out of the abbey,

to a small thatched hut which stood against the hill. Before this hut was a large wooden cross, to which they both devoutly knelt, and, having sprinkled the body with holy water, they carried it in. Behind the hut was a small oratory, or chapel, and next it a little cell, hewed out of the rock. In the latter, Edward was laid upon a coarse wooden frame covered with straw. They both now busied themselves in examining his wounds, and found them numerous, but apparently, not mortal. The hermit, when once he had taken him into his abode, forgot his heretical creed, and prepared such dressings and other matters as he had at hand. He was one of a race, not uncommon in Ireland, at that day, some of whom were known in a much later age. He had been reared on the continent, and had studied surgery there; he had afterwards entered a convent of Franciscans, but, in the close of life, returned to his native country. Still adhering to his vows of poverty, and fixing his abode near the abbey, he was revered by the country people, as a saint. He busied himself in nothing but his prayers and penances, unless called upon to prescribe for the sick or diseased. He hovered constantly about the ruins, and seemed like the ghost of departed greatness—a kind of link connecting the past with the present.

It was not long before Murtagh procured many articles of comfort for Edward, for he was indefatigable in his intentions; but for many

days, his life was in extreme danger. A fever came on, which, in addition to his wounds, threatened to complete the work of his intended murderers : but, after some time, he showed symptoms of returning reason. He asked where he was, and where was his father ; inquired for Mary, and whether she were alive. The hermit gently insisted that he should be quiet for a few days, promising then to let him know all. When he thought him sufficiently recovered to bear the communication, he informed him of the facts ; but the shock was too great for his delicate state of health, and he was nearly thrown back into his former illness. Still, good care, and a vigorous constitution, conquered ; and, as soon as he could think calmly on the subject, he despatched his faithful servant to make inquiries after Mary, and if he found her or her father, not to return, without gaining an interview with them.

Murtagh effected this object, and further informed them, that so soon as Edward was strong enough, he was determined, if possible, to free them and his townsmen from their brutal persecutors. Rejoiced, as they were, at these tidings, they scarcely dared to hope for any relief, for months to come.

Edward's servant was dismissed with presents and thanks for his fidelity, but his return was hailed by his master, with transports of joy. Indeed the tidings of Mary's safety, tended

greatly to contribute to his recovery. Yet, he would say to himself, why am I thus anxious about her, she is betrothed to another, and never can be mine? I will protect her for him, and when she is safe in his hands, I shall have no further tie to bind me to this country, and shall enter some foreign service. With this disinterested resolution he composed himself on his humble couch and soon fell asleep, to dream of Mary and happiness. When he was sufficiently recovered, his first care was to seek an interview with Mr. Pierpoint and inform him of his intention to make his way to the English force, which he supposed must have already landed, though no certain tidings on the subject had yet reached the south, and if possible to prevail on the General to send relief to the town.

The friends met, with mingled feelings of grief and joy; they had suffered much and knew not how much more they might be compelled to endure; but, whilst Edward's ardent mind was excited by the prospect of success in his projected enterprise, Mr. Pierpoint was depressed not only by past afflictions, but by fearful anticipations of still greater hardships in consequence of the helpless and unprotected state of himself and his daughter. Their interview was short, for they dreaded a surprise from M'Carthy and the renewal of his hatred to Edward. Mary made her appearance, only

for a moment to congratulate her friend on his escape, and wish him success on his journey ; but so changed was she, exhibiting the appearance of meek endurance whilst she uttered no complaint, that if any thing had been wanting to stimulate Edward in his design, one glance at her would have been sufficient, and he departed vowing to rescue her from her brutal persecutor or perish in the attempt.

Months, however, rolled on, and no tidings came from him ; the winter passed, and the rumours of renewed hostilities reached the town ; but these afforded only slight hope to the now exhausted and heart-broken inhabitants, as it would, in all probability, be long ere the tide of war would roll so far south. Meantime, M'Carthy continued his exactions where anything could be procured ; and when resources in the town failed, he had recourse to the country, wherever a prey of corn or cattle was to be found.

Edward had endeavoured to make his way to the north, but was taken prisoner by a party of Irish, and carried to Kilmallock, where he was thrown into a dungeon, in which he languished several months, till, at length, he contrived to escape, and returned to Cork, where he had heard that the Duke of Marlborough was landed, and he immediately joined his forces as a volunteer.

The siege was soon formed, and the enemy

were driven from their outworks ; and, after a few days, the place capitulated.

Kinsale was likewise invested ; but the governor, in the commencement, had burned the city, and retired into the forts, which were quickly compelled to surrender.

During these operations, M'Carthy still continued to hold his place in Bandon, apparently indifferent to the progress of events. But Edward, having made known to the Duke the state of affairs there, obtained from him a couple of troops of Dutch horse with some English and a sufficient body of infantry to drive on the intruders.

They marched by night, and arranged to enter the town in different places at once, with the intention of surrounding and cutting off M'Carthy with his lawless horde of depredators.

On that eventful morning, as the army approached, they were descried in one quarter by some of his men, who were on a predatory excursion, and they came in all haste to inform their chief. He was just awaking from sleep, after a night of revelry and drunkenness ; and when he heard the tidings, he trembled in every limb. Recovering a little, he gave orders to have the men warned, and let them save themselves as they best could. He was soon ready ; and ordering the party, who always waited on him as his guard, to follow, he dashed through the streets to Mr. Pier-

oint's house, rushed up stairs, and searched
 l he found Mary who was in her father's
 om, inquiring after his health which had
 appeared to be failing for some time past. He
 ized her, despite the old man's entreaties and
 r own struggles, and carried her down stairs ;
 d when her father attempted to detain him,
 e struck him to the ground. When outside
 e door, he gave her into the hands of two of
 s men, sprung into the saddle, then had her
 aced before him, and striking his spurs into
 s steed's sides, galloped through the street,
 llowed by his clan at full speed. Meantime,
 e infantry of his party rushed in every di-
 ction, not knowing where to turn or which
 y the enemy were approaching. Some of
 em came in the very face of the party enter-
 g at the south, and were cut down without
 ercy ; such as were behind fled towards the
 rth road, and there met another body flying
 ck in terror and dismay, hemmed in between
 e two ; they were slaughtered almost to a
 an. The dragoons then rode through the
 eets, and meeting other stragglers cut them
 wn likewise. They followed some who were
 ore swift of foot, up to the north-west road ;
 d as there was here a very steep ascent,
 ey were soon overtaken and butchered on
 e spot. Edward, who was with the party
 tering from the north road, and knew all
 e localities, began to recollect that there was

a narrow lane leading towards the south called Foxe's Street.

He just glanced his eye towards it, as he rode on the opposite hill, and thought he saw horsemen emerging from the lane. He could not be mistaken in their appearance and character ; and in the centre of the flying group, there was something like the flutter of a woman's garment, or at least he imagined there was. Quick as lightning, the idea ran through his mind, that it must be the Prince carrying off Mary. Worse than death, he knew, awaited her, if she were carried away; and without hesitating a moment, he sprung from his horse, seized a musket, then much in use, from one of the men, and which was afterwards called a "Queen-Anne." It was very long, at least a foot longer than the muskets now employed ; the distance was scarcely an English mile ; he rested the piece on the raised ditch near him; for a moment, his hand seemed to tremble but soon became steady; the gun poured out its stream of fire, and as the Prince rose to the crown of the hill and in another minute would have been descending on the opposite side, he fell, shot through the back, and dragging Mary with him to the ground (E). His followers, who cared more for their own safety than for that of any other person's, terrified by his fall, and not knowing whence the shot came, galloped on, leaving

him to his fate. A volley came after them ; but it was too late, and they escaped.

M'Carthy was not dead, but mortally wounded. Even at that moment, his brutality failed not ; he tried to retain Mary with one hand, whilst with the other he felt for his skein. But the tide of life ebbed fast ; she disengaged herself from him, ere he could effect his purpose, and ran with all speed towards the town, hearing the curses and imprecations of the expiring wretch, till his voice died away in gurgling sounds. The moment after Edward fired, he was in the saddle, and without waiting for his troop, galloped in full career through the town. In less than five minutes, he was in Foxe's Street, and met Mary running in terror towards him. He called to her ; but thinking, in her bewilderment, that he too was an enemy, she was about to rush past him, when he uttered his own name. She stopped, looked at him for a moment, and exclaimed,


“ My father, my poor father ! Oh ! take me to him.”

Edward dismounted, and helping her up to the saddle took his place behind her ; and, in a very short time, saw her in the arms of her parent. Leaving them together, he sallied forth, and found that the carnage was over, and that the soldiers were assembled in the principal street. Of three hundred Irish, scarcely fifty

escaped, so well had measures been taken, and so relentless was the hostility against them. The inhabitants, who had shut themselves in their houses during the affray, lest they should by any chance be mistaken for the Irish, now came forth to thank the victors, and offer them everything which the rapacity of their oppressors had left.

Proper quarters were assigned to the military, and the people vied with each other who should be most attentive to them. That evening presented a scene of festivity to which they had long been strangers ; the houses were illuminated, and fires blazed in every quarter.

Such repairs and cleansing, as could be done to the churches in a few days, were performed before the next sabbath, when the clergy, who had to conceal themselves during the past troubles, again appeared in their place in the house of God, and every individual who could possibly attend divine service was present to return thanks for his deliverance. It was an imposing sight to those serious and grateful congregations, whilst the dilapidations and pollution caused by their enemies, and the enemies of true religion were still manifest to their sight, to meet once more in peace to worship their God, "none daring to make them afraid." The gay attire of the soldiers, and their bright armour, glistened here and there through the crowd. Their pastors ascended the pulpit, and



delivered such addresses as were suitable to the occasion.

Thus ended the invasion of M'Carthy More ; but the walls of the town were never since rebuilt : it was deemed useless, in a place so badly situated for defence against artillery. So great was the horror at the desecration of their churches, that the corporation of the town passed a law that no Irish piper should ever play within it. And strange to say, this law was acted on for one hundred and twenty years afterwards, though there was no legal power to enforce it. And I myself have seen, not twenty years since, a poor piper, who unwittingly commenced his discordant music in the main street, laid hold on, and his instruments broken to pieces by a shopkeeper who was not remarkable for his high Tory principles or hostility to the Romish faith. He, however, afterwards paid the poor man the full value of his instrument, and this without any compulsion.

The matter was finally set at rest, a year or so afterwards, when one of the liberal party introduced into his house, at night, a piper ; but some of the lower order of Protestants heard of it, beset the house, broke in the door, beat the proprietor and the musician, and, had not the police been called in, there is no knowing what might have been the consequence. The dangerous results to which they subjected themselves by this outrage, caused the matter to be

adjusted by a pecuniary compensation, to prevent legal proceedings ; and since that, you may hear occasionally the squeaking of the bagpipe there as well as in other places, though never in the house of a Protestant, unless he be one who is degraded and has lost his caste.


When Edward had seen tranquillity once more restored to his native town, and a sufficient body of men left there for protection, besides the inhabitants being abundantly supplied with arms and ammunition, he went to bid farewell to Mr. Pierpoint and Mary, before he returned to the stirring scenes of war. The old gentleman received him with all the affection of a father, blessed him with fervency, and prayed for his safe return. Mary, too, was profuse in thanks for this second deliverance from death or dishonour ; but her thanks were uttered with coldness and reserve. Rumours of Henry's marriage had reached her ; she seemed to have lost all spirit and animation, and to be wrapt up in brooding sorrow, which time alone could be expected to heal. Edward left her with a heavy heart, for he dared not hope that she would ever regard him but in the light of a friend ; and joining the cavalry on their return to Cork, he soon lost sight of his home yet not of the dear friends who were too vividly pictured before his mind for time or distance to erase the impression.

CHAPTER VI.

AFTER so long an interval of rest, it was not unreasonable, that Henry should be called to join his regiment and share in the military operations which were then about to commence afresh ; for the determination, on the part of the English General, was to finish the war with all possible dispatch, from knowing the necessity which William laboured under, relative to the war in Flanders, and his anxious desire to have all the troops he could muster for the latter object.

Adelaide had been for some time ailing, and was obliged to confine herself at home. During this period, every effort was made by Henry to attach her to domestic enjoyments, and as before he imagined that he should succeed ; there was a likelihood of her becoming a mother, and he felt persuaded she would then be more staid and grave in her demeanour. Therefore, though reluctant to depart at such a time, yet he was forced to submit ; and taking a most affectionate farewell of his wife, and commending her to her mother's care, he departed. Adelaide appeared

to feel his departure not less than himself, and made him promise to return as soon as his military duties would permit. The Count had also left for the same purpose some days before, and both took their appointed stations in the army, which had just commenced the siege of Athlone; and, though no great cordiality existed between the two, yet they were, 'apparently, friends. The Count knew Henry was not pleased at his persevering attention to Adelaide; and though Henry felt hurt and chagrined at her listening to such a man, yet, for his wife's sake, he preferred concealing, as much as possible, the uneasiness it gave him, lest he should alienate her altogether by broaching suspicion, and perhaps drive her into the very peril from which he was so anxious she should be saved. He had much reliance on her pride and high feelings, yet he discovered, too late, that she was unsteady, variable, and in fact, incapable of entertaining a permanent attachment to any object. Now, though such was really his own disposition, yet he was unwilling to admit it, even to himself, and numerous were the sophistical arguments which he employed with his mind to nullify the glaring proof of it, which existed in his cruel abandonment of a devoted and faithful heart. And, perhaps, we are more disposed to condemn in others the very faults that characterise our own tem-



er than those from which we are more free, even on the very ground that we know them better, and would hide our defects by the normity of those contrasted with them.

On arriving at the army, he found much doubt and hesitation prevalent amongst them, a consequence of the slight progress yet made in the siege ; for though one part of the town, called the English quarter, was in possession of the besiegers, the other, and stronger portion, was obstinately defended. A breach had been made in the walls, but to reach them it was necessary to cross the river, and the Irish army, having broken down the part of the bridge nearest themselves, lay intrenched on the other side.

The English General had his choice of three ways to cross the river, but each was equally difficult and dangerous. The ford was deep, narrow, and stony, and was, therefore, deemed impracticable. Pontoons might perhaps, have been employed farther up, but the enemy guarded the pass, and therefore the bridge was tried. The batteries played incessantly on the besieged, while workmen endeavoured to lay planks across the broken arch, and had nearly succeeded, when a few men in armour rushed out, and attempting to destroy the works, were cut off. Another party renewed the attempt, and with more success, for they cast the beams into the river ; but only two of them returned. A second trial was made, and

the work on the broken arch carried on by a close gallery. When this was completed, it was resolved to make an attempt to cross the river in three different ways ; by pontoons above, by the bridge the centre, and by floats below. The Irish having obtained knowledge of this, by means of deserters, drew all their choicest forces to the spot. The fascines on the broken arch were quickly set on fire by their grenades ; the flames spread, and the fire and smoke were blown into the faces of the besiegers, with intolerable fury. They were obliged to desist, while the enemy exulted in their defeat, and exhibited in their camp the rejoicings of a festival. Henry had shared in this latter unsuccessful attempt, but did not participate in the feeling of dismay which it produced in many ; though he, as well as others, saw that the situation of the army was exceedingly critical, as the forage was destroyed for several miles round, and a retreat before an exulting enemy would not only be disastrous, but, perhaps, cause the tide of war to roll onward to the very gates of Dublin.

In a council of war held immediately after this defeat, Ginckle seemed disposed to abandon the siege, whilst the Duke of Wurtemberg earnestly contended for another attack ; which was eventually carried, notwithstanding the strenuous opposition of General Mackay.

The next morning, at the hour of relieving

the guards, every proper disposition having been made with the utmost silence and caution, the troops entered the river, and waded on undauntedly, notwithstanding a furious fire from the enemies' works; they soon gained the opposite side, and mounted the breaches. The Irish fled precipitately; and within half an hour from entering, the English were in possession of the town. St. Ruth, on being informed of this, ordered his men to drive them out again; but the cannon from the captured works of his own party being turned against his camp, soon compelled him to retire from the field; whilst mutual recrimination took place between the Irish officers and their French allies.

Ginckle employed some days in repairing the fortifications of Athlone, after the castle had surrendered, and then proceeded in search of the enemy whom he found encamped on the hill of Kilcomedan, in Roscommon, near the village and Castle of Aughrim.

It was deemed necessary to strike a decisive blow, as the garrisons had been withdrawn from most of the surrounding districts, in order to enable the General, with any chance of success, to cope with the Irish army which was now increased to twenty-five thousand men; and the Protestants were consequently terrified at their defenceless state. Yet, even thus, the English forces were not within seven thousand of the enemy's number.

The battle was commenced by the English crossing the river Suc, and advancing over ground broken and intersected by hedges and ditches. A party of Danes was despatched to gain the pass to the enemies' right, but they fled on the approach of their opponents, till they were sustained by other forces. At length, after a severe contest, the pass was carried, and the bog crossed. The right wing of the enemy was soon furiously assailed ; but they defended themselves obstinately ; and, retiring to their lines of communication, flanked their opponents. After two hours' fighting, St. Ruth found it necessary to draw off some of his cavalry from the left to support his right. This was the signal for the English infantry to cross the bog, which they did gallantly, though floundering on through mud and water. No sooner had they gained the opposite side than they were received by a furious fire from the hedges and ditches. Advancing still undismayed, the Irish retired, and drew them imperceptibly on to their main body. Here they were assailed in front and flank, numbers were killed, and some driven back into the bog.

Count ——, Henry's acquaintance, was with his regiment in this attack. He was always reputed a man of courage, and seemed on this occasion to maintain his character. But, in the last furious assault, he was hurried back with the retreating party : and, after the battle ended, he was found in a ditch under a number

of killed and wounded. He had only one slight cut in the arm, and accounted for the position in which he was discovered, by saying he had been thrown down stunned, and unable to rise from the weight over him. This may have been fact ; but there was some who thought, or affected to think otherwise. Much surmise and no little ridicule prevailed on the subject ; and, as he was regarded in a rather suspicious light, he threw up his commission, and determined to return to the continent.

While the centre was engaged, as we have said, Talmash, with the cavalry, pushed on through a dangerous pass under the enemies' fire to the relief of the infantry ; and, being joined by Mackay and others, bore down all opposition. St. Ruth rode from the hill leading a body of cavalry against them, but was killed by a cannon ball. The cavalry halted for a moment, and returned to their former station ; while the English pressed forward, drove the enemy to their camp, and pursued them for three miles, till night terminated the slaughter. For his service in this engagement, Henry received, with several others, the marked thanks of the General.

Ginckle advanced through a desolated country to Galway, which it was deemed necessary to reduce before any attempt could be made on Limerick ; and, after a slight resistance, the town capitulated. Very favourable terms

were granted to the inhabitants, contrary to the expressed wish of some of the English officers.

The army was then marched towards Limerick, the last stronghold of James ; and, on the capture of which, hinged the dominion of Ireland, perhaps of England likewise. Though the besiegers knew it not, the garrison was grievously divided by intestine contentions ; whilst the promoters of peace, and the partizans of war, the French and Irish parties, contended for superiority.

Still there was no one bold enough to talk of surrender ; and, therefore, on the 25th of August, the siege commenced. The two forts, called Cromwell's and Ireton's, were soon in the hands of the besiegers ; but little progress was, however, made. Even when a large breach was effected, by which one hundred men might enter abreast, they feared to avail themselves of it, as the besieged had made entrenchments within, and were nearly equal to themselves in number.

The artillery continued to play upon the town in several directions ; bombs and red hot shot poured on them like hail. The houses crashed about the wretched inhabitants, burying many in the ruins, while flames burst out in various quarters, and were with difficulty extinguished. Most of the people hurried with such effects as they could remove to the

King's Island, which is formed by the Shannon and Abbey rivers. And from its situation being low, and encompassed on all sides by water, this was deemed the most secure portion of the town, and most inaccessible to the besiegers. A skilful gunner had been posted on the roof of the cathedral, and had caused much mischief in the English camp, until the batteries were directed against it ; which soon dismounted the gun, and killed the gunner ; when Ginckle directed that this venerable edifice should be spared.

The persevering opposition displayed by the garrison, caused a debate on the part of the besiegers, whether it would not be better to turn the siege into a blockade ; but, in order to effect this, the town must be invested on both sides of the river ; for this the forces were not adequate. However, it was resolved to pass the Shannon to the county Clare side, by night, in order to cut off the supplies of the garrison ; and, accordingly, a considerable force, under Generals Scravenmore and Talmash, was despatched with six field-pieces and six hundred workmen, with pontoons and every necessary apparatus.

At nine o'clock, they marched to Corbally. The night was pitch dark ; still they commenced, at twelve, to lay their bridge across to an island whence the river was fordable to the Clare side. At daybreak, the work

was completed, and the entire force having crossed without opposition, took post in some old walls and houses. The cavalry of the Irish, who were encamped in this quarter, were thus completely taken by surprise; their horses were at grass, and the men altogether unprepared. Yet Colonel Clifford, who had the command, advanced with his men dismounted, and endeavoured to take the English in flank. His men, however, did not stand the charge of the cavalry, but fled in confusion to a wood, whence they retreated to Limerick; but finding the portcullis down, and admittance refused, they returned to their camp to remove what effects they could, and then retreated into Clare. The English, advancing cautiously to the camp, found it abandoned, but there was a plentiful supply of beef and brandy in it, which to them was most seasonable.

At this period, Henry received a letter from Mrs. Carlton, stating that Adelaide had just been confined, was doing well, and that a fine little boy would be waiting to welcome him on his return, which she hoped would be soon. It conveyed to him the expression of Adelaide's love and desire to see him quickly. If he could possibly have left his regiment on receipt of this, he would have gone to Dublin for a few days; but no one could be spared, and he dared not, under peril of dishonour, prefer a request for such a purpose. He was,

herefore, obliged to content himself for some time longer.

After taking the Weir Castle, there now remained no enemy in this quarter but the garrisons in the forts at Thomond Bridge. Still, comparatively, little progress had been made towards capturing the town. The artillery continued to play on it in a direct line from Lackay's fort, yet without further effect than the destruction of life and property. Another attack from the Clare side was resolved on, and the General determined to be present at it. The pontoons had been removed nearer to Thomond Bridge, and on these, fourteen pieces of cannon, ten regiments of infantry, with all the horse, crossed the river. They advanced, with little opposition, to within musket-shot of the bridge, and commenced a furious attack on the works; a heavy fire was kept up against them from King John's Castle; while incessant discharges of muskets from the works and the adjacent quarries thinned their ranks. The Irish were met with undaunted bravery by the assailants, and driven back to the walls. A reinforcement now issued from the city, and the English line wavered for a moment, but it was only for a moment: the encouraging words of their officers who urged them on to the bridge, and their own native courage, prevailed.

Henry was seen amidst the throng; waving

his sword, he cheered his men to the attack, and stepping before them, set his foot on the bridge, followed by his regiment, who now, crowded in a narrow space, became a compact body, incapable of being driven back by the fury of their enemies. The Irish fell fast, almost choking, with their bodies, the narrow passage, whilst the assailants drove them, foot by foot, back to the gate. The French major, who commanded there, with cold-blooded policy, let down the portcullis, fearing the English would enter the town pell-mell with the fugitives. A most sanguinary slaughter ensued; for a time, quarter was neither asked nor given. Pent in this narrow space, numbers were precipitated over the bridge, or leaping in, to avoid the swords of the enemy, met death in the rolling tide of the majestic Shannon.

About eight hundred of the Irish perished in this sanguinary encounter; there were but few prisoners. While the contest still raged but was nearly drawing to a close, Henry, whose ardour urged him onward, was engaged with an officer of the enemy; and just as he had mastered his adversary's sword, a ball came from the besieged and broke his arm above the elbow. His sword dropped, and his arm hung powerless at his side. His adversary was about to take advantage of the disaster, and recovering his weapon, grasped it short, with the intention of plunging it into

his body. Henry stood looking defiance, though his doom appeared sealed, when a blow from the butt end of a musket descended upon the head of his assailant, who reeled and fell. He knew not who was his deliverer, for exhaustion and pain overcame his strength, and he sunk into the arms of his friend, who, aided by some men, bore him from the scene of action to a place of safety, where the surgeon was quickly in attendance. When his arm was dressed and bound up, he asked to whom he was indebted for his rescue, and was answered, that a gentleman, whom they did not know, had been the person, who seeing his danger, had snatched a musket in the mêlée, and prostrated his enemy ; that he had helped to convey him thither, and had only just gone out, promising to return immediately.

He did return, and approaching his couch, asked how he felt. Henry looked at him, and exclaimed : “ My God, it is Edward ! ” He turned his face aside, while a flood of mingled feelings passed over his soul, and deprived him of utterance.

“ Henry,” said his friend, “ you are now too weak to see or converse with me. I know you have much to say and to inquire ; and if you will only allow me to be your nurse till you are a little recruited, I shall tell you all that has befallen us since you left.”

“ My dear Edward,” said he, “ you were

always kind, always generous ; but you know not on how unworthy an object your kindness is lavished. I do not deserve that the friend of my younger and more innocent years should notice me. I am faithless and perjured, and I know not but that my conduct has been the means of breaking the purest and the fondest heart that ever beat."

"Spare yourself, my friend ; you are still tenderly regarded by her to whom you would allude. She does not accuse or censure you ; but prays that your union may be happy—happier than she could make it ; though I will not conceal from you that her health received a desperate shock on the first intelligence of it. You must, however, inquire no more at present, but when your body is refreshed, and you have recovered calmness, I shall fully satisfy you on every point." Thus saying, he retired, and leaving his own servant to attend the invalid, returned to his quarters.

In order to account for Edward's timely appearance, it is only necessary to state that he had arrived, a few days before, with a convoy of ammunition, from Cork, and not wishing to make himself known to Henry, had not sought him out ; but desirous to take part in the operations then going on, he had asked and obtained permission to join as volunteer in that day's glorious achievement. Thus he had been on the spot, and observing his former

friend's unbounded ardour, he had kept near him, with some unaccountable presentiment that his aid might be necessary.

On calling next day, he found Henry much calmer, and able to converse about past events with a degree of quietness, which could hardly be anticipated. There was not a particular, relative to Mary, which he did not inquire into ; her wonderful escapes and her distresses ;—but on hearing the insolence and brutality of M'Carthy, despite all his assumed calmness, he would start and indignantly exclaim against the ruffian ; and it was as much as his friend could do to keep him quiet at such parts of his narrative ; so that it appeared manifest, that the fascination and brilliant qualities of his wife had only eclipsed for a time, but had not extinguished his early and deep-rooted attachment to Mary.

Edward made no inquiry, nor did Henry volunteer anything, relative to his partner ; and when they had conversed for some hours, the former departed, leaving the patient to court repose, which he did in vain ; sleep fled from his pillow, thoughts many and painful came crowding on him. He called to mind the happy days he had passed in Bandon,—the sweet and gentle manners of her, who was now lost to him for ever ; the innocent and guileless converse which they used to hold in their quiet walks, sanctioned by parental au-

thority and unembittered by guilt ; the contrast of his partner, with her he had deserted ; —the one all gentleness, affection, and kindness—the other aspiring, cold, and unfeeling ; the one constant in her attachment, the other changeful and uncertain. There was, indeed, a degree of dazzling beauty and brightness about Adelaide, which Mary possessed not, for she was not one whose appearance would strike a casual observer ; but whose face calm and gentle in its lineaments gained insensibly on your regard, and when lighted up by the smile of affection, or glistening with the tear of sympathy, was pleasing as the silvery moon, though it wanted the dazzling brightness of the sun.

The scenes he had gone through within a few moments seemed to him as a dream, he could not believe they were real ; he was on a pallet in a camp, with the din of arms in his ears, and the roar of artillery thundering around him ; and Edward, his early friend, with whom came old scenes and strange recollections, was beside him. It was but as yesterday since he had seen him ; and how much was crowded into that brief space ? He tried to banish those thoughts—he could not ; he tried to think of his wife and child as a father and a husband ; but there was some busy demon about him, which ever drove him back to his plighted word and broken vow. He tried to pray, but thoughts turned into the

bitterness of anguish, and the words into a curse on the evil destiny which had come upon him. Thus he wandered from one subject to another, till, his mind becoming confused, he forgot his wounded arm, and rolled himself on the couch, but was called to a sense of his bodily infirmities by the writhing pain which arose from his displacing, in the uneasy motion, some portion of the dressing. The servant was aroused by a groan thus extorted from him, and had to summon the surgeon to replace the applications. He gave a composing draught to the sufferer, under the influence of which, he fell into a heavy slumber.

On awaking, he found Edward seated by his bed, and watching him with anxious looks ; he ventured to inquire, hesitatingly, if Henry would not wish to have his wife informed of his state ? He started, looked at his friend, as if to search his thoughts ; but meeting the anxious and honest look of Edward, he mused an instant, and then said, “ Yes ;—but who will do it ? ”

“ I will,” he replied, “ if you will let me know where she is to be found.”

This was done, and a short letter was soon written to Mrs. Carlton, requesting her gently to break the tidings to Adelaide ; this was despatched by a special messenger, who travelled under the protection of a party going to Dublin with despatches from the General.

When the surgeon arrived, he seemed to be surprised at the condition of the patient, and calling Edward aside, told him that he was apprehensive of fever ; he prescribed such remedies as he deemed necessary ; before his return, in the evening, the symptoms had become more marked, and the disease had manifestly set in. Edward now scarcely left his friend except for a short time to breathe the pure air, when he would again return, sit beside his couch, watching his slightest wish, and anxious to anticipate it.

Meantime, the besieged, despairing of the promised succours from France, beat a parley, and made proposals for surrendering the town, on certain conditions. These were considered ridiculously unreasonable by General Ginckle, who then proposed a basis on which he would agree to treat with them. After some days, every necessary arrangement was made, and the English forces took possession of the place.

Tidings of the intended surrender were soon carried to Dublin ; and whilst Mrs. Carlton and Adelaide were preparing to set out, they heard of the event having taken place ; this decided them, and in two days more they reached Limerick.

Henry was now near the crisis of his disease, and his mind wandered greatly. He raved about former days and scenes,—his intercourse with Mary—his attachment to her;

his regret was constantly the subject of his wandering thoughts. When Edward heard of the arrival of his wife and mother, he met them, and introduced himself as the person who had written to them, and as a friend and townsman of Henry.

They thanked him warmly for his kindness, and expressed a wish to see Henry, forthwith. Begging that they would compose themselves, while he went to see if his friend was in a state to meet them, he entered the sick room, and endeavoured to rouse Henry to a knowledge of his visitors and banish his wild ravings; for a while, it was vain, he understood nothing and did not seem sensible who was speaking to him. Coming out, Edward prepared them to meet his friend as well as he could, telling them of the aberration of his mind, and the strange fancies which passed through it; perhaps he outstripped prudence by cautioning Adelaide against any jealous feeling, should she hear Mary's name. She looked keenly at him for a moment, and said abruptly,

“It needs not, Sir, to tell me so much; the distressing circumstance itself will be perhaps more than I can bear, without your dwelling upon the unpleasant tidings.”

She followed him to Henry's apartment, leaning on her mother, and approaching his bed, called him by name; he had been mut-

tering to himself, with his eyes fixed on vacancy, when he started at the sound of her voice, and staring on her said,

“ Yes, yes, you are come ; but, Mary, you were long away ! You think I don’t love you, Mary ; but I do, and you must be mine. Hah ! well I am married ; but let me whisper you, Mary,” and he made an effort to rise, while Adelaide drew back ; he seemed to recover his recollection a little, and looking at her said, “ Well, well, you are come to claim me. You are my wife, yes, wife ; but I don’t love you, like Mary. Go, go, from me,” he then sunk into an indistinct kind of mutter.

Adelaide looked at Edward who turned away his head. She raised her eyes towards her mother, who stood in horror and amazement ; and then said, “ Mother, I have been imposed on and made a dupe to this man’s ambition, and, perhaps accused by some country damsel of depriving her of her unprincipled swain.” Edward had withdrawn at the commencement of the sentence, for he anticipated a very unpleasant result which he was not desirous to witness. Her pride, ambition, vanity—all the dominant passions of her nature were aroused. She caught, at a glance, that a previous attachment had existed, which was not erased by his marriage with her ; she was disposed to attribute this to the worst, and most

ordid motives. She could not bear the thought, that any individual breathing should be put in comparison with her, and reign in his mind where she ought to be supreme.

It was in vain, that her mother protested her ignorance of any attachment previously existing—that she attributed Henry's incoherent expressions to the ravings of disease, and told her they were not to be noticed. Nothing could do, and she left the apartment in a state of excitement which was terrific.

On arriving at her lodgings, she locked herself up for several hours to brood over her imaginary wrongs; and when she appeared again, declared her intention of returning to Dublin the next day. This barbarous resolution Mrs. Carlton combated as far as she could; nay, she even cast herself on her knees, and entreated her daughter to change it; but she was resolute, and as the weak-minded woman had been accustomed to submit to her whims even when a child, she, after some hesitation, between her sense of duty and doating fondness for an only child, was obliged to comply.

She, however, sent for Edward, and in a private interview endeavoured to smooth the harshness of her daughter's decision, stating her anxiety to return to her infant, which she had left ailing; the inutility of her presence to Henry who had so good a nurse in him, with many other frivolous pretexts to which

he listened with impatience and disgust, merely saying, "that he supposed Adelaide had satisfied her own mind with such reasons; but that humanity, religion, and duty required a far different one; at the same time, he let her know his suspicions of the real cause, and that a time would come, when bitter regret would follow her acting upon the ravings of an exhausted patient rather than the dictates of reason and duty. When she seemed disposed to press him, relative to the fact of Henry being attached to another, he at once sternly refused to speak on the subject, and rising abruptly, made a cold and distant bow and took his leave.

He saw them no more; but continued to attend, with the utmost zeal, to the illness of his friend who began gradually to recover from his disease; yet, his weakness was such, that even after the delirium of fever was past, and he was gradually improving, Edward was not allowed to speak to him on any exciting topic. It was a source of great anxiety to him, how he should break to Henry the unhappy circumstance resulting from his ravings during the paroxysm of fever. As soon as he could sufficiently collect his thoughts, he asked for his wife, and whether she had come to see him. Edward, without violating truth, parried the inquiry, by speaking of the difficulty of an unprotected female, travelling in the actual

state of the country, the necessity of attending to her infant, and other things which he thought might satisfy his mind, until his strength was sufficiently restored to bear the unpleasant tidings. He told him of the surrender of the city, and having turned his thoughts into that channel, they conversed, for some time, on the state of public affairs. Yet, as his strength increased, his uneasiness also increased in proportion, and Edward saw he could not delay the intelligence of Adelaide's conduct. He, therefore, mentioned the strange things Henry had said in his delirium and the strong attachment which he professed to retain for Mary. There was no reply to this, but a heavy sigh. But when he stated that his wife and mother had been here, and that they had heard his ravings, with the dissatisfaction of Adelaide at the discovery, and this in the least offensive and mildest manner he could, Henry started up in the bed, and said, "She was here, then, and saw me lie in sickness and suffering, and abandoned me to die because of the foolish words of delirium. Heartless, ungrateful, unfeeling woman ! May she know what it is"—but here he was stopped by his friend who laid his hand upon his lips, and told him, in strong but kind words, not to call down the wrath of Heaven on himself, by cursing the woman whom he had sworn to protect and

cherish. He then endeavoured to show that an explanation from himself, with an overture for reconciliation acknowledging his fault in not having apprised the family, in some shape, of a previous attachment, would be likely to heal the breach, and restore harmony again between them. He conjured him, for the sake of his child, his character and future peace to do this. Henry made no reply, but continued to brood over the circumstances, which evidently had the effect of retarding his recovery ; still he progressed slowly, and after some days was able to leave his bed. When convalescent, he told Edward that he would adopt his advice, and write explanatory letters to his wife and Mrs. Carlton. This was done, and the letter was despatched. For some days, while waiting a reply, his uneasiness was extreme ; he often said he would not wait the answer but set out himself, and by an interview effect more than any letter could ; he was prevailed on to stay, and after the lapse of a week, a letter was handed to him, which he saw was in his wife's hand-writing. He tore open the seal, and read as follows :

“ Sir,

“ When I consented to become your wife, it was under the impression that I was uniting myself to a man of honour and a gentleman ; how grievously I have been deceived in this

point, your own letter is a sufficient proof. That you have acted most basely to another you dare not deny ; and even, while the vows you made to me were still on your lips, your affections wandered back to her whom you had cruelly deserted. Yourself know best what your motives were ; for my part, I cannot see in them aught but what was groveling and sordid. I cannot, therefore, brook to degrade myself by living with a man whom I can never respect, nor shall I forget what is due to my own rank and station, by allowing myself to be pointed at, as one who possesses a husband that, in sight of God, belongs to another.

If your object in desiring forgiveness were, as I may well suppose it to be, a wish to share in my property, you shall not be disappointed, provided I am not insulted by your presence. I shall give my banker orders to pay you the half of my income annually.

“ I am, Sir,

“ ADELAIDE.”

Henry's passions were gradually rising, as he read this heartless production, but when he came to the cool and cutting insult in the end, he trampled the letter under his feet, and stormed like a madman. His friend found him in this state, and used every effort to calm him, almost without effect. He attracted his

attention to another letter, which came in the same parcel, but which he had not observed. It was from Mrs. Carlton, in which she explained that Adelaide had received a full account, from Bandon, of all his conduct towards Mary ; that she was violently excited, declaring she would never see him more ; but that she hoped time and her persuasions would at length, bring her to a calmer mind. She concluded by requesting him to do nothing rash, but to wait patiently, till he should hear from her again.

There was not much consolation in this letter, and yet it afforded some ground for his friend to work on. He entreated Henry to be patient ; and when he declared his determination forthwith to join the army, in Flanders, and leave his wife to her fate, Edward, with great difficulty, prevailed on him to defer his resolution for a short time.

CHAPTER VII.

WHEN Henry was fully restored to health, and his friend had seen him once more disposed to mix amongst his brother officers who were, for the most part, much attached to him, from his well-known gallantry and daring, he felt an inclination to return home ; there was an irresistible spell over him, which he was not disposed to break, and his heart was insensibly led to the one object on whom all his hopes, for a time, were placed, though he scarcely dared to promise himself the possession of that object. Still, having fully discharged the duties of friendship to one, he felt an uncontrollable desire to see his other friends ; and, having first exacted a promise from Henry not to move from Limerick, or adopt any plan, relative to his unhappy difference with his partner, without giving him some intimation of it, he took an affectionate leave of him, and returned.

He found Mr. Pierpoint in good spirits, but gradually declining in health. A considerable change, for the worse had taken place in his constitution, since he had seen him last ; for the terror and anxiety he had undergone had

so shaken his frame, as to leave him much debilitated. He, therefore, seldom stirred out; nor, indeed, did his infirmities permit him. Mary was, to him, everything, his nurse, his friend, and his solace; she read for him, principally, the word of God, and conversed on those solemn subjects which assume a ten-fold importance, as the journey to eternity approaches towards its termination. This delightful exercise not only conveyed comfort and joy to her parent, but showed her, more fully than ever she had before experienced, the true source, whence to look for support, in her own troubles. She became, therefore, if not cheerful, at least resigned, and thanked God, that he had removed the great weight of sorrow which once preyed upon her, and had now placed her hopes on a firm basis. The exertions which she made for her father's comfort, by affording occupation to mind and body, tended to produce that improved state, in which Edward now saw her.

Much did they converse together, about the stirring scenes through which he had passed, and many were the attempts she made to obtain from him some news of Henry. When she found his reluctance to enter on this topic, she said calmly—

“ You need not, Edward, through mistaken delicacy towards me, conceal what you must know of Henry's circumstances. I have heard some things by report, and I am desirous to

know, at once, the certainty of his state. It is not idle curiosity prompts the inquiry, nor any deeper feeling than a wish for his happiness ; and I am fully prepared to hear all you can inform me of—”

Thus appealed to, he could not refuse, especially as Mr. Pierpoint also pressed him, anxiously, to state the facts. He, therefore, detailed, with particularity, his career from his departure, till his marriage, dwelling fully on his distinguished bravery and conduct, which he had partly learnt from others, and partly seen. It was with reluctance, he entered on the subject of his marriage, or anything relative to Adelaide, and this he treated with as much delicacy as possible, especially, her conduct during his illness, and the separation between them.

Neither Mr. Pierpoint nor Mary made any remark on his narrative, further than to express a hope, that a reconciliation would soon take place, and a prayer, silently breathed by the latter, for his happiness.

Edward was now constantly with them, and it is not to be supposed that he neglected the opportunities thus afforded of ingratiating himself with Mary. Yet, so gently and delicately did he approach her, on the subject of his love, that she did not suspect there was more in his attentions than friendship and esteem ; and, before she was herself aware of it, she was learning to forget, and banish from her mind,

the image of her former lover, and to admit, in its place, another, more valuable and constant. Gratitude, the very best pleader, in such a case, wrought strongly in Edward's favour: she could not define her own feelings on the subject, though she did begin to make the attempt; she left it to time to decide what her course should be. Her father knew well the great object of Edward's visit, and felt thankful that he was likely, before his death, to see his beloved daughter united to a man, who had proved himself, in every way, worthy of her. When Edward mentioned the subject to him, it was received with undisguised pleasure, and he promised to take an early opportunity of speaking to his daughter. This he did the same day, as they sat together.

"My child," said he, "my good and dutiful child, my time is drawing to a close, and I must soon enter a world of spirits; but, ere I do, it is the most earnest wish of my heart, to see you settled in this world, with one who will cherish and love you, who will shield you in the hour of peril, and contribute, in every way, towards your happiness. I need not say that I mean Edward, who has long and faithfully loved you, and to whom we both are so much indebted."

"Dearest father," said she, "can you ask me to think of another, so soon after I have been so cruelly deceived and abandoned?—but, I must not censure him:—besides, Edward

knows too well my strong, perhaps, indelible love for Henry, to expect me to give him my affection, as he would wish."

"He knows, and is prepared for this ; but your esteem he always had. Your gratitude and mine he has also ; and he hopes, with your disposition, that short time will elapse, before you will find your happiness provided for, by an union with him. Of this, at least, he is fully persuaded, that if you can induce yourself to accept his heart and hand, you will make every effort to be all things to him which he desires."

"But Edward has never mentioned such a subject to me ; he has been, indeed, every thing that is kind and attentive ; still, he has not recently expressed more regard for me than he always did ; besides, may not the charge of fickleness be retorted, were I so soon to think of an union with another ?"

"My dear Mary, you did not, I am sure, mistake his attentions, though his delicacy and fear of offence prevented his speaking expressly on the subject ; and as to the charge of fickleness against you, it would be absurd, in the case of a man who has forsaken you, and been, for a considerable period, married to another. Do not, my child, do not suffer such foolish scruples to interfere with the happiness which is still in store for you ; and let me entreat of you to receive Edward, as his noble and generous conduct deserves."

“ Father, spare me a little, on this point, and do not press too much on my poor heart, which, even now, is almost bursting. Oh ! I will do anything, every thing you desire ; for you have been to me always kind, always indulgent, and I will endeavour to comply with your wishes ; but I must have a little time to re-collect my scattered thoughts.”

“ Well, my child, I shall not press you further ; but, be assured, were I not convinced that your happiness would be secured by this union, I would never mention it again.”

After this conversation, a day had elapsed before they again saw Edward ; he was informed by Mr. Pierpoint of the conversation with Mary, and was satisfied with the result. She received him with her usual quiet smiles, but betrayed a little more hesitation than she was wont to do in her conversation with him. This gradually wore off, and it was not many days, ere Edward had made so much progress in his suit, that she consented to become his in a few weeks. Her father was anxious to hasten the time, as his health declined rapidly ; consequently the marriage took place at the appointed time, with all the quietness and privacy which were deemed suitable and necessary under the circumstances. Mr. Pierpoint survived only a few months after it, and died in the arms of Edward, blessing him, and rejoicing in hope of a glorious immortality.

Her father's death cast Mary entirely on

her husband, for the full exercise of her affectionate disposition ; she learned to cling to him as the source of her happiness, to love him in return for his love, and to forget, in his fondness, the bitter events of her past years.

Edward had once heard from Henry, since his return. The letter was of a melancholy and desponding character, and stated that he had heard nothing from his wife or Mrs. Carlton, since they had first written. It expressed a carelessness on the subject, which it was manifest he did not feel ; and requested that a man of business might be employed to remit to him the half of what property he possessed in Bandon, as he had some notion of going to the continent : he also acknowledged the receipt of a letter, from Edward, in which he had mentioned his approaching marriage, spoke in the highest terms of Mary, and wished him more happiness than he himself enjoyed in the married state.

His request was complied with ; but it was not long before another letter arrived, written in a hurried and trembling hand, requesting a further remittance but giving no reason for it. Edward could only conjecture, that the former vice of gambling had been resorted to by his unhappy friend, and that he was pillaged by some sharpers. He, therefore, wrote in the kindest and most friendly manner, to warn and entreat him to be prudent ; but sending the required sum.

He received no answer to this letter, nor for some months did he receive any tidings of Henry, though he wrote, again, and again ; at last, he addressed a friend, in the city, requesting him to make inquiries on the subject, and after some time, received a reply, stating, that all he could learn was, that Henry had commenced a course of dissipation and gambling, from which he could not be roused by any remonstrance of his friends ; that falling by this means into disrepute with his commanding officer, he was compelled to resign his commission to avoid the sentence of a court-martial for some ungentleman-like acts committed in a fit of drunkenness ; that he had remained in the city till a few days previously, but, that, having received a letter from some quarter, which was not known, he appeared to be driven to frenzy on perusing it, and had set off, forthwith, on the road to Dublin. This was all that could be ascertained about him ; and Edward was left to conjecture what had become of the infatuated young man.

In order to explain this sudden movement, it is only necessary to state, that the letter which Henry received was from Mrs. Carlton, and in the following words :

“ My dear Henry,

“ I can scarcely hold the pen, whilst, from a dying bed, I address you, to tell the melancholy and disgraceful tidings which it is my unhappy

lot to communicate. Oh ! may God forgive me, for the foolish and wicked indulgence, which I have shown towards her, who now has deserted me, and will be the cause of my death. And, do you, Henry, pardon a dying woman the part she took in tolerating your separation from your wife. Adelaide is gone, gone with Count —— and left her child and me, her unhappy mother. Yesterday, she embarked for England, with that insidious and wicked man. Come and see me, that I may receive your forgiveness before I die, and that you may provide some protector for your child.

“ Your afflicted friend,

“ E. CARTON.”

It was a dark and stormy night, in the month of January, when the wearied and desolate young man arrived in Dublin. He had, without stopping for a longer time than while he could procure a fresh horse, pursued his journey, nor had he eaten food, from the hour of his departure, which was a day and a half ago. He was drenched to the skin, and covered with mire. The streets through which he rode echoed loudly and mournfully to the tramp of his jaded steed ; not a soul was stirring abroad, for it was past midnight. The wind whistled through the narrow streets and lanes of the metropolis ; the rain poured in torrents, and the storm rose louder and louder. But what was this to the tempest raging within his

bosom, or the tumult of contending passions? The darkness of a desolate heart was there—the sense of shame and conscious guilt. Anger, pride, remorse, hatred, and revenge swelled to their highest pitch, and rent his bosom with excruciating agony. Still he dashed onwards, till he came to the house his wife had inhabited. All here was still, but a light glanced from one window to another, as if some one passed hastily across. He knocked a thundering peal which startled the slumbering echoes and reverberated through the street. An affrighted domestic looked out, seeming afraid to open the door, until Henry called, in a voice of thunder, that he would burst it in, if it were not at once opened. Trembling, he undid the bolt, and the young man rushed in. Without waiting to inquire, he hurried from room to room, till he discovered that in which his mother-in-law lay. What a scene was here presented! The unhappy woman lay on the bed, supported by a female domestic, and apparently in the agonies of death; the nurse, with his infant son in her arms, stood near, whilst two or three female servants wept around. He advanced, stood beside her, spoke, but she replied not; he took her hand, the chill damp of mortality was on it. She endeavoured to turn her glazed eyes towards him, but the hand of death fixed them immovably, and she expired with one faint struggle.

A wild shriek burst from her attendants;

l the infant, which had been before all smiles unconscious of the dread event, affrighted the cry, now screamed aloud, and was ried out of the room by his nurse. Henry uld bear no more. His feelings were now ought up to the highest pitch ; previous gue and exhaustion, combined with the sent scene, totally overcame him, and he k upon the floor. The servants knew not o he was : but, after a moment's astonish- nt and fright, one began to recollect his son, and they used such means as restored a to sense. When they had prepared a l for him, he was induced to retire to it, er taking a slight portion of refreshment. slept for some hours, and awoke only to : clearly his desolate condition. He called for child, and it was brought to him ; he looked the smiling infant, and burst into tears. lieved in some degree by this, he began to ke inquiries, and discovered that, soon after : time of his illness, a present of foreign s and other articles had come to Mrs. rlton from the Count, that he had stated intention of being soon in Dublin, and had ived there a month after. His intimacy h Adelaide was renewed ; and as she was w without the protection of her husband, s became more remarkable. For a while : was, as before, the life and soul of that cle in which she moved ; by degrees, as

the tongue of slander began to give itself a greater license, she became a source of conversation amongst the married ladies and those who envied her beauty and accomplishments. The whisper went round, and cold looks were cast on her by many of her former flatterers. It was some time before she perceived this ; and only when her parties became deserted, and her numerous invitations to the parties of others dwindled to a few, did she awake to a sense of what she had entailed on herself. Still, her pride bore her up for a time, and she endeavoured to brave her maligners. This only made the case worse ; while the unprincipled man, who was the means of bringing her to such an humiliating state, not only secretly triumphed in the success of his scheme, but even openly boasted of his intimacy. When her fair fame had been thus destroyed, and the reality of her situation broke upon her mind ; pride, shame, and remorse began to struggle within her. She regretted her harsh rejection of Henry's explanation and apology, yet she could not expect he would now come, were she, under the present circumstances, to request it ; or did he consent, that he would not spurn her from him on discovering the cause of her application. Which side soever she turned, there was despair and horror.

Meantime, her tempter was not idle ; he soothed, flattered, amused, and when matters

were wrought up to the highest point, by seeing that her last respectable acquaintance had denied herself to her, and that now she should look to home and domestic resources for pleasure, whence she felt they were banished for ever, in an evil hour she consented to embark with her destroyer for England, leaving her aged mother and her infant child. Thus a mind, as high and proud as ever dwelt within a female bosom, and a spirit as lofty as ever aspired to human grandeur, were bowed low to the will of a profligate speculator in human weakness. Had there been a few bright rays of real affection and genuine feeling blended with the burning flame of her dominant passions; had there been a delicacy of moral sense cherished in her by her parents in early years, it might have availed to prevent her first step in impropriety; but the great and prevailing defect was a want of religious principle which alone can curb the violent passions of our nature or give a counterbalancing force to the temptations of sin.

Even when this sad event did happen, and she became lost, it was the act of a desperate person and not of one prompted by mere passion; it was the violent leap of one who casts herself down a precipice to avoid the pursuit of a savage beast.

The wily Frenchman cared little for the motives which prompted his victim to follow his fortunes. He was aware that Adelaide possessed

full power over a considerable income ; and he thought it would not be difficult to transfer that to his own hands. This was his motive ; and, except for the éclat of taking away one so much admired and so beautiful, he cared nothing for her.

About a fortnight after Henry's arrival in Dublin, as Edward and his amiable partner were seated at their comfortable hearth, they were aroused by the entrance of a female evidently wearied from a long and difficult journey, and bearing an infant, carefully muffled up. When she had seated herself, and could reply to their interrogatory who she was, she replied that she had travelled direct from Dublin, by the quickest conveyances that could be procured, and would hand him a letter which would explain the purport of her visit. This she did, and Edward read as follows :

“ My dear friend,

“ The person who hands you this is nurse to my child, which I confide to your care. I have now no other friend but you ; the mother and my wife have deserted her child and me for a villain ;—but I cannot enter into the vile detail—my brain is on fire, and I burn to be avenged. There is, I believe, sufficient of my little property still left to save my child from poverty ; but as I shall most probably never see him again, I conjure you to train him as I

know you will your own—in obedience and religion, and teach him to curb those passions which have been the ruin of his unhappy parents.

“ I will not press my request on you, for I know your heart. I am on the point of departing for England, determined to pursue the villain who has completed my ruin, through every corner of Europe, till he or I fall.

“ Farewell !”

When Edward had read this letter, he laid it by, and told Mary that the nurse and child before her were sent by a dear friend who was in trouble and obliged to commit them, for a time, to their care. She suspected who it was, and therefore could scarcely move from the chair on which she sat. Edward gave directions to have every thing comfortably provided for the nurse and her little charge. And when he and Mary were alone together, he, with as much delicacy as possible, named to her the actual purport and author of the letter, together with some particulars which he had learned from the nurse. She was deeply affected, and declared her resolution never to part with the child, but to rear it as her own.

They further learned from the nurse, that Henry had realized as much money as he could by selling the house and furniture to a broker; and, having bound her by a solemn oath to carry his child safely to Bandon, had then, on

the day of her departure, embarked for England. With regard to his intended route or movements, she knew nothing ; they were, therefore, left to learn in time what the unhappy young man's fate might be.

The fact was, that immediately after Mrs. Carlton's death, Adelaide's Irish agent had called on Henry, and, with all the delicacy he could, gave him such information as he possessed relative to his wife. He was a plain honest man, but endowed with a great deal of natural delicacy and feeling. The sum of his communication did not tend much to elucidate the mystery of her disappearance, nor to guide the inquiring husband to the object of his search. He had not any intercourse with her or her family further than the transactions of business, nor could he tell whither the steps of the fugitives were directed. Adelaide had, a short time before, notified to him that her English agent would communicate with him on the subject of her business, as she purposed soon to remove from Ireland, but assigned no cause for this change : he was, therefore, perfectly astounded, on hearing the fatal step she had taken.

He ventured to suggest to Henry the inutility and impropriety of trying to pursue them, but was met by a stern look and an impatient gesture, which showed the fruitlessness, on his part, of attempting to control or stem

the tide of direful passions contending within his breast. He left, with a deep feeling of the affliction brought on by the machinations of an unprincipled adventurer, and a heavy foreboding of the fatal consequences likely to result.

The evening was still and calm, as Henry moved hurriedly onward to the spot whence he should embark to commence his course of inquiries. He noticed none as he passed onward, for his thoughts were too busy and too ardently fixed on one terrible object—revenge. Mechanically he passed to the then rude and unfrequented quay, if such might be so called. Only a few loiterers strolled about the beach, seeming to be drawn thither by no motive but merely a desire to pass time, which hung heavily on their hands. The sailors were busily engaged in completing their arrangements, stowing away the cargo, and making all trim for the voyage.

He stood for some time looking vacantly on the busy scene, till roused from his thoughtfulness by a loud summons to come on board, as the ship was about to weigh anchor. He stepped hastily on deck, and in a few minutes more the canvass was lowered, the anchor weighed, and the vessel glided gently and smoothly from her place. The distance between him and his native shore gradually widened, till no more than a dark outline appeared on the verge of the horizon, while the buoyant

waves bore onward the frail bark which lightly skimmed over their surface as a thing of life. Henry leaned over her bulwarks in sad and painful musings. The thoughts of olden time rushed upon his mind: the quick glance of memory, ever busy when we least desire it, showed him the scenes and enjoyments of his boyhood, now gone for ever—the happy hours of his love to her whose confiding heart was his so fully; the pleasing converse with that loved one, when, as yet, he was free from the load of guilt which now pressed on his soul—his subsequent career of fickleness and vice, with the terrible result of his uncontrolled passions. The charms of Adelaide recurred to his memory as the blighting cause of his present misery. He blamed, accused, nay, almost cursed her in his heart; whilst he thought not of the guilt lying at his own door, or the deceit practised by him in forming that union. Man is disposed not merely to find excuses for his own conduct, but even to cast the blame altogether upon others, and pride himself on uprightness and integrity. Yet the shallow device seldom succeeds, and, despite all his fine drawn reasonings, a little truth must occasionally make its way through the dark and curious web of sophistry in which he envelopes himself.

Whilst occupied in this unpleasing retrospect and wrapt up in contemplation of his own misery, time was rapidly progressing, and the

deep blue sea on which he was borne retained not that placid look which it wore as he left the port. The billows swelled, but he heeded them not. The wind rose, but its blast passed unregarded ; the storm commenced, but he cared not for its violence. Still he thought or seemed to think ; he pondered or rather was hurried from one object to the other, as the store-house of memory opened its doors and, in wild confusion, sent its varied contents through the expanse of his imagination.

Still the elements rose into a terrific war, as if to mock the turbulent passions which raged within him, and now the blast howled loudly amongst the canvass ; the cordage rattled and the shrill boatswain's whistle pierced with its treble tones through the din of ocean's roar. He scarcely heeded the tumult, as he leaned over the bulwarks and looked vacantly on the waste of waters, till he was aroused by a rough voice at his elbow, at the same time that he was rudely shaken by some uncouth hand and asked why he looked on with indifference, whilst the ship was in danger of sinking. He shook off the grasp of the inquirer and, turning fiercely round, beheld their Captain who, with a face ashy pale stood before him, and said that it would require the utmost efforts to save the vessel. She had sprung a leak and the storm seemed to increase so much upon them, that should it continue, there was no chance for life ;

but if it abated and the pumps were well worked, they might expect to weather the gale. Henry hesitated not a moment, but hurrying to the pumps relieved one of the crew who appeared exhausted, and with almost superhuman efforts continued to labour at the work for the space of two hours, when he was told that the wind had abated, and it was settling down into a calm ; that the leak was now nearly got under, and all things wore a favourable aspect. He was then prevailed on to yield his post to another, and retiring to the cabin cast himself on a bench exhausted both in mind and body.

Without further impediment or trouble the passengers were landed at —— and Henry having gone ashore, after recovering from his fatigue, bent his mind to the one object which had brought him thither. His inquiries were pursued with activity, but the only account he could obtain of the fugitives was that a lady and gentleman, answering to his description, had landed there, at a time corresponding with the elopement, and had proceeded, as was supposed, towards London. Before he followed their steps, he deemed it necessary to have an interview with his wife's agent, and, therefore, turned from his direct route to the town where he resided. It was late in the evening when he arrived ; and desirous of losing no time he proceeded straightway to that gentleman's residence, which he had ascertained previous to

his departure from Dublin. It was a dark looking, and rather antiquated building, in a suburb, and seemed to be the abode if not of poverty at least of avarice. On being admitted, he was shown into a kind of office plainly furnished and containing desks, boxes and labelled drawers, with all the apparatus of business. The proprietor soon entered, and bowed with great complaisance, requesting his visitor to be seated. He was a small man of sharp visage, and keen grey eyes, with an expression of cunning peering forth, under his smiles and smoothed brow ; there was an air of smartness in his motions, and the remains of a pert and flippant manner, which long converse with the world, and the habit of obsequiousness to which he was accustomed, had so mellowed, as to be almost imperceptible to any but a close observer. The following dialogue ensued between them :

“ May I take the liberty of asking to what cause I am indebted for the honour of this visit?”

—A low bow was made with a look which expressed that he was prepared for any *honorable* pecuniary transaction, which might be introduced.

“ Sir, I fear you may be mistaken in the purport of my visit. I am come to request information on a subject of a distressing nature, in which I am concerned and which information I know you can afford me.”

“ I shall be most happy to oblige a gentleman of your appearance ; but my acquaintance with the world is very limited ; my influence is small (looking at the same time important) and my situation too humble to be of much service to any one. In fact I am quite a hermit in my poor abode here ; but may I ask how I can be of use to you ?”

“ You were acquainted with the late Colonel Carlton and his daughter.”

A slight start and a lowering of the brows here took place ; the former was only momentary, and the latter was soon smoothed into placidity. “ Yes I had the honour of transacting that gentleman’s business.”

“ You are aware that his daughter was married and doubtless, also, that she has left Ireland ?”

“ You will have the goodness to excuse my answering that question, as I am not aware why a stranger should make inquiries of me, relative to any person who honours me with business ; and, indeed, I make it a point to confine myself solely to that business and ask nothing concerning their movements. Perhaps you will favour me with your name ?”

“ Sir, my name is Henry Tresilian ; and when you hear that, you will know that I have a right to inquire into that lady’s movements.”

“ Oh ! I think I should know that name ; but really, amongst the many gentlemen who con-

fer with me, I cannot always be exact in my reminiscence."

The cool, provoking impudence of this reply nearly drove the unhappy young man furious ; and in a violent passion and high tone, he said,

" You know that I am the husband of that lady, and all your callous effrontery will not enable you to avoid my inquiry."

" Sir, you are rather warm and ill-timed in your language ; but suppose I have heard that a gentleman of that name was married to Miss Carlton, how can I know that you are he, or knowing that, how can I be called on to give any information about her movements, of which in fact I know nothing ?"

" This shuffling will not screen you. Where or when did you last see her, and in whose company ? Where are your letters and remittances to be addressed ? Answer me, and I want no more."

With imperturbable gravity, which only tended to provoke more the already tortured young man, he replied,

" There are several questions heaped together, which really confuse me. I am not accustomed to be thus interrogated ; nor do your boisterous manners accord with my habits. You must positively excuse me. I am not so far honoured by my patrons as to be made privy to their secrets ; nor if I were, should I be justified in disclosing them. In truth, it is surprising that a gentleman should come to me to inquire for

his wife. Do, pray, favour me with an explanation of this strange conduct.

This was too much. He rose from his seat, darted a furious look at the man for a moment whether he was a snake or the reptile under his feet. His smile still playing on his face, he remained unmoved, at the same time grasping a bell-handle which was near him.

"Do pray be calm, and attend to your business exactly as usual. My comprehension is too dull to catch any allusion thrown out; perhaps, you will excuse me."

"Unprincipled old viper! you are a fit pander for lust and avarice in your crawling course of life as you have lived—unfeeling and unfeared."

Thus saying, he strode off, leaving the old money-dealer standing as politely as if he had received from him a happy issue.

Not daring to trust him any longer there, Henry hurried into town. On his way he knew not nor cared to manifest that the ill-fated man had acted with a degree of coolness which showed premeditation and determination not to be reconciled.

"And yet," said he, "I have a lingering regard for me, for I was once a betrayer, and perhaps shall be again."

least, a suitable agent who, through sordid feelings, could enter into and co-operate with her in her vices ; for there could be no doubt, that he was able to give a clue to her present place of residence, did he choose it."

Whilst these thoughts passed through his mind, he was unconscious of having left the town behind him, and walked some distance into the country. Night was closing fast, and the gathering clouds darkened the last dim rays of the twilight sun, when he heard the report of a pistol close beside him, and starting, observed a person struggling with two ruffians, one of whom had his arm raised, and was on the point of dealing a heavy blow on the head of the assailed, with the butt end of a pistol. In a moment, Henry was at his side ; and ere the blow descended, felled the ruffian to the earth with his fist ; the other was soon mastered, when, securing both the robbers, for such they proved to be, the gentleman and he returned back to the town, and delivered them into the custody of the civil power. The rescued gentleman was a merchant, who, coming on business from London, had met with an accident, the vehicle in which he was travelling having broken down a few miles from the town of —, and as he was anxious to reach his destination, he had continued his journey on foot, when he was attacked as we have related. He had been

fired on without effect, by one of the bandits, on his attempting resistance ; but as he happened to have about his person a considerable sum of money, and was moreover a man of courage, he was resolved to make an attempt to save his life and property. Henry's opportune appearance had prevented the evil consequence which was likely to follow from the rencontre. This circumstance tended to turn his thoughts, in some degree, from the turbulence of passion which reigned over them before, and direct them into a new channel.

The gentleman whom he had rescued, proved to be a person of polished manners and good education; he had travelled much, in the prosecution of commercial enterprise, and not without observing accurately the habits and manners of men. He was fluent and agreeable in conversation, and without obtrusiveness, and attracted the attention of those with whom he conversed. It will be readily supposed, that his gratitude to Henry was shown by an invitation to his hotel ; in fact, finding him a stranger in the country, he insisted on arranging about his apartments and other requisite matters, while he stayed. It was long since Henry had met a friend or one who could regard him with esteem. Wed, for some months back, to the company of those who, being companions in sin, were linked to him only by such frail bonds as the slightest revol-

sion of self-interest would snap asunder, he remembered with regret the kindness of Edward, and hoped to find in his new acquaintance a substitute for his friendship.

It was not long before he ascertained that Mr. Ferguson, (this was the merchant's name), was about to return to London, where his family resided, and on receiving a pressing invitation to join him in his route, as it accorded with his previous intention, Henry agreed; preparations were soon made, and they proceeded on their journey in a private vehicle engaged for that purpose. During the journey, Henry was agreeably entertained by his new friend, with descriptions of the different domains through which they passed, accounts of the several noble families, and graphic anecdotes of the present proprietors, or their ancestors; so that his mind was, in a great measure, diverted from gloomy thoughts, and partially forgot its troubles.

“ I am going,” said Mr. Ferguson, as he approached London, “ to introduce you to my family. You will find them such as are not always met with—loving and united; they are but four in number, my wife, two daughters and my only son, who has just entered Oxford. Mrs. Ferguson will bless you for bringing back, safely, her too inconsiderate husband, and my girls will thank you, that they are not fatherless. It is a delightful thing to return to one's

home, after fatigue and pain, by smiling and happy face, sit by one's cheerful hearth, cents of love. You must come with me to see my country. Observing a cloud pass over his brow, he added, "I have affliction presses heavily on me, inquire into its cause and you in charge to Mrs. Ferri. With the help of my loved girl, I will overcome my troubles, or at least allay them. And look, we are not far from pointing to a neat villa, not far from the city," that is not far from the city, but I have lived long in the city, but I have blessed my honest endeavor to give my family the best of country exercise and the best of house you now see. It is not glorious, but it is comfortable. It is better, contains within it guileless hearts."

Henry scarcely replied to him otherwise than by thanking him warmly, and accepting his offer. The past came over his mind, which he had cast from him. He had had a happy and cheerful life, but his own folly and recklessness had brought together a feeling of regret

was a discontented and envious sensation, that others should possess the felicity of which he was deprived.

Mr. Ferguson tried to rouse him, and partially succeeded, when they arrived at his dwelling ; but few minutes past, when his family hurried to meet him, and hung on his neck with affectionate fondness. He introduced Henry, told them he was deeply indebted to him, and that they should receive him as his preserver. It needed not so much ; he was welcomed by all, with the greatest cordiality, and in the most kindly manner, and it was not long before he found himself at home with the family who tried, without intruding on his private thoughts, to render his stay agreeable in every respect.

CHAPTER VIII.

ABOUT a week after this, as Mr. Ferguson and his lady walked about their little lawn, conversing on various topics, she said rather abruptly, "Are you acquainted, my dear, with Mr. Tresilian's family or connexions? or what his object in this country is?—He is manifestly a gentleman, and speaks occasionally of having held a high rank in the army, and of his services in Ireland. Do you know whether he still retains his military rank, or whether he possesses any property?"

"It really never entered into my head to inquire," said the husband; "and you know, under the circumstances, (even did I not take a particular liking to him), I could not avoid asking him here.—But I cannot be mistaken in thinking him a man of honour; why do you ask me?"

"I can scarcely assign a reason; he is, I am persuaded, a man of honour, but there is some mystery about him, and I do not like mysterious people;—though he makes himself exceedingly agreeable, and is scrupulously polite, more especially to me. But have you

perceived any change in our Emily ; she appears to me not so gay and cheerful, as she was wont to be ?”

The anxious father started and looked at his wife, “ It cannot be,” said he, “ she never had a thought apart from us ; she surely has not taken a fancy to this stranger, for though I should have no objection to bestow her and her fortune on a deserving man whom I knew thoroughly, yet, whatever opinion I may form, there is no certainty about our guest’s character and rank.”

“ You take the matter too seriously. It may be mere fancy, on my part, about Emily,” she replied, “ yet we must be careful of our child’s peace ; and you know mothers are always more suspicious on such subjects than fathers.”

“ I trust, my dear, there is no ground for your suspicions ; and do not distress poor Emily, by mentioning it, until you have observed more closely ; meantime, I shall endeavour to draw our guest into some explanation, relative to his own affairs and prospects.”

Thus ended this conversation ; but the matter to which it referred was of a more serious character than either apprehended. Emily Ferguson was of a gentle and confiding temper ; not knowing in herself what deceit was, she never suspected it in others. She had been reared by the most affectionate parents, and returned their love with more than filial

affection. Altogether unacquainted with the world, she was not prepared for its wiles, but believed that those who professed regard really felt what they professed. She was too delicate and fragile to bear long the shock of adversity and, having a disposition to like what was amiable and generous, she was drawn insensibly to any one in whom these qualities appeared. She was fair, surpassingly fair; and there was about all her movements an indefinable air of grace and elegance, which she had learned, not from society, but from nature, which was not borrowed from the manners of the world, but was all her own. Henry had been struck with her appearance at first, and began to trace in her a resemblance to his first betrothed love. The idea grew upon him, and seemed as a spell, which he could not shake off. It was in vain that he thought of the unhappy circumstances in which he was placed, and urged himself to follow up his purpose of vengeance. He was chained and riveted to that spot, and could not move. His sense of propriety and honour had been long since blunted, for it is astonishing with what a precipitate course poor human nature is driven on, when the first step in guilt and dishonour has been taken. Thus, this ill-fated young man, wrought on by a whirlwind of contending passions, and losing altogether the helm of reason and religion, was driven onward by

whichever feeling, for the moment, obtained the mastery. It was too true that Emily's demeanour was in some respect changed, and her cheerfulness lessened ; and though she scarcely knew why, strange sensations passed through her mind, which she could not define. She was much in company with Henry at this time ; she liked to hear him describe the scenes through which he had passed, and the different perils of the late war in Ireland ; but it was always with a feeling of the deepest compassion and sorrow for the evils attendant upon war. She often thanked God that He had given her a peaceful and happy home, far away from the rude scenes which occurred in the sister island.

It was immediately after the preceding conversation, that Mrs. Ferguson took an opportunity gently to ascertain whether her beloved daughter's mind was prepossessed in favour of Henry ; and though Emily spoke with perfect openness and candour, and was not conscious of speaking untruly, when she led her mother to think that she had no peculiar regard for their guest, yet her experienced parent saw, that if not already matured, there was a ripening passion in her daughter's heart. It was very difficult to decide what ought to be done ; a few more days elapsed, and Mr. Ferguson had a conversation with Henry, in which he repeatedly hinted a desire to be acquainted

with his present circumstances, and, in the kindest manner, expressed a wish to be of service. He received no satisfactory reply, but had his overtures listened to with coldness or indifference. He now felt himself in a most unpleasant predicament. It was not in his nature to treat any one unkindly, much less the man who had saved his life. Yet his beloved child's peace was dearer to him than any seeming charge of inhospitality, and he was gradually making up his mind to request a positive explanation of Henry's circumstances or to intimate that he should change his abode, when a circumstance occurred which hastened his decision. He was accustomed to go into the city every day, at a certain hour, to his counting-house, and return in the evening. Henry sometimes walked with him and, spending the day in viewing the wonders of the metropolis, returned when he was disposed, or waited for his friend till business was over.

He had been now nearly a fortnight living with his new friends, and every day was making greater progress in poor Emily's affection, whilst he daily became more hardened to the result of the terrible deception he was practising. Calling at Mr. Ferguson's office, in the evening, on entering, he started as if a serpent had stung him, and standing for an instant, looking at a gentleman who was engaged in business with his friend, rushed hastily out of

the room. The gentleman raised his head, and showed the placid and well-trained features of Adelaide's agent with whom he had the interview at the town of ——— Mr. Ferguson, surprised at Henry's emotion and abrupt departure, called to him to return, but he heard him not. He then turned to the other for an explanation, which he soon obtained.

It is necessary to say, that this worthy gentleman, being anxious to raise a sum of money for one of his patrons on a mortgage, and not having so much as was required, had come to London and applied to the firm of Ferguson and Co. on the subject. It was on this business he was occupied, when the recognition took place. Had Henry not betrayed himself, it is possible the other might have passed him by, as his policy was not to discover the secret in his keeping; but when Henry's agitation rendered an explanation necessary, it was given with such a colouring as made Mr. Ferguson tremble with anxiety and fear. It was this: that Henry had been married to a lady of large property, whom he had treated with insult and barbarity, so as to cause a separation; that she had retired to the continent to avoid further ill usage, and when Henry had called on him to demand her residence, or to be put in possession of her property, on his refusal, he had threatened his life, and, but that assistance was at hand, he would have committed violence on him.

Mr. Ferguson had scarcely strength to listen to this explanation and to say how he had become acquainted with Henry, when the other threw in a gentle insinuation that it was not unlikely he was confederate with the robbers. Gross as this supposition was, the circumstances were so strange that it was not altogether improbable.

In a pitiable state of mind, Mr. Ferguson returned home and met, on his arrival, Henry walking with his daughter before the house; it was plain that the subject of their communication was a painful one, for she looked flushed and tremulous. He took his daughter's arm within his, and led her into the house, called for her mother, and having begged she would look to Emily, said he wished to be alone with Mr. Tresilian. Henry met him with a dogged and unbending resolution to persevere in his deceit. When he heard briefly from Mr. Ferguson the change against him, he denied it all, and with truth, except the fact of his wife's departure, and said, that as she had eloped with another, he deemed himself at liberty to marry again, though not legally divorced. Mr. Ferguson was greatly shocked at the looseness of principle shown in his speech, and would not condescend to argue on such a subject. He only said, "Mr. Tresilian, you saved my life I believe, and yet there are strange surmises about even that; however, I shall

not doubt you in this point. I was not ungrateful, you have been, and might still have been an inmate of my family, were you deserving of it. I shall not enter into the afflicting and unpleasant circumstances of your history. I have acted with the utmost openness and candour towards you ; your conduct has been the reverse. You have tried to gain the affections of my innocent child, I trust in God you have not succeeded ; for oh, what would be her fate united to such a man ! Go in peace, whilst there is yet time, and ere you bring disgrace and misery on a family hitherto happy and pure. Go, and do not again intrude on our humble home ; you shall have my pardon for all that is past ; but do not, oh ! do not heap on your head the guilt of being the destroyer of innocence." He burst into tears, and hid his face in his hands. The father and husband overcame the steadiness of the man, and he wept like a child. Moved by his distress, Henry declared his resolution to depart ; but, when he called to mind the unjust charges and cruel insinuation against him, he looked on himself as a persecuted man, forgetting, in the violence of his feelings, that all was attributable to his own misconduct. And he said, " I cannot go till I see your daughter, and explain, in some respect, my innocence of the charges against my character ; allow me but that, and I will retire."

" Never," said the father, " shall your eyes

look on her again. I will save her, at least, from that degradation ; better she should be laid in her grave, in the purity of her heart, than be once tainted by your offensive explanations ! I require that you leave my house forthwith. I cannot be longer detained from my precious family by your unwelcome presence."

Goaded on by such language, the young man started up and swore he would find a means of seeing her or perish in the attempt. He then strode out of the room and hurried into the city. Mr. Ferguson found his wife and daughter in tears ; they knew some unpleasant tidings had been conveyed to him relative to Henry and as he had some conversation with Emily previous to her father's return, her mother had requested to know the substance of it. She concealed nothing from her kind parent ; but told her that he had, in a very hurried manner, said there were many enemies who desired to injure him, that her father might probably hear some charges against him, which were quite unfounded ;—that he hoped, she, at least, would believe him honourable and guiltless ;—that he would soon be able to set things in a clear light, and baffle his enemies. Scarcely knowing what to think, and anxious to escape from his wild looks, she endeavoured to reply calmly, and expressed her good opinion of him ; he was pressing her farther on this point, when Mr. Ferguson arrived and relieved her from her embarrassing situation.

Mr. Ferguson briefly explained to his partner the departure of Henry and its cause; that he was not to return, and that all communication between him and Emily must be prevented at every risk. He knew it would be sufficient to mention this to his daughter, to gain her acquiescence even though it cost her a sacrifice; but he dreaded the measures, which a violent man, in a state of desperation as Henry was, might adopt. The strictest precautions were given to the servants to prevent his entrance, or any message from him being delivered. The next day, a letter came addressed to Emily, which her mother opened, and finding his signature, committed it to the flames. Mr. Ferguson now made arrangements to remove his family to a distant part of the country, for a few months, till the remembrance of this unpleasant matter should wear away, as he did not believe that any permanent impression had been made on Emily's mind, by the guest so unpropitiously introduced.

He had returned home, in the evening, and was seated with his family, over whom a degree of gloom, unusual in that once happy home, prevailed. Emily was endeavouring to resume her wonted cheerfulness, and converse with her affectionate father on whose bosom her head rested; but every effort seemed less and less successful, till she sunk into silence. Her

parent, according to his habit, called for the Bible, that he might read a portion of it for his family, and ask the blessing of the most High upon them, before they retired to rest. One of the servants, forgetting the strict injunctions laid on them, had opened the hall door to convey some message to a friend, when suddenly a voice was heard in angry tones demanding admission, whilst the servant entreated and insisted against it. Mr. Ferguson laid down the sacred volume, and hurried out. He found Henry there evidently half intoxicated and struggling with the man. Scarcely knowing what course to take he ordered him peremptorily to quit his house. The other insisted on seeing Emily for one minute, declaring he would then depart. Mr. Ferguson was firm against it, and said he should use violence if he would not retire ; still Henry persevered and said,

“I demand, once more, to see your daughter; it is the last time, and if you refuse, you will repent it bitterly.”

As there could not be any good purpose served by such an interview, the father replied,
“Never !”

Scarcely had he uttered the word, when the reckless man drew out a pistol, and applied the muzzle to his own forehead ; a flash, a report followed and, in an instant, he fell, whilst his blood and brains were spattered on the wall beside the horrified father. His family

rushed out in terror, not knowing what catastrophe had occurred ; one look was sufficient to explain the dreadful tale, and Emily, who had been only just able to reach the spot, fell senseless on the floor. Their principal attention was now directed to her ; she was taken to her room and after a time revived ; she looked vacantly about her but spoke not. In the examination, which ensued relative to Henry's death, it came out that he had been in a gambling-house, where he had drunk much, and lost a large sum of money, and he had come thence to the residence of Mr. Ferguson. Nothing more was known of his intentions or object in that visit. He perished by his own hand, the victim of unrestrained passions (F).

A small tablet in the wall of the parish church with these words on it

EMILY FERGUSON,
Aged nineteen,

sufficiently explains what is to be known of her who was involved in his ruin. She lingered for a few months, in a state of afflicting helplessness ; the shock had been too great for a being of so delicate a texture ; reason returned not to her seat, and she gradually withered and sunk, almost imperceptibly, into the slumber of death.

About twelve months subsequent to this, Edward O'Brien was seated in his comfortable

parlour ; as the evening
just able to walk, stooc
ing up with a sunny s
" Papa," whilst he en
understand some want
late prattle of infancy
and in her arms was a
posing in healthful slui
child of his friend, so
his care, the infant wa
contentment seemed t
family ; the world wa
and its endearments
strife or disagreement
nor did any uncontroll
the peace of their mind
gious principle, and g
tates, the current of
smoothly and unruffled

Our former acquaint
installed as major-domo
and said : " Troth, Sir
body here, wanting to
for the life of me, I can
says. 'Tis a curious k
after talking to me. B
would understand her, a

" I shall try, Murta
out. After a few min
said : " My dear Mary,
as there is a person at 1

important business with me ; but I shall return as soon as possible."

He went with the messenger, and on being introduced to a private room, observed a lady, apparently in the last stage of consumption, reclining on pillows, and appearing almost exhausted by some recent effort. She was tall and noble in her person, and even disease had not entirely obliterated the traits of beauty in that emaciated face, for the eye still flashed with remarkable brilliancy. Edward bowed and stood before her, waiting for her to commence the conference. She looked at him for a moment, and said :

" I believe I address Mr. O'Brien ?"

" Yes," said he ; " and I am come by the request of one who has, I suppose, been directed by you to summon me hither."

" Yes ; but pray be seated." She seemed to make an effort to overcome some powerful feeling, and after a few moments, proceeded in a faint and faltering voice :—" I have not many days, perhaps many hours to live, and I am desirous of doing an act of justice before I depart. You have in your charge the son of Henry Tresilian ?"

Edward started, but replied in the affirmative.

" Here, then," said she, " is the copy of a deed, which is duly executed and registered, leaving him what remains of his unhappy mother's fortune. You will take charge of it, and see the boy established in his rights, for they

may be disputed by other relatives. I could wish—oh God! what terrible reminiscences pass through my burning brain,” and she covered her face with hands that were almost transparent. “I could wish to see that boy, for I am his mother—oh what a mother! Still, the parent revives within me, and I must bear it. You despise, perhaps loathe me, and I deserve it; but I shall not long open these eyes on a world which is hateful to me.”

Edward needed no more to tell him that the once fascinating and brilliant Adelaide, was before him, now a poor withered, blasted creature, racked with shame and remorse, and quickly passing into eternity. But, did he stoically and unkindly turn from her in this her hour of anguish? No, Nature had given him a feeling heart, and religion had taught him not to break the bruised reed!

“Believe me,” said he, and tears rose to his eyes, “believe me, you are mistaken in my thoughts. You are weak and unable to bear my presence. But, if you permit me, I shall send one who will nurse you as a sister, and pour the balm of friendship into your afflicted mind. Allow me to call my wife; you will find her gentle and affectionate, and she will bring with her your little boy.”

“You are kind, very kind,” said she; “but I do not deserve this. Can she, think you, look on me without loathing?”

“Spare yourself; you shall find in her a

sister who will cherish and take care of you."

He rose, and saying that he would not be long absent, returned home, and quickly informed Mary of the facts. She hesitated not, but prepared at once to go on this mission of charity.

When Edward had introduced her to the invalid, he retired ; and meeting the loquacious Frenchwoman, her servant, without much inquiry, soon ascertained from her the following particulars :—

That she had been engaged to wait on the lady who was travelling, as she supposed, with her husband. For a while they seemed to live amicably ; but the Count was fond of play, and often lost large sums, on which occasions, he was always cross and violent. Altercations ensued ; he demanded supplies from the lady, which at first she gave. But as this could not continue long, he insisted that she should sell her property. She consented to dispose of a part ; but, on the demand being renewed, she positively refused. Words rose high between them, and he struck her to the ground ; and, but for the servant's interference, might have proceeded to further violence.

That night, Adelaide prevailed on her servant to quit the house, while he was out, and they proceeded for some distance on foot ; the weather was cold and rainy ; after a few hours' walk they had to take shelter in a cottage, and

though the ill-fated young woman was exhausted and unwell, she insisted next morning on proceeding towards the coast. They procured a conveyance, and journeyed on with all speed. Whether the Count pursued them, she did not know, but they succeeded in reaching England. Here, Adelaide was taken very ill, and finding she was not likely to live, she determined to settle her remaining property, as already stated, and endeavour to see her child ; which she effected with difficulty, as her health was so reduced, that it was dubious whether she would ever reach Bandon. Such was the substance of her story ; and Edward could not avoid reflecting on the retributive hand of God, as manifested in the narrative, on seeing the evils which sin entails on its unhappy votaries.

He waited for his beloved partner, and when he met her, she was dissolved in tears. She said, “ Edward, we must remove that poor sufferer to our own house ; she has not long to live, and there is much, very much, to be done. She has consented to come with me.”

“ Dearest !” said he, “ you are what you always have been—kind and generous. I expected this proposal from you, and shall at once carry it into effect.” He therefore summoned his servant, and a kind of litter was soon prepared, in which she was carried to his house that night.

She got a little repose, and in the morning

felt sufficiently strong to see her child, which Mary brought to her bedside. It was an affecting sight to view that repentant mother, with her child now restored to her arms. The little boy seemed to cling to her from the first, and nature to point out to him the author of his existence. She wept copiously, while he kissed the tears from her wan cheek, and it was with reluctance he was separated from her.

Mary was unremitting in her attention. She conversed with the invalid on serious topics ; she read for her the word of life, and succeeded in bringing her mind to comparative calmness. Her pride was indeed broken, her spirit bowed, and her heart softened. Mary ventured to suggest the propriety of her seeking further advice and aid from their pious pastor, which she readily consented to ; and from his experience, much good resulted. It was not long before she expressed a desire to participate in the communion, and the whole family joined with her in that sacred rite ; and, as their united prayers ascended to a throne of grace, they felt, indeed, that these were comfortable words which our Saviour Christ saith to all that truly turn to him :—" Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you."

About three weeks after her arrival, she gently breathed her last, on the bosom of her kind friend, and was interred in the churchyard of the parish. No stone marks the spot, nor

does any frail memorial point out either her sins or her bitter repentance. She sleeps amongst the surrounding dead, unknown and undistinguished.

No tidings ever reached Edward about his misguided friend. It was, perhaps, as well there did not, lest another cloud should pass over the sunshine of his domestic happiness, should Mary hear of the terrible catastrophe.

We have only to mention, in conclusion, that Murtagh and the lively Frenchwoman soon came to an understanding, although her gibberish had been so unintelligible to him at first. She had been provided for by Adelaide's will, and Edward added his portion. They, therefore, commenced their matrimonial career with every prospect of comfort.

NOTES.

(A). P. 153.

RAPPAREES.

THE existence and depredations of these miscreants, are almost too well known to need confirmation. All the histories of the period speak of their dreadful ravages, and "The history of the Rogues and Rapparees" is still one of the *moral* works by which the poor Irish peasantry are edified. Leland says, "that they were synonymous with the Creaghts, a roving tribe, who wandered about to find pasture for their kine, on whose milk they fed, and that the name Rapparee is derived from the title of a kind of half pike which they used." Yet, it is not very unlikely that the name might be derived from the Latin "Rapere" to snatch; at least, the sound and meaning have sufficient correspondence. The Irish soldiers frequently joined them, and encouraged their outrages. They were, at length, opposed by another body of marauders, who were, by way of distinction, called Protestant Rapparees.

(B). P. 173.

BLACK MONDAY INSURRECTION.

The circumstance from which the tale is designated, is that recorded in the text. As I suppose the disarming of Captain O'Neil, and his party occurred on Monday, the

Roman Catholics and friends above title. It occurred very in the story, and as there lives were lost. As it gave tresses of the townsmen, it give the name to the story.

(C).

M'CARTHY MC

I am not quite certain, but rather more credit in this than they deserved; however with the conqueror, were a money, was, it appears, advised Brady, who was a native of lator of the psalms into the our churches. It is reported The enormities committed least exaggerated in the sto tain from history or tradition they are frequently talked of

(D).

PI

However absurd such a law be thought, it existed, in fact upon by the Protestants, for until some of the liberal party enough to dispute it, and as had no power in the matter.

(E). P. 246.

THE SHOT.

The circumstance described in the story is not invention. I heard it from one, who, if now alive, might be about seventy years old, and whose father might have been in existence at the time it occurred ; at least, there were men in his day, whose fathers had seen the slaughter of M'Carthy More's men. The spot has been pointed out to me with all the particulars ; and I have no reason to doubt the fact of such a shot having been fired, and producing the effect mentioned ; nor does there appear anything very incredible in the matter.

(F). P. 316.

DEATH OF HENRY.

It is somewhere said, that "truth is strange, stranger than fiction," and if there be any thing strange in the circumstance narrated here, facts within my own knowledge are to blame. William ——— was engaged in the study of medicine, in a certain city in Ireland, and there became enamoured of a young lady, of rather prepossessing manners. He wished to marry her, but his parents had objections ; at length, however, they were prevailed on to comply. He lived for some time with his wife, and appeared much attached to her ; about two years after his marriage, he went to Scotland to take out a medical degree, and there met another young lady with whom he again fell in love. He paid his addresses and was accepted. By some means, her father ascertained his previous marriage, and forbade all access to his

END.











